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THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science Art and Literature.

EDITED BY  
JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

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VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1895, TO APRIL, 1896, INCLUSIVE.

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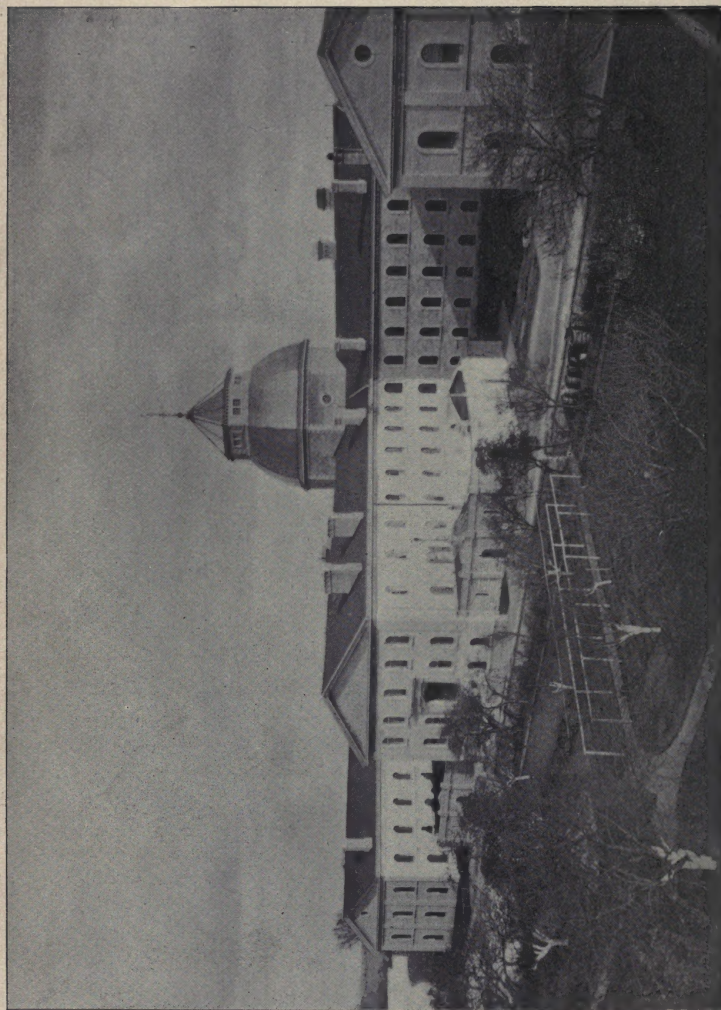
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GENERAL VIEW OF KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—FROM TOWER ON NORTH-WEST CORNER OF WALL.

HOSPITAL.

MAIN BUILDING

BAKE SHOP.



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 1.

## CANADA'S GREATEST PRISON.

BY W. J. MCLEOD.

THE Kingston Penitentiary of to-day stands in the front rank of the Penal Institutions of the world. Situated at the foot of Lake Ontario, at the entrance to the mighty St. Lawrence, its natural position is most picturesque, and unsurpassed by that of any other public institution on the continent.

### ITS ESTABLISHMENT.

In 1834 Royal consent was obtained and a bill passed authorizing the construction of a Penitentiary. The following year, a wooden structure enclosed in a palisade wall was built. In June of this year six men were incarcerated for larceny, and in October three women arrived to serve terms for similar offences. At the close of the first year fifty-two men and three women were confined in the Penitentiary. In those early days the men were employed in breaking stone, which was used on the roads of the district.

From this date improvements in the buildings etc. began to be made. In 1845 the present wall surrounding the institution was built. It encloses eleven acres of ground, is twenty-five feet high and is constructed of limestone quarried on the property. The northern group of buildings containing the Deputy Warden's residence, cells,

dome, offices, chapels, dining-hall, kitchen, female prison, library and hospital, were also built at this time, and like the wall are constructed of the native limestone.

At that time when the penitentiary was first gaining magnitude it was also used as a military prison and was conducted on military principles, the keepers and guards being chosen from the regiments then stationed at Kingston.

The first warden was Mr. H. Smith, and the workings of the institution were controlled by a board of inspectors. The treatment of prisoners was very severe and the cat-o'-nine-tails played an important part in the punishment of refractory convicts. This in fact, continued until more recent years and it was not until the appointment of the late John Creighton, as warden, that more humane principles of government were instituted to any extent.

### THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

Perhaps the most turbulent times in the history of the Institution were the years that followed the Fenian Raid of 1866, when the Fenian prisoners captured at Ridgeway were incarcerated there. Many of these men were the most troublesome ever confined in the Penitentiary.

In those days riots and mutinies were of common occurrence, all of which, however, were successfully met by the officers in charge. The last of the Fenian prisoners to be released was John Quinn, Company "A" 7th regiment I.R.A., who was liberated on the first of April, 1872.

During the term of office of the late Warden Creighton, important and humane changes in methods of management were instituted, and found to work beneficially. The present Warden, Dr. Lavell, has also instituted many and important reforms; and to these gentlemen is ascribed much of the credit for the present advanced standing which this Institution occupies amongst the Penal Institutions of the world.

The Kingston Institution at one time received the adjudged criminals from both Ontario and Quebec. This continued until the building of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Quebec, when a portion of the convict population was removed to the new Institution. The date of the opening of the Quebec Prison was the 20th May, 1873, and 120 convicts were taken thither from Kingston by steamer. No trouble occurred and they were all safely locked up in their new habitation without accident of any kind.

Before the building of the Quebec Penitentiary, the population consisted of about nine hundred convicts. The population to-day is in the neighborhood of five hundred and fifty. About thirty of these are women, gathered from all parts of the Dominion, Kingston possessing the only Female Penitentiary in Canada. Convicts becoming insane while serving a term in any of our Penitentiaries are also removed to Kingston, where a building especially adapted for their care has been constructed.

#### THE PRISON OF ISOLATION.

Under a new system lately introduced, the incorrigibles from the other

Penitentiaries are removed to the Kingston Institution, where a building specially suited for their reception and confinement has been prepared. This building is known as the "Prison of Isolation," and the methods therein employed are entirely new to our Canadian criminals. The prisoners are never permitted outside of their cells, excepting for daily exercise, which is taken in an isolated portion of the yard inaccessible to the other convicts, and under the eyes of an officer. Strict silence is the rule here; the diet is not so liberal as that given to other convicts. Their correspondence is also curtailed; they are allowed to receive no luxuries of any description, and each is given his work to do in his own cell. There are at present about twenty convicts confined in this ward. A number of these have been sent from Dorchester (N. B.) Penitentiary, in which prison they were thoroughly incorrigible. In this new Institution they are easily managed.

This building was begun in June 1889. It is constructed entirely of cut stone, brick and iron, is 209 feet long by 40 feet wide, is three stories high and contains 114 cells. All the work in connection with it has been performed by convict labor, and the result reflects great credit on the penitentiary authorities. The work has a completeness and finish seldom seen in a place of the kind. The dimensions of the cells are as follows: Six of them 12 feet by 11 feet 4 inches; six of them 10 feet by 11 feet 4 inches; twelve, 9 feet 10 inches by 11 feet 4 inches; ninety, 7 feet 11 inches by 11 feet 4 inches. The ceilings throughout are 11 feet from the floor, and the corridors are six feet wide.

The front of the cells consists almost entirely of chrome steel grating, which is so hard that it is almost impossible to cut it. The cells are all doubly locked. The locks have been manufactured in the penitentiary. Each door is fastened by a key-lock, and the entire range is locked by a

locking bar, a most ingenious invention, the patent of which is held by a Penitentiary official. By this arrangement any one door or number of doors may be locked or opened at once. Should the door of any one cell require to be opened or locked, it may be done by the keeper at the end of the corridor without interfering with the other doors. The cell walls are painted for five feet from the floor, and the remaining portion is white-

heated by steam, and is lighted by electricity, each cell being furnished with a twelve candle-power electric lamp. The ceilings are constructed of arched brick, and the building is entirely fire-proof. At the northern end there is an elevator, capable of hoisting 1,500 pounds, and an iron stairway. The edifice is well-lighted, airy and thoroughly ventilated; in fact it is a model of its kind.

The present intention is that only



THE WALLS—BUILT IN 1845.

*The Hospital.*

*Entrance to Coal Vault.*

*East Wall.*

washed. The floors are of granolithic material.

Each cell contains a woven wire bed with iron frames, which is fastened to and folds against the wall; a folding chair strongly made; a little cupboard with a drop door which when lowered forms a desk or table; a washbowl; and an automatic closet. On each flat there are 38 such cells, besides shower-baths, provided with hot and cold water. The building is

incorrigible criminals shall be confined in the new department, but later it may be used for probationary purposes. Prisoners confined in the isolated cells do not earn good conduct remission, are allowed to see friends but once in three months, and are permitted to write only one letter per month. No reading is allowed them other than that afforded by the prison library. Convicts discharged from this prison will not



be permitted to associate with or work in the same gangs as the better class of convicts, but will be kept in separate gangs.

This prison is the only one of its kind in Canada. The Warden visited a somewhat similar institution in Pennsylvania where he obtained a great deal of information regarding the workings of such prisons. But while he adopted a few of the measures which he saw employed there, he is endeavoring to improve on the American system in many important particulars.

#### RULES OF PRISON OF ISOLATION.

The following rules and regulations were drafted by the Department of Justice for the government of this prison, and are now in use:—

(1) Any male convict whose conduct is found to be vicious, or who persists in disobedience to the rules and regulations of the Penitentiary, or who is found to exercise a pernicious influence upon his fellow-convicts, may be imprisoned in the Prison of Isolation for an indefinite period, not to exceed the unexpired term of the convict's sentence.

(2) If, in the opinion of the Warden, it should be expedient to punish any convict by confinement in the Prison, the Warden shall, before inflicting the punishment, transmit to the Inspector for the Minister's consideration, his report of the facts and reasons on account of which he deems it proper to order the convict to be so confined, and should no order to the contrary be received, the proposed punishment may be inflicted.

(3) Convicts confined in the Prison of Isolation shall be known as "Penal Class Convicts."

(4) Penal class convicts shall be subject to the following rules and regulations:—

(a) They shall be confined in special cells, where strict silence shall be observed.

(b) They shall take exercise for about an hour a day, separately, in the presence of an officer.

(c) They shall be employed at such labor as may be ordered.

(d) They shall, subject to the approval of the surgeon, be restricted to a special diet for three months at least.

(e) They shall not be allowed to receive visits or letters, or to write letters, for the period of three months.

(f) They shall be subjected to the prescribed punishment for ordinary offences.

(g) If specially recommended by the War-

den, on account of good conduct, at the end of three months, they shall receive the ordinary prison diet.

(h) If again specially recommended by the Warden, at the end of three additional months, they shall return to the ordinary cells.

(i) A special list of library books will be kept for the use of such convicts, which list shall be approved by the warden and chaplains.

(j) Any convict who has been ordered more than once during the same term of imprisonment, to undergo confinement, in the Prison of Isolation, shall be kept confined therein until the expiration of his sentence, unless otherwise ordered by the minister upon the recommendation of the Warden, on account of good conduct and well assured amendment, or of the Surgeon on account of mental or physical ailment.

(k) Convicts, after having passed through a stage of separate confinement, will not immediately return to work among the general body of prisoners, but will, as a measure of prevention, but not of punishment, continue to be kept and employed apart from them, upon probation, in separate working gangs, for such period as the Warden may deem necessary or proper.

(l) Penal class convicts will not be allowed any remission time. Marks will be kept of their conduct and industry, as in the case of other convicts, which will stand to their credit in determining the length of time they shall spend in isolation.

#### A GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

To a visitor, the penitentiary yard presents an animated appearance, and the ringing of hammers, intermingled with the humming of machinery, reminds one that he is in the midst of a not very small manufacturing centre. The south, or new group of buildings, is occupied entirely by the shops, etc. of the institution. These buildings are two stories high, built of limestone, and are admirably adapted for these purposes. In these shops the convicts are taught the various trades, skilled instructors being employed in each branch of the different industries.

First we enter the Stone-Shed, where some fifty odd men are busily engaged in transforming crude masses of stone into shape for building purposes, the ringing of the heavy hammers as they deal blow after blow on the solid lime-



THE PRISON OF ISOLATION.

stone makes a noise almost deafening to the ears. Many convicts, who, when entering the penitentiary, are possessed of no trade whatever, leave it capable of earning an honest livelihood at from three to four and a half dollars per day at their trade. Were it not that the ventilation in all these shops is of the best, the Stone-Shed would be a very undesirable place to work, as the blue dust arising from the pounded stone is very hard to bear.

Passing on, we enter the Blacksmith Shop, where twenty-five or thirty convicts are busily engaged pounding huge bars of heated iron into various forms. All the iron work in connection with this vast institution is made here by these men, whose brawny arms and blackened faces leave no doubt as to their vocation. In connection with this department is the Machine Shop of the institution, where some of the most skilled mechanics on the Continent are busily engaged turning out

articles, the workmanship of which would command the very highest wages in outside markets.

Many years ago, a daring and skillfully prepared meeting, arranged to begin at a certain hour, was defeated in an extraordinary manner in this shop. A powerful negro who worked here was to lead the outbreak at three o'clock in the afternoon by killing the keeper in charge of the Shop, but at five minutes before the appointed hour, he was drawn by some unaccountable means into the machinery and instantly killed. This led to the defeat of their entire scheme.

Passing on we reach the Laundry and Bath-Room, where the clothing of the male prisoners is washed and dried by the most improved modern appliances. The Bath-Room is a credit to the institution and the needle shower baths, about thirty in number, are beautifully arranged.

Passing up the stairs in the centre

of the dome we enter the Tailor and Shoe Shop, where are employed about forty men who make all the clothing and boots worn in the institution by both officers and convicts, the prisoners' discharge clothing, clothing for Regina Jail and North West Indians. The busy instructors move about giving such information as may be required by the different prisoners, while the ever watchful guards walk ceaselessly up and down an elevated walk, running amongst the convicts the entire length of the room. The utmost vigilance is necessary here as the scissors and knives required in these trades make ugly weapons when in the hands of quarrelsome, enraged, or desperate convicts.

Next we enter the Binder Twine Shop, where about forty men are busily engaged in running the machinery necessary to manufacture this product. About two tons of the finest binding twine is made here daily. This is the only industry whose product goes into competition with that of outside labor. The materials used are of the finest quality and are imported directly from the Philippine Islands and Cuba. Over six hundred tons of the twine have been sold during the present season.

Passing along we arrive at the Carpenter Shops in which is also situated the Paint Shop and Tinsmith Shop. Here all is activity, and about thirty men, skilled in their different branches, are busily engaged.

To the rear of the shops are the wood yard and stone pile, where a number of men are employed in cutting wood for use in the institution and in breaking stone into fine gravel to be used on yard walks and roads throughout the Penitentiary property.

We next visit the Bakeshop, where half a dozen convicts, under the direction of an instructor, are busily engaged in mixing, kneading and rolling the dough into shape. About two hundred and fifty loaves of bread are baked here daily, the quality of which

far surpasses the ordinary bakers' bread sold by our city bakers.

A few years ago, four convicts, who, with their instructor, were working in the bake-shop on Christmas Eve, preparing the pudding for the convict's Christmas dinner, made a successful escape by binding and gagging their instructor and overpowering the guard, when he came on his round. With the aid of a rope they scaled the wall, and then walked across the ice to Cape Vincent. They were, however, afterwards re-captured and brought back to serve their term.

A visit to the Asylum ward is now paid, and we are greeted at the door by a genial, though shrewd-looking, officer, who, we are informed, has officiated as an officer of the Penitentiary for twenty-seven years. The cells in this ward are large and airy, and the entire building is clean in the extreme. There are about thirty insane convicts confined here, where they are retained until the expiration of their sentences, when they are removed to the different insane Asylums of the Provinces from which they came. The dungeons of the Penitentiary are situated beneath this building, and in them refractory convicts receive their *cooling*. It seldom takes a long sojourn in one of them to subdue the most stubborn criminal.

The Penitentiary has its own electric light system, which gives the best of satisfaction. The dynamo-room is neat and orderly, and bears evidence of never-ceasing care. The engine-room is neatly fitted up with brass railings. The boilers are all covered with improved heat-retaining covering, and are seven in number. At the entrance to the engine-room stands the office of the Chief Keeper, Major Hewton, a veritable giant, a thorough military man, and a genial-looking officer.

The Hospital is the next building to be visited, and it is a model of its kind. Here neatness reigns supreme; the waxed floors, spotless walls, and



neatly-furnished dispensing-room reflecting great credit on the genial overseer.

A visit to the Dining-hall reveals an array of tables, decorated with tin-ware, at which the convicts are served with breakfast and dinner, their sup-

considerable difficulty was experienced in suppressing rebellious factions who would choose this hour to start their mutiny in the hope of exciting the entire convict population assembled, into joining them.

The convict breakfast consists of



CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN PRISON OF ISOLATION.

per being eaten in their cells. A number of high stools are occupied by armed guards during the meal hour, this being the only place in which the entire convict population is ever assembled together. In by-gone days

meat, tea and bread; the dinner of soup, meat, potatoes, bread, vegetables in season, with rice several times a week; their supper consists of bread and tea only. Butter is served them occasionally. The soup served is par-



THE DINING ROOM.

*This room will seat over five hundred persons.*

ticularly good, and is greatly enjoyed by all. The kitchen is furnished with seven large copper cauldrons, in which everything is cooked by steam. These cauldrons are situated on an elevated platform, and surrounded by a brass railing, on which hangs several notices, "only cooks allowed on here." Everything is neatly arranged, and exceedingly clean. It takes about eighteen bushels of potatoes for one meal.

Above the kitchen is situate the officers' kitchen and mess-room, where the officers on duty during the day are dined. This is done in order that they may be available at noon hour. It is the most dangerous time of the day, all the convicts being then assembled together.

Over the Dining-hall is situated the Protestant Chapel, furnished with stained glass windows, a very nice pipe organ, and rows of benches which answer the purpose of pews. Service

is held twice on Sunday and on Wednesday at noon. In the front of the Chapel, and to the right hand side, stands a little room with openings looking out towards the altar. In this room the female prisoners worship.

Passing out of the church, we enter the schoolroom, where the uneducated convicts are given half-an-hour's instruction each day at noon. There are many who, upon entering the Penitentiary, are unable to read or write, but who can do both fairly well when discharged.

The Library of the Institution contains nearly four thousand volumes of selected reading, the books being chosen by the Warden and Chaplains, of whom there are two, one Protestant and one Roman Catholic. On enquiry I was informed that over fifteen thousand volumes were read by the convicts during the past year, a desire being shown to patronize the better class of authors.

The Roman Catholic Chapel is situated in the north wing of the main building, adjoining the dome. Like the Protestant Chapel, it has beautiful stained glass windows, a separate room for female convicts and a vocalion organ. A large painting, a magnificent piece of art and the work of a life-convict, stands in the front of the chapel. In both chapels, well-trained choirs furnish the singing.

#### THE ORDINARY CELLS.

The cells occupy three wings of the old group of buildings, the east, west, and south. The latter of these has now been extended thirty feet and an entirely new system of cells much larger than the old, are being built therein. The cells in the old wings are very small being nine feet six inches long, six feet seven inches high, and twenty-nine inches wide. They are five tiers high, the upper stories being reached by galleries, all running from the dome. The cell blocks are in no

way connected with the buildings and sit like immense cages therein. The doors are all doubly locked, the one being locked with a key by the keepers, the other being adjusted by a lever which locks the entire range at once. When the prisoners are all safely locked up for the night, iron gates are drawn across the entrance to the ranges and locked. In order for a convict to escape from the cell block into the dome, these barriers would have to be overcome. Should a convict succeed in accomplishing this feat he would still be confronted with two massive doors doubly barred before access could be had to the Prison yard. On the outside of the cell blocks there are also galleries around which armed guards, shod with felt slippers, pace continually during the night. Notwithstanding all these precautions, convicts have been known to cut their way out of the block cells, and not many years ago a convict who had succeeded in escaping from the cell



PART OF SOUTH GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

*The Dynamo House.*

*Insane Asylum.*

*West Gate.*



block was busily engaged in cutting the bars of the inner door when discovered by the guard who shot him dead.

The cells are furnished with iron beds, on which is a neat-fitting straw mattress, and sufficient comfortable rugs to suit the season. During the day this bed is folded up against the wall. The stool and wash basin are the only other articles of furniture in the cell. Each cell is furnished with a ten-candle power incandescent electric lamp, the lights being on until nine o'clock each night. The smallness of the cells is the only thing which convicts have to complain of in the Kingston Penitentiary.

#### WHEN A PRISONER ARRIVES.

On his arrival at the institution the convict is taken before the Steward, who strips, bathes, measures, weighs and takes a minute description of him, dresses him in the grey check, worn by all new comers, assigns him his prison number, which is stamped on his clothing together with the numbers of the range and cell he is to occupy. After this he is taken before the Warden, who puts him through a catechism of searching questions, the object of which is to determine the cause of his crime and previous record in order that the Warden may fully understand the character and capability of the new comer. The Warden then assigns him his work, and his life in the prison has begun. If at the

end of six months the reports of his conduct and industry are both good, he receives a suit of plain grey, known as the good conduct clothing, having nothing on them excepting the numbers before mentioned, but should he at any time be punished for any reason whatever, he will receive a suit of red, black-checked clothing known in the prison as the third grade. By this the convicts can readily determine the standing of their fellow-prisoners. This grading in clothing has been lately introduced, and is having very satisfactory results,

as no convict is desirous of appearing in the third grade clothing.

#### THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

In the female prison, which is situate in the north wing of the old block, everything is neatly and cleanly kept. There are twenty-seven prisoners confined in this ward, under the charge of a Matron and a Deputy. The women as a gen-

eral thing are quiet and industrious, and do a large amount of knitting, sewing and such like work for the institution. They are neatly attired in blue and white dresses, and wear white muslin caps. Four of them are serving terms for life, while several others are sentenced for long periods. The female ward is kept entirely separate from the rest of the institution and managed upon principles different to those applied to the management of the male wards.



A GUARD ON DUTY.

## THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

The Warden's, Accountant's, and other offices neatly furnished, well-lighted and ventilated, stand on either side of the main entrance to the building. The residence of the Warden, an magnificent three-story stone structure, with extensive conservatories and beautiful grounds stands on a high elevation directly north of the Penitentiary. To the north of his residence a field of some five acres has been enclosed by a wall twenty-five feet high and built of solid limestone. It is the intention of the Government at some future time to construct a female penitentiary within this enclosure.

THE QUARRIES  
AND FARM.

A visit to the quarries which are situated on Penitentiary property, demonstrate how easily enormous masses

of stone may be handled. All the stone required for building and other purposes in connection with this vast institution, is quarried here, loaded on stoutly built cars and drawn to the Penitentiary yard, where it is unload-

ed and distributed in the stone shed or stone pile.

The farm in connection with the Penitentiary consists of some two hundred and fifty acres. It is worked entirely by convicts, under the direc-



THE CELLS WITH DOORS OPEN.

*They are built tier above tier and the corridor opens only into space under central dome.*

tion of the farm instructor. Enormous quantities of roots and vegetables are grown, together with hay and grain. An important factor in connection with the farm is the pig-pen, in which some three hundred



pigs are bred and fattened yearly, for use in the institution.

A handsome stone water tower has been constructed upon a high elevation, which will give the institution a new and improved system of water-works.

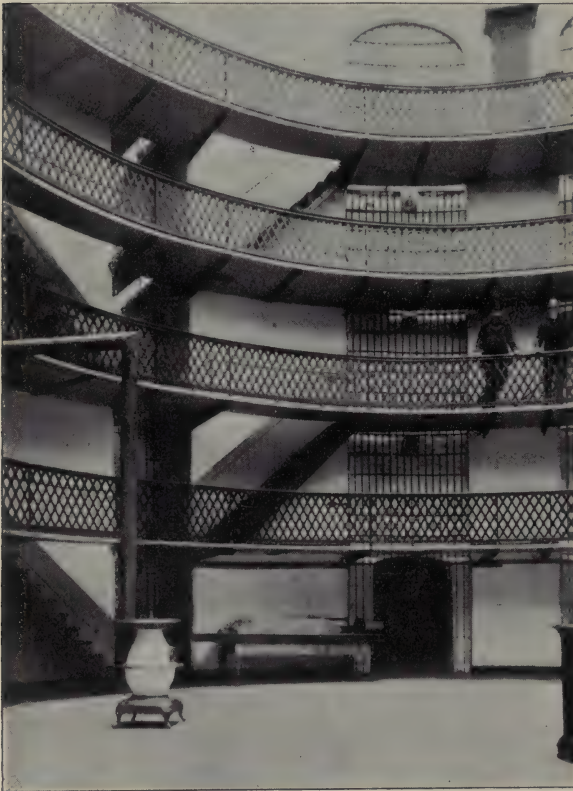
A modern sewage system has also been constructed, by which all the penitentiary sewage is received into a cesspool, built for that purpose. It is pumped from this cesspool and removed to the farm, where it is used for manuring purposes, being first put

through a process of chemical purification.

#### THE OFFICERS.

There is no penal institution on the continent where matters run more smoothly than at the Kingston Institution. Fewer punishments are awarded, and less trouble experienced than in many smaller prisons in the Dominion. Convicts are treated firmly, yet kindly, and they have a friend and benefactor in Warden Lavell hard to equal. Dr. Cook, the eminent Eng-

lishman, who has made the prisons of the world a study, remarked on a Kingston platform a short time ago, that in Warden Lavell the Government had an ideal Warden, and one whose ideas of management struck a happy medium between the severity of the Old Country prisons and the laxity of American Institutions. Dr. Lavell was surgeon of the Penitentiary for many years before being appointed Warden. The Deputy Warden, Wm. Sullivan, is a shrewd and efficient officer; he has been connected with the institution



THE GALLERIES IN SPACE UNDER CENTRAL DOME.

for over thirty-five years, and has materially assisted Warden Lavell in making the Penitentiary what it is to-day.

## SOME STATISTICS.

This sketch of Canada's Greatest Prison may best be closed with a few quotations and compilations from the *Report of the Minister of Justice as to Penitentiaries in Canada for the year ended 30th June, 1894*:

## CONVICTS AT KINGSTON.

	M.	F.	Total.
Remaining 30th June, 1893	448	33	481
Received since " "	173	..	173
	621	33	654
Discharged since " "	-	-	160
Remaining 30th June, 1894	-	-	494

At the end of other years the numbers are as follows:—1892-93, 481; 1891-92, 532; 1890-91, 586; 1889-90, 586; 1888-89, 554; 1887-88, 526; 1886-87, 554; 1885-86, 578; 1884-85, 537.

We find that only one female was discharged; that 14 died during the year; that the number recommitted was 28, or nine more than the previous year; that there were no escapes, and that 45 of the convicts were under 20 years of age, and 278 were between 20 and 30 years old.

To show how the number of convicts in Kingston compares with the number in the other Canadian Penitentiaries, the following table is given:

Kingston, No. of convicts June, 1894.	494
St. Vincent de Paul	359
Dorchester	186
Manitoba	76
British Columbia	108
	1,223

In the report of the Inspector of Penitentiaries he finds fault with Kingston because he believes that the convict labor is not utilized as much as at St. Vincent de Paul and at Dorchester, but there is reason to believe that improvements have been made in this respect, if, indeed, any were needed.

Warden Lavelle's report shows that the expenditure for the year was \$214,543.55. The net *per capita* cost

for the year was \$447.62½, or \$1.22½ *per diem* per convict. In the same year the cost at St. Vincent de Paul was \$220.79½; at Dorchester, \$256.30; Manitoba, \$492.99; British Columbia, \$429.29.

Some of the leading items of expenditure are as follows:

SALARIES.	
Warden	\$ 3,000
Deputy Warden	1,500
Surgeon	1,800
Accountant	800
Protestant Chaplain	1,200
Roman Catholic Chaplain	1,200
Warden's Clerk	500
Chief Keeper	900
Storekeeper	1,000
Chief Trade Instructor	1,500
Engineer	1,300
Electrician	800
Assistant Electrician	500
Steamfitter	700
Steward	900
Hospital Overseer	590
Messenger	600
Matron	600
Deputy Matron	320
Acting Assist. Chief Keeper	700
Baker	700
Farmer	600
Ten Trade Instructors	6,090
Keepers	24,957
Other Services	3,815
Total	\$56,572
Gratuities	\$ 2,252
Officers' Uniforms	3,733
Rations	20,683
Convicts' Clothing	5,301
Convicts' Travelling Allowance	1,835
Discharge Clothing	1,318
Bedding	531
Chapels	92
Library	278
Officers' Mess	1,021

The religion of the convicts may be interesting. There were:

Roman Catholics	165
Church of England	138
Methodist	106
Presbyterian	52
Baptist	21
Jews	2
Infidels	1
Lutherans	6
Disciples	1
Mennonites	1
Quakers	1
Total	494

The preponderance of single men over married men is noticeable, 310 being single and 184 married. But of the women, 21 were married and 11 single.

There were 32 persons serving life sentences and 95 serving sentences of 10 years or over.

In the September issue of *The State's Duty* (St. Louis, Mo.), Col. R. G. Ingersoll says: "I am in favor, when you put a man in the penitentiary, of making him work, and I am in favor of paying him what his work is worth, so that in five years, when he leaves the prison cell, he will have

from \$200 to \$300 as a breastwork between him and temptation and something for a foundation upon which to build a nobler life."

It is a grand idea. It is to be regretted that Kingston Penitentiary, with all its noble and humane methods, with all its fine buildings and modern equipment, has yet failed to devise plans to make noble men out of the miserable criminals who live inside its walls. Perhaps Col. Ingersoll's little suggestion may, if acted upon, remove one of the stumbling blocks in the way of the discharged convicts.

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#### CARMEN SMOEBÆUM.

(From Horace.)

Horace :—

While I was loved, nor dared to know  
That some more favoured youth would fling  
His arm around thy neck of snow,  
I lived more blest than Persia's King.

Lydia :—

While thou hadst not another flame,  
Nor Chloe thrust thy Lydia forth,  
I Lydia was of greater fame  
Than Roman Ilia, queen of earth.

Horace :—

The Thracian Chloe rules me now—  
She's skilled in music, plays upon  
The harp—for her I'd die, I vow,  
If fate would spare my precious one.

Lydia :—

A Thurian youth inflames my breast  
With mutual fire, for whom I'd die—  
Yes, twice I'd die, I do protest,  
If fate would spare my darling boy.

Horace :—

What ! if a former love return,  
And several ties be joined more—  
If Chloe's golden hair I scorn,  
And Lydia find an open door ?—

Lydia :—

Tho' he be fairer than a star,  
Tho' light as cork, mad as the sea  
When Adriatic billows war,  
With thee I'd live—I'd die with thee.

Port Dover, Ont.

J. R. N.



## THE LEGEND OF ST. ALBAN.

BY HON. W. PROUDFOOT.

IN Toronto there is a street named St. Albans, and there is a cathedral in process of construction under the name of St. Alban. Who was St. Alban? He is usually claimed as the proto-martyr of the British Church; and the dedication of the cathedral to him is doubtless an attempt of the Church of England to represent that church as a continuation of the British Church rather than of the Church of Rome.

An endeavor will be made in the following pages to tell all that is known of the alleged martyr.

He is said to have been born at Verulam, in Hertfordshire, and to have served seven years in the army of Diocletian. *Schaff-Herzog Encyc.* His death is stated to have taken place in the persecution of Diocletian. The persecution began A.D. 303, and continued for about ten years. He is first referred to by the priest Fortunatus in "The Praise of Virgins," where he mentions the blessed martyrs that came to the Lord from all parts of the world, and says:

Albanum egregium foecunda Britannia profert. (In Britain's Isle was holy Alban born.)

Fortunatus was born A.D. 530, and died Bishop of Poitiers at the beginning of the seventh century. *Gurzet, History of Civilization in France*, 2, 157, *Bogue's edit.*

A detailed account of the martyrdom is given by Gildas, a monk of British origin, the time of whose birth is uncertain, varying according to different accounts from A.D. 493, to A.D. 520; this last date seems the most probable, and if that be correct then from a sentence in his book it would appear to have been written about A.D. 564. All, however, that

can be positively stated on the subject is that the book under his name was written before the time of the venerable Bede, who was born A.D. 673.

The following is the account of Gildas, taken from the *Six English Chronicles*, ed. Bohn, p. 303.

"The first of these martyrs, St. Alban, for charity's sake, saved another confessor, who was pursued by his persecutors, and was on the point of being seized, by hiding him in his house, and then by changing clothes with him, imitating in this the example of Christ, who laid down his life for his sheep, and exposing himself in the other's clothes, to be pursued in his stead. So pleasing to God was this conduct that between his confession and martyrdom he was honored with the performance of wonderful miracles in presence of the impious blasphemers who were carrying the Roman standards, and like the Israelites of old, who trod dry-foot an unfrequented path, whilst the ark of the covenant stood some time on the sands in the midst of Jordan, so also the martyr, with a thousand others, opened a path across the noble river Thames, whose waters stood abrupt like precipices on either side; and seeing this, the first of his executors was stricken with awe, and from a wolf became a lamb; so that he thirsted for martyrdom, and boldly underwent that for which he thirsted."

Bede took his account from Gildas, and added some particulars that much embellish the narrative. The following is his account of the story. *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, ed. Bohn, p. 12:

"This Albani, being yet a pagan, at the time when the cruelties of wicked princes were raging against Christians, gave entertainment in his house

to a certain clergyman, flying from the persecutors. This man he observed to be engaged in continual prayer and watching day and night; when on a sudden the Divine grace shining on him, he began to imitate the example of faith and piety which was set before him, and being gradually instructed by his wholesome admonitions, he cast off the darkness of idolatry, and became a Christian in all sincerity of heart. The aforesaid clergyman having for some days been entertained by him, it came to the ears of the wicked prince, that this holy confessor of Christ, whose time of martyrdom had not yet come, was concealed at Alban's house. Whereupon he sent some soldiers to make a strict search after him. When they came to the martyr's house St. Alban immediately presented himself to the soldiers, instead of his guest and master, in the habit or long coat which he wore, and was led bound before the judge. It happened that the judge at the time when Alban was carried before him was standing at the altar, and offering sacrifices to devils. When he saw Alban, being much enraged that he should thus of his own accord put himself into the hands of the soldiers, and incur such danger in behalf of his guest, he commanded him to be dragged up to the images of the devil, before which he stood, saying, "Because you have chosen to conceal a rebellious and sacrilegious person, rather than to deliver him up to the soldiers, that his contempt of the gods might meet with the penalty due to such blasphemy, you shall undergo all the punishment that was due to him, if you abandon the worship of our religion." But St. Alban, who had voluntarily declared himself a Christian, to the persecutors of the faith, was not at all daunted at the prince's threats, but putting on the armor of spiritual warfare, publicly declared that he would not obey the command. Then said the judge, "Of what family or race are you?" "What does it

concern you?" answered Alban, "of what stock I am? If you desire to hear the truth of my religion, be it known to you that I am now a Christian, and bound by Christian duties." "I ask your name, said the judge," "tell me it immediately." "I am called Alban by my parents," replied he; "and I worship and adore the true and living God, who created all things." Then the judge, inflamed with anger, said: "If you will enjoy the happiness of eternal life, do not delay to offer sacrifices to the great gods." Alban rejoined, "These sacrifices, which by you are offered to devils, neither can avail the subjects, nor answer the wishes or desires of those that offer up their supplications to them. On the contrary, whosoever shall offer sacrifices to these images, shall receive the everlasting pains of hell for his reward." The judge, hearing these words, and being much incensed, ordered this holy confessor of God to be scourged by the executioners, believing he might by stripes shake that constancy of heart on which he could not prevail by words. He, being most cruelly tortured, bore the same patiently, or rather joyfully for our Lord's sake. When the judge perceived he was not to be overcome by tortures, or withdrawn from the exercise of the Christian religion, he ordered him to be put to death. Being led to execution, he came to a river, which with a most rapid course ran between the wall of the town and the arena where he was to be executed. He there saw a multitude of persons of both sexes, and of several ages and conditions, who were doubtlessly assembled by Divine instinct to attend the blessed confessor and martyr, and had so taken up the bridge at the river, that he could scarce pass over that evening. In short, almost all had gone out, so that the judge remained in the city without attendance. St. Alban, therefore, urged by an ardent and devout wish to arrive quickly at martyrdom, drew near to the

stream, and, on lifting up his eyes to heaven, the channel was immediately dried up, and he perceived that the water had departed and made way for him to pass. Among the rest, the executioner, who was to have put him to death, observed this, and moved by Divine inspiration, hastened to meet him at the place of execution, and casting down the sword, which he had carried ready drawn, fell at his feet, praying that he might rather suffer with the martyr whom he was ordered to execute, or, if possible, instead of him. Whilst he thus from a persecutor was become a companion in the faith, and the other executioners hesitated to take up the sword, which was lying on the ground, the reverend confessor, accompanied by the multitude, ascended a hill, about 500 paces from the place, adorned, or rather clothed with all kinds of flowers, having its sides neither perpendicular, nor even craggy, but sloping down into a most beautiful plain, worthy from its lovely appearance to be the scene of a martyr's sufferings. On the top of the hill St. Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring broke out before his feet, the course being confined, so that all men perceived that the river also had been dried up in consequence of the martyr's presence. Nor was it likely that the martyr, who had left no water remaining in the river, should want some on the top of the hill, unless he thought it suitable to the occasion. The river having performed the holy service, returned to its natural course, leaving a testimony of its obedience. Here, therefore, the head of our most courageous martyr was struck off, and here he received the crown of life, which God has promised to those who love Him. But he who gave the wicked stroke was not permitted to rejoice over the deceased, for his eyes dropped upon the ground together with the blessed martyr's head. \* \* \*

Then the judge, astonished at the novelty of so many heavenly miracles,

ordered the persecution to cease immediately, beginning to honor the death of the saints, by which he before thought they might have been diverted from the Christian faith. The blessed Alban suffered death on the 22nd day of June, near the city of Verulam, \* \* where afterwards, when peaceable Christian times were restored, a church, of wonderful workmanship, and suitable to his martyrdom, was erected. In which place there ceases not to this day the cure of sick persons, and the frequent working of wonders."

There is no account given of the canonization of the saint, if he ever was canonized. At that time, and for long afterwards, bishops decided whether the candidate had fairly vindicated his claim to the honor. *Encyc. Brit.* 5, 23.

"The diocese willingly canonized its bishop, the monastery its abbot. Great care was taken to write the biography of each saint, not as an historical work, nor for the edification of the faithful, they were rather with a view to show the sanctity of the person and to make clear his value as saint, in the interest of the church and of the monastery which took him for its patron. The biography was like the legend, explanatory of the relics that the monastery possessed and which made its fortune, and it was lengthened out by all the miracles that the saint had performed during his life, and produced after his death." "*De Coulanges, La Monarchie Franque*, 9, 10."

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the early part of the 12th century, shortly tells the story of St. Alban, in his romantic and fabulous history of Britain. *Six English Chronicles*, Bohn, 161.

Gildas and his book are treated of in *Wright's Biographia Britannica Literaria*, and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. 21.

Venerable Bede, whose history is valuable when he narrates the events of his own time, or gives the relation



of others of events they had witnessed, was a good but simple and credulous monk. His history records many miracles which he implicitly believed. He lived about four centuries after the alleged martyrdom, and his only authority for the narration is Gildas, who lived about two hundred and fifty years after it. There is no contemporary account of the martyrdom. The story given by Bede adds many particulars to that of Gildas. It is thrown into a dramatic form, and in the relation of the conversation between Alban and the Prince, or the Judge, he has apparently written what he thought the speakers would say under the circumstances rather than what actually took place—just as Livy in his history gives speeches and debates that he fashioned out of his own head. Gildas says nothing of the scourging, nor of the bridge crowded with spectators. Gildas makes the waters, in the river which he calls the Thames, stand up like a wall on either side of the path, as the waters of the Jordon did for Joshua, while Bede makes the stream to be dried up. Gildas says nothing of the spring arising at the request of Alban for water, and, indeed, Bede seems to have found it necessary to dry up the river, or there would have been no need of the spring to give water. Gildas says nothing of the eyes of the executioner dropping out of his head when he executed Alban. Nor does he give the attractive and lovely landscape painted by Bede, as the place of execution. Nor does he say anything of the miracle worked at his tomb.

Bede found the germ of his story in Gildas, which was quite in keeping with his devotion to the church, and the common belief, at that time, of the frequent occurrence of miracles. The story touched his imagination, the time was remote, and he shaped it, not to bring it nearer to historic truth, but to illustrate an idea, to produce a fine effect, to create an emotion.

And, even if there were a contem-

porary record, it might require to be carefully weighed before giving implicit credit to it. A notable instance occurs in regard to the persecution of Christians under Antoninus, A.D. 177. In that year, Attalus and others were put to death at Lyon for their adherence to the Christian religion. A letter was sent from the Christians of Vienne and Lyon to their Christian brethren in Asia and Phrygia, it contains a very particular description of the tortures inflicted on the Christians in Gallia. Mr. Long in his biographical sketch of Marcus Aurelius, mentions this letter, and remarks that some modern writers on Ecclesiastical history, when they use this letter, say nothing of the wonderful stories of the martyrs' sufferings. Sanctus, as the letter says, was burned with plates of hot iron till his body was one sore and had lost all human form, but on being put to the rack he recovered his former appearance under the torture, which was thus a cure instead of a punishment. He was afterwards torn by beasts, and placed on an iron chair and roasted. He died at last. Mr. Long remarks that the writer is our evidence, both for the ordinary and the extraordinary circumstances of the story, and we cannot accept his evidence for one part and reject the other. We often receive small evidence as a proof of a thing which we believe to be within the limits of probability or possibility, and we reject exactly the same evidence when the thing to which it refers appears very improbable or impossible. But this is a false method of inquiry, though it is followed by some modern writers, who select what they like from a story and reject the rest of the evidence; or, if they do not reject it, they dishonestly suppress it. A man can only act consistently by accepting all this letter, or rejecting it all. But he who rejects it may still admit that such a letter may be founded on real facts; and he would make this admission as the most probable way of accounting for

the existence of the letter; but if, as he would suppose, the writer has stated some things falsely, he cannot tell what part of his story is worthy of credit.

I think that is a fair rule of criticism, and if there were any contemporary record of the martyrdom of Alban, the account of Gildas or Bede might be accepted as evidence of some substratum of facts, though all the miraculous and incredible part might be rejected. But, as there is no such record, how is it possible to determine whether the fact of the martyrdom may not be as fictitious as the miracles.

Now, at the time of the persecution of Diocletian, Maximian was his colleague Augustus for the western half of the empire, including Gaul and Britain; and Constantius was the Cæsar, under Maximian, and Governor of Gaul and Britain. Constantius, according to *Bede* (p. 16), was a man of extraordinary meekness and courtesy, and, therefore, could not have been the *Prince* mentioned in his account of Alban's martyrdom as "The wicked Prince," though it does not appear what other prince, than Constantius, could have been in Britain then to preside on such an occasion. Lactantius, who was his contemporary, says, *De Mortibus Persecutorum* c. 15, that he did not desire to appear to dissent from the commands of his superiors, and suffered the churches to be demolished, but preserved safe the temple of God that is in man.

Gibbon, *Decl. and Fall &c.*, 2, 70, ed. Boston, 1860, says, "The mild and humane temper of Constantius was averse to the oppression of any part of his subjects. The principal offices of his palace were exercised by Christians. He loved their persons, esteemed their fidelity, and entertained not any dislike to their religious principles. But, as long as Constantius remained in the subordinate station of Cæsar, it was not in his power openly to reject the edicts of Diocletian, or to disobey the command of Maximian. His

authority contributed; however, to alleviate the sufferings which he pitied and abhorred. He consented with reluctance to the ruin of the churches, but he ventured to protect the Christians themselves from the fury of the populace, and from the rigor of the laws.

Millman, *History of Christianity*, 2, 224, adopts the same view, he says that Constantius made a show of concurrence in the measures of his colleagues; he commanded the demolition of the churches, but abstained from all violence against the persons of the Christians.

W. T. Arnold, in a prize essay at Oxford, on the *Roman System of Provincial Administration*, p. 170, quotes *Preuss Kaiser Diocletian und Seine Zeit*, p. 89, as authority for the statement that the general edict against the Christians was not carried out in Constantius' provinces.

Wright, in his *Celt, Roman and Saxon*, 4th, ed., p. 355, says, "A persecution of the Christians is not likely to have taken place under the orders of the tolerant Constantius, who was Governor of Britain when the persecution of Diocletian commenced, and who became emperor two years later. The outline of the legend of St. Alban was probably an invention of the sixth century."

Mr. Mason, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Hulseau prize essay for 1874, has made a gallant attempt to relieve Diocletian from the more odious features of the persecution.

He speaks of the martyrdom of St. Alban (p. 148) as the one martyrdom of that time, circumstantially related, which the English Church can claim, and tells the story, shelling off the fabulous husk, and accepts Gildas rather than Bede, who in spite of his master (Gildas) tries to make out a great many martyrdoms for the Church of England.

"The fact is," he says, "that the 'streak of silver sea,' defended us (as

usual) from the capricious tyranny of Rome." Mr. Mason neglects to apply such a rational critical canon as that of Mr. Long, and accepts what he pleases and rejects what he pleases. He seems to have been animated by the desire that probably animated Gildas and Bede, to adorn the British Church with the crown of at least one martyr.

The critical examination of the book under the name of Gildas, by Wright, in the *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, by Professor Tout in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and by the writers in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, shows how little reliance can be

placed upon any of the statements in it.

The result, therefore, would seem to be that the evidence fails to establish the existence of Alban, and so there could have been no martyrdom; and even if it be conceded that a person of that name lived at the date of the persecution, that the martyrdom, and the incredible and miraculous circumstances attending it, are so connected that we cannot accept the one without accepting the other, and necessarily compels us to reject both.

The conclusion of Mr. Wright seems to be irresistible that the legend was an invention of the sixth century.

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#### ARCH ROCK VIEW, MACKINAW.

Some golden moments are vouchsafed to rise,  
 With majesty and beauty born of time,  
 And soothing air, blown from some lofty clime,  
 Amid the waste of gloom which dulls our eyes;  
 And in the solemn shock, the sweet surprise,  
 We yield soul-homage meet for the sublime.  
 We poise upon this rocky height. The rhyme  
 Of thundering Huron rolls, nor ever dies.  
 Such beauty doth this rim of waters hold,  
 The air, enamored, hangs with mystic sheen,—  
 The while from heaven to earth we roam between  
 Deep splendors, wond'ring man may be so bold,  
 While crested flocks seek now their grey beach-fold,  
 It is His presence stirs my tears unseen.

—REUBEN BUTCHART.

Toronto.



## TOLD OVER A STILE.

BY LEE WYNHAM.

THE stile stood at the lower end of a sloping field. Behind it was the path through the wood. Near it stood two noble oaks, casting broad shadows over a little pool of water—little, yet large enough to mirror the swaying branches of the trees, and the blue of the sky, and the glitter of the stars, in its trembling waters. The field was a field of corn, ripe now, and golden in the rays of the setting sun. By its side a little path ran from the stile to the village.

On this particular evening a young man sat on the stile. He was fair and ruddy; he wore the clean smock-frock of the English farm-laborer, and a rose was pinned to it in front. The good-night songs of the birds were in his ears; the perfume of the wild rose and honeysuckle was around him; the golden corn waved in long, gentle undulations before him; the evening sky was slowly darkening into night above his head. But to all the beauty of sight and sound and scent, he was as indifferent as the stile on which he sat. His eyes were fixed in sullen anger on the path, and the path was empty.

The pale daylight fell and faded; the twitterings from the wood ceased; the western sky lost all its brilliance, and a few silver stars trembled in the deepening blue above. The air came, fresh and cool, to fan his flushed cheeks, and lift his fair, curly hair.

"Her's flouting me," he muttered, as he dragged himself heavily off the stile. "'Tis no other lass in the village as 'ud keep *me* waiting, and so I'll let she know."

But, even as he spoke, the upper end of the darkening path revealed a female form hurrying down it. As she came towards him, the village

Adonis retreated, ungallantly, to the stile.

"Her shan't 'a the chance to think as I 'wur running arter she," he said to himself, with the inversion of the nominative and accusative peculiar to the dialect of his district, and the sense of his own value common to his sex. "I'll bide here." But his face softened a little as his sweetheart came up.

She was a young woman of about three or four and twenty, and was evidently older than her lover. She had a sweet, plain face, with dark eyes, soft and grave. She wore a white sun-bonnet, and a lilac cotton gown.

"I'm main and sorry to be so late, Joe," she said, sweetly, to the potentate on the stile, "but Granny, her was took that bad, as I dursn't to think 'o leaving she, not till father come home, and he's late."

She laid coaxing fingers on the sleeve of his smock-frock, and lifted her dark, pleading eyes, with some anxiety, to her lover's face.

He was slow to quit the vantage ground which his wrongs and her penitence gave him.

"'Tis not many a lass as 'ud keep *me* waiting," he said, with sullen dignity.

"I do know that," she answered, with a sweet humility, that touched even his vanity-hardened heart. "And I've said often, Joe, 'tis a pity you come arter me. For how we two are to come to church for many a long day, I don't see, and I'm thinking you'll be tired of waiting."

"I'm tired o' waiting now," replied the youth, relenting so far, however, as to put his arm round her waist, as she sat on the stile beside him. "What's to hinder us, Mary?"

"Granny, her do be so bad, sometimes," Mary said, reflectively, "and

there's none but me to do up the place, and do for she."

There was silence—the long silence of rustic courtship—between them for a space, and then Mary spoke again.

"I'd be loath to see you courting any one else, Joe," she admitted, naively, "But I do feel sometimes as if it was a sin to keep you dangling arter me, as can't wed till ——." She stopped. Not even to her own heart would she admit a thought that was disloyal to the harsh, fretful, querulous old woman, whom she had nursed for six long years, and whom she was prepared to nurse till the end, at the sacrifice of all her earthly hopes.

The English rustic is not, as a rule, impassioned, unless he is not sober. But Joe Wren put into words sufficiently forcible to affect, even painfully, the gentle heart of his sweetheart, his plea for an immediate union. He uttered the cry of the youth of the nineteenth century: he preached the gospel of self-pleasing. They were young; they must think of themselves first. The old had had their day. If every woman waited to wed till every one who had, or thought he had, a claim upon her, was buried, all brides would have grey hair. It was a view of the case entirely new to Mary, who was not given to thought, but to the simple, faithful performance of each duty as it presented itself. She was troubled by the ethical difficulties her lover's words suggested to her simple mind.

When he spoke of transferring his affections to a younger and fairer rival she wept. She listened to his unchivalrous assertion that this rival was "ready to come when he whistled," with keen pangs at her tender heart. But she remained firm. It was only when he hinted darkly at vicious courses for himself, as the result of her obstinacy—courses which, beginning at "the public," should end in scenes too black for words to paint,—that her will wavered and all but broke down.

The moon was now rising, and her beams were flooding the wood, the cornfield, and the narrow path with light, and turning into molten silver the waters of the little pool. At last Mary lifted her pale and tear-stained face from her lover's shoulder and spoke:

"We'll say no more to-night, Joe. 'Tis hard to know which way to fare. Let's bide as we are a bit longer."

"Not for long, neither," said Joe. "It'll not be for long that I'm dilly-dallying at your apron strings, my wench, or at any woman's. I've no need. Till Saturday I'll wait, and no longer. So make up your mind by then."

"Don't go near the public, then, Joe," she said. "You that have come of such a sober stock. Don't you think as 'twill be hard enough to bide single all my days, without seeing you take to the drink."

They walked up the little path in silence after this appeal, and parted as tenderly as usual.

## II.

The next night and the next, Joe and Mary exchanged their quiet words by the stile, without making any reference to the future.

Then came Saturday.

Mary was first at the stile this time, and obtuse, as like most of his kind, he was, her lover's heart sank as he saw her face.

He would have opened the attack with some blustering words, but Mary put both her hands on his arms and spoke first.

"Don't be angry, Joe. And let's sit awhile before we talk."

The solemnity of her voice; the pallor of her face; the exhaustion in her whole form, awed Joe, in spite of himself. Mary leaned up against him.

"Uncle Ben's been here to-day," she said, at length.

Joe was silent. He was not interested in uncle Ben, and he made no professions of loving his friends' dogs.

"And he says," went on Mary in a low, tense voice, "as how it's not fair that father should have the whole keep of granny on his shoulders, and him not as young as he was. And he says as how, since aunt Jane died, he's been sore put to it with the children, and he don't seem to take to the thoughts of marrying again." At the word marrying, her emotion overcame her. She paused and wiped away a few tears, and pressed closer to her lover's side. Joe was silent. He had no intention of keeping the grandmother, and it was to him a matter of the most profound indifference who *did* keep her. Mary lifted her face to the sky, over every part of which the glow from the west seemed reflected, and looked at the evening star, and at the still waters of the pool, just beginning to be stirred into faint ripples by the evening breeze, and then went hurriedly and bravely on—

"And so—and so—they've settled it all,—him and father. And we're all going to move next week. Father's sure to get work, and I'll keep house, and it's a matter o' fifty miles away from here.—Oh, Joe; oh, Joe; oh, Joe." She wailed out the last words, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, her own form shaken with sobs.

He was not in the mood, however, to offer sympathy. Rather was he moved to wrath, to find that all had been arranged, and his claim, apparently, not even referred to.

"And what's to become of *me*?" he said, with gloomy sulkiness. "I can go to the devil as fast 's I like, while you're gallivanting about, keeping your uncle's house."

Mary sobbed.

"I'll not do it, I tell 'ee. I'll marry Jennie Gray just as soon 's the banns can be put up. Her'll have me fast enough. It'll be no granny as'll keep *she* back when I asks her to come to church."

"I'm main sure o' that," said poor Mary, in all simplicity. "But Joe,"—she clung to him with tender arms,

and looked up wistfully into the handsome, sullen face—"I'm not saying it, but father;—*he* said—as mayhap you'd wait,—and come over to see me once in a while. I'd be loth to ask it of you—as wants your home, and quite right, too."

"A likely thing," said her lover, bitterly. "No! I says to you the other night, I says, 'Tell me o' Saturday if you'll wed me or not.' Very well—and you've come o' Saturday to say as you'r going fifty mile away to keep your uncle's house; keep it, then, I'll not be the one to hinder you."

She wound her arms about his neck, and drew his face down to her's.

"Joe, dear—I knew as you'd be angry to-night. But you'll think better of it, when I'm gone. Kiss me, Joe, and say good-bye, kind-like for I've had a hard day."

He barely responded to her caresses at first, but let her cover his face with her warm kisses and tears. Then, still on his dignity, he left her, going through the woods—"the long way home." She, after one wistful look around her, walked with bent head up the little path.

### III.

Six months had passed away. The trees by the stile were leafless and dry. The little pool was frozen over. The cornfield was bare, and the December frost lay on all around.

It was a lovely evening, however. The sky, whose vaulted dome seemed more imposingly far away, was darkly-blue, and studded with stars, burning frostily, and shining out clearly through the moonless air. Across the heavens could be seen the luminous trail of the milky way. The air was still and calm.

By the stile stood Mary Long, clad in neat mourning, conspicuously new. A laborer, coming through the wood with a basket in his hand, looked at her incuriously, recognized her, and stopped.

"Sakes-alive," he said,—"*it do be* Mary Long—well, to be sure."



Mary laughed nervously. Her face was happy and expectant. I wanted to see the old place," she said. "It do seem such a time since we moved. We've had trouble," she went on, glancing at her black gown. "Granny, she died three weeks ago, and I can get away easily. Polly—she's fourteen and main and handy in a house."

"You'll be thinking of going into service, then, I reckon?" said her friend.

Mary shrank back as if she had been struck. She did not answer his question, but gave him instead a detailed account of her grandmother's illness and death, to which he listened with breathless attention.

"But where'll you bide for the night?" he said suddenly.

Mary's face flushed. "I'll not stay," she said. "I'll walk to Oakford—'tis only a matter of three miles, and catch the mail train. I felt I must see the old place."

"You should a' come a week ago," said the old man, looking at her with a new interest. "Joe might 'a done different then."

"What's he done?" Mary said, with a sudden sinking of her heart—"Not took to the drink, surely?"

"Took to drink," repeated the old man, leisurely, taking up his basket again. "Oh, no. He don't come of a drinking stock, and if did, 'taint for the likes of you, my wench, as the lads takes to the drink."

He went on his slow way, while Mary's heart beat in heavy, suffocating throbs:

"He's done no worse than marry—

last Tuesday it was—yes, he's married to Jennie Gray, as 'ull make he a very good wife, and was main and glad to get him."

Mary caught at the stile for support, bewildered by the dizziness that seized her. The laborer's voice came to her from a distance, saying: "Better come home with me, and get the missus to give 'ee a cup o' tea. 'Twill help 'ee on with that walk."

Mary shook her head.

"No; I'll not stay, thank you kindly," she said.

"Good night to you, then, and a safe journey," responded her friend, and he trudged along the cornfield path.

Mary sank upon the lowest step of the stile. It seemed to her that all her faculties were concentrated in the one effort to listen to the old man's footsteps as they sounded slowly and heavily on the hard frozen ground. When she could hear them no longer she rose. There was a pathetic reproach in her dark eyes, as she gazed on the familiar objects around her.

"He might 'a waited for six months," she said to herself, but without bitterness.

She had wept when she left him; but no tears came to her relief now. Her heart throbbed heavily, and the future loomed dark and gloomy and loveless, as her thoughts travelled on. She stood a few moments longer, and then, with a dull misery on her face, turned to the wood. And soon her form was gathered into the darkness of the night.

#### FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

##### *For a Blind Beggar.*

Like Homer's self, or Belisarius blind

By one slight girl, his guardian angel, led—

The alms bestowed by strangers who are kind

He cannot see; God watches in his stead.

—GEORGE MURRAY.

## THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(A Sketch.)

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

ON the banks of the Thames, in the very centre of London, stands the beautiful pile known as the Houses of Parliament. On the east end the clock tower looms up lofty and impressive, and from its summit a deep bell tolls in solemn tones the passing hours. On the west end a larger main tower rises, and forms a land mark for some distance. On the north, and near by, is the famous old Westminster Cathedral, standing grand and stately with its tokens of age and solidity, and holding within its historic walls the bones and marble busts of England's illustrious dead.

Close to the Parliament Building itself on this north side is St. Margaret's Hall, an ancient building which was left when the new pile was erected. It is the room in which British Kings and Queens have been crowned; and, lined with modern statues of illustrious men, it waits patiently for another pageant which, all of us hope, may be postponed for many years to come.

On the south side is the Thames, and the buildings stand on the embankment built of solid masonry. A terrace, so called, about thirty or forty feet wide, and just a quarter of a mile long, enclosed by a wall, which guards against the river, on the one side, and is guarded by the building itself on the other, is one of the favorite resorts of the members on pleasant afternoons. A number of small tables are scattered about near the main entrance from the Commons part, and seats for a few score of persons.

The members have the right to take ladies and gentlemen as their guests on the terrace at four or five o'clock.

Tea is served by liveried waiters, and general sociability prevails. These afternoon teas are never largely attended, and are regarded as quite a distinction. And it is a notable incident that the Irish members are usually most in evidence on these occasions. Mr. Blake is one of the most liberal entertainers, and he may be seen any day with parties of his Canadian, American or English friends, with his head bare serving out tea and cakes. I say, with his head bare. This suggests something. Mr. Blake will be remembered by all the many who knew him so well when a party leader, as always associated with a familiar slouch hat, the brim of which was usually pulled down over his eyes. It is impossible for Mr. Blake to give up that hat. But in London everybody who is anybody wears a tall hat, a silk hat. The first thing a Canadian must do on his arrival in London is to buy a stove pipe hat, and it is not surprising that Canadians scarcely know each other there on account of the appearance of eminent respectability which they present. But Mr. Blake cannot reconcile himself to the tile. He goes to the house with his historical slouch, and he appears on public platforms all over the kingdom in his slouch; but on the terrace where everybody is arrayed in a frock coat and a shiny silk hat, and ladies are everywhere, he has a little misgiving as to the propriety of the slouch, so he goes hatless. Fortunately, he has a splendid head of hair which plays gently about in the breeze as he goes to and fro among his acquaintances. Scarcely an afternoon passes in which Mr. Justin McCarthy does not appear a little before five;

and the handsome T. P. O'Connor is usually to be found there, both surrounded by a bevy of the smartest and prettiest girls. In addition to taking tea, one can fill in the time very pleasantly by promenading the terrace, and is quite certain to meet several notable members as he walks to and fro.

The House of Commons is a difficult place to get into. While it is the great council of the nation, and the controlling factor in the government of a great empire, and while its deliberations command the greatest interest of the British people and the closest attention of the whole civilized world, it is not as accessible to the people as the Congress at Washington, where every citizen of the whole country is at liberty to walk into certain galleries, hear what his rulers are saying and see what they are doing. The same freedom exists in regard to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the Provincial Legislatures. But the British Houses of Parliament are guarded with jealous care, and when the Commons are sitting you work your way to the galleries with difficulty. Policemen stand at the gates which open from the street at the iron railings. When you have passed these, more policemen guard the outer door leading to the chamber, then at the outer corridor or lobby they are in full force, and it will go hard with you if you are not able to announce that you wish to see a member and produce your card for that purpose or present a ticket for one of the galleries. No one can enter any gallery without a special written pass from the sergeant-at-arms, and even these can be obtained with difficulty. These restrictions are necessary as I will point out.

The Parliament buildings are very large and beautiful, but the thing which strikes a stranger on his first visit is that the Chamber itself, where the mighty business of the nation is done, is a small and far from imposing

room. It is said to be the same size as the House of Commons of Canada, but it does not look it. It is not nearly as handsome. Its finishings are of wood. It is not nearly so well lighted as the Chamber at Ottawa, and it presents an appearance of being gloomy and confined. The galleries at Ottawa extend back from the walls of the Chamber, whereas in London what little gallery there is hangs over the walls giving the rooms a cramped appearance. At Ottawa 215 members have full seating room, each with a desk; at Westminster 670 members have to find accommodation in a Chamber into which it would be impossible to stow 400 members if packed as closely as sardines in a tin box. A man spends time, labor and money to get a seat in the House of Commons, and when he gets there he finds there is no seat for him. When a great question is before the House, and a great division is to take place at which six-hundred members are to vote, all over three-hundred and eighty have to crowd themselves into the galleries or stand about in the ante-rooms waiting for a chance to vote when the division finally comes. And even the galleries are limited in space. At Ottawa I should imagine that eight-hundred or one-thousand persons could be seated. At Westminster I should think it would be difficult for four-hundred persons to be stowed.

If, therefore, every member of the House took it into his head to get a ticket for a friend on any given day, it is quite manifest that hopeless confusion would ensue, unless the speaker or sergeant-at-arms intervened to stop the issue of permits. Hence it is so difficult to get seats in the gallery that most persons dread making the attempt, and in consequence the number of visitors is really very small.

I tried to ascertain why the Chamber was made so small; why, at all events, it had not been made large enough to give every member a seat. The only information I could obtain



was to the effect that the leaders of the House felt if it was spacious enough to hold all the members, it would be a difficult place to speak in, and as the average daily attendance is less than two-hundred, it serves practical purposes to have it the present size.

I had always an idea in my mind that the Commons was a great Chamber in which a new member would feel lost, and find it difficult to get a hearing. The reverse is the case. The Chamber seems smaller than at Ottawa, it is very easy to speak in and the order is better than at Ottawa, and immeasurably better than in the House of Representatives at Washington, which is a perpetual babel.

The accommodation for ladies is very poor, the fair ones being cooped up in a cage well surrounded by a grating, as if they were veritable wild beasts. But there is one compensation accorded them which I never had heard of until actually on the spot. Near the door of the main entrance a peep-hole has been contrived for the special benefit of lady visitors. No man is allowed near it, but I can describe it second-hand as a sort of aperture into which one looks as in peep-holes of dime museums; and as the looker is on a level with the floor of the House, the whole scene can be taken in with perfect distinctness. The Speaker is facing you, and the members seated on either side can be recognized without difficulty. If a stranger goes with a lady to pay a visit, he has to stand in the outer corridor while a member conducts his ladies to the peep hole where they wait their turn for a peep. It would destroy the Constitution if a man should look through that hole.

Still, notwithstanding the disappointing proportions of the Chamber, and the ill arrangements of the galleries, I could not avoid emotions of thrilling interest when I found myself for the first time looking down upon a body which had an unbroken

history of glory for several hundreds of years; which had achieved the principle of popular liberty for the whole English speaking race, and aided its growth throughout the whole civilized world; which had guided the destinies of a nation whose expanding influence now permeates the world, and which at this moment practically shapes the policy of not only one great empire, but a score of budding nations, which in less than a century will have outgrown and overshadowed many of the first powers of Europe.

Who could fail to recall the splendid achievements of John Hampton, John Eliot, Sir Harry Vane, Walpole, Peel, the Pitts, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Palmerston, Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, and last, and perhaps greatest of all—Gladstone? That the Commons of England might uphold the liberties of the English people against the tyrannous usurpation of king or nobles, John Eliot was willing to go to a dungeon and languish and die there. His heroic courage in facing death in a lonely cell rather than yield the right of free speech has contributed more to the growth of the popular cause than even the eloquence of his living tongue. Great nations all get their greatness from the moral stamina of the people who compose them. That nation only is great which has heroes and martyrs on the roll of its illustrious dead.

It was the same old House of Commons which two-hundred years ago and more drove from the throne that lying tyrant, Charles I. On the right of the speaker, when I visited it last June, sat Sir William V. Harcourt in the place so long filled by Gladstone, and relinquished so recently by him. Beside him were John Morley, the broad and high-souled philosopher and literateur; H. H. Asquith, the cold and subtle politician, who sees the honors and burdens of leadership looming near in sight; Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, one of the brainiest and most highly respected ministers

of his day; Professor Bryce, whose literary fame is only overshadowed by his broad and progressive statesmanship; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, upon whom multitudes of the Radical masses believe the mantle of his illustrious father is sure to descend. On the other side of the House, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour was the only really conspicuous figure, and he seems endowed with some inscrutable and magic power of inspiring the confidence of his friends, and securing the respect of the nation. But practically associated with Mr. Balfour, although sitting below the gangway of the liberal side of the House, was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the most picturesque figure in the House after Mr. Gladstone left. He was dressed in the most jaunty fashion in bright drab clothes, and although past sixty, could easily be taken for thirty-five. On the front row, next to the treasury benches sat Sir Charles Dilke, who would most undoubtedly have been a Liberal leader if he had not been the victim of a scandal, which, in this age is fortunately potent to check the brightest and ablest of men.

Nothing of special interest was going on this first afternoon, and I did not remain long. But a day or two afterwards I went to the House for the day, and it proved one of unusual interest. The Speaker takes the chair a few minutes past three on Fridays, and prayers and the reading of the journal follow with closed doors, and with scarcely any members present. Then the galleries are opened, and I went in at this moment. I do not think that outside of the newspaper reporters there were over thirty persons in the gallery at any time during the day. A lull of a few minutes occurs after the opening of the galleries. The big wigs have not yet entered the House. They presently begin to arrive. Members of the Cabinet drop in casually from the entrance behind the Speaker's chair, and take their places on what is called the Treasury Bench.

The seating of the House is something like this. Three rows of seats rise on either side of the Speaker's chair, and extend the whole length of the Chamber. But in order to have easier access to the long rows of seats, about midway down there is an aisle, or as it is generally called, gangway, which divides the rows in two. Back of all is one long row which on each side extends the whole length of the Chamber, the gangway only extending to it, not through it. On the front row, above the gangway on the right of the Speaker, is what is called the Treasury Bench. Here the Cabinet Ministers sit, and the Under Secretaries of State, and other members of the administration; for, be it understood, all the members of the administration are not in the Cabinet. The Attorney and Solicitor-General are not in the Cabinet. What departmental heads shall have seats in the Cabinet, and which not, is in the discretion of the Prime Minister. For instance, John Morley, Irish Secretary, was one of the most conspicuous members of the Cabinet, whereas, Mr. Gerald Balfour, who has taken his place, is not in the Cabinet, while the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, is.

On this particular day, Friday, June 21st, all the Ministers were in their places. Mr. A. J. Balfour was at his post on the bench directly opposite the ministerial bench, and on the left of the chair. It is a law, which custom and usage have made supreme, that the members of the outgoing administration and the recognized leaders of the opposition shall sit on this front bench above the gangway. Near Mr. Balfour sat Sir M. H. Beach, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. W. J. Brodrick, Mr. Goschen, and others of less note, and among the opposition members in whom I was interested, I noticed Mr. George Curzon, Sir George Baden Powell, and Colonel Howard Vincent. The Liberal Unionists, though really straightly opposed to the Government, and always voting with Mr. Balfour

on party questions, sit below the gangway on the Government side of the House. By this I mean that this is the usual place to find them. No member has any seat in the sense in which such a term is understood at Washington or at Ottawa. Any member is at liberty to sit wherever he can find a seat, but the Liberal Unionists are disposed to go to this particular place, and they are usually seen there, Mr. Chamberlain being in the midst of them. The Irish Nationalists, on the other hand, while always voting with the Government, have chosen as their headquarters the seats below the gangway on the opposition side of the House. Here is where Parnell used to place himself, and the Irish contingent remain true to this tradition. Mr. Blake usually sits in the place that was actually occupied by Parnell. Speaking of seats, it may be mentioned that by courtesy, a member can engage his seat for the day by simply pinning his card, or placing his hat upon it. It has the same effect as placing a portmanteau upon the seat in a railway car. But it is only on special and comparatively rare occasions that such precautions are necessary, for the average daily attendance is not large, and the members not out of town spend most of their time in the smoking room, on the terrace, or talking to friends in the lobby.

The first order of the day was "Questions." It has come to be the heaven-born right of all the members of the House to pepper the Government with questions before settling down to the work of the day. This is a cheap and favorite method for members of small calibre to get a little cheap notice in the country. The instant anything occurs which occupies any considerable space in the public eye, there is a rush among those sitting on the back benches to get the eyes of the world upon them by asking a question about it. On this day there were thirty-four questions on the printed order paper, all of

which were asked, and all answered in the fullest, frankest, and most courteous manner. It would be well for the Ministers at Ottawa to take pattern in this regard by Imperial Ministers. At question hour at Ottawa one cannot but note the evident determination of Ministers to give as little information as possible, and to answer the questions in a narrow and technical spirit. The answering of those thirty-four questions did not consume as many minutes.

Then came the order of the day. This was to go into Committee of Supply, "to consider votes 13, 10, 9, 2, and remaining votes of Army estimates." The Speaker left the chair, the mace was solemnly and tenderly taken from the table and hung on its peg in comfortable obscurity, and Mr. Mellor, the Chairman, took his place beside the clerks at the head of the clerk's table. Then Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman rose and announced that he had a most important statement to make, namely, the retirement of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, from the position which he has held for thirty-nine years, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman occupied at least twenty minutes on this topic, speaking with great care, and with the substance of his remarks committed to paper, and before him on the paper box. He is an excellent speaker, and one of the most popular and respected members of the late administration. The fact that the Duke had at last been induced to retire was one which was hailed with general satisfaction by the army and the nation, but it was disclosed with the utmost delicacy, and with most complimentary and feeling allusions to his long and devoted services.

So important, indeed, was this announcement that Mr. Balfour felt it necessary to speak at once upon the subject, which he did with that coolness, that taste and good judgment which are his strongest points. Several army officers thought it a fitting



occasion for them to make some remarks on the subject of the Commander-in-Chief, and they did it in as dull and prosy a manner as an English army officer can achieve, and were rewarded by having nearly everybody straggle out of the house.

But the amusement of the day was not over. Presently Mr. Brodrick, who had been Under Secretary of State for War, in the Salisbury administration, began to attack the estimates on the ground that sufficient provision had not been made for ammunition, and gave a number of prosy statistics in support of this view. In order to indicate his earnestness in the matter moved that the salary of the Minister of the War Department be reduced by £100. At the time, this motion was not regarded as serious. The Minister and his Deputy both gave ample evidence and the most emphatic assurances to the House that all the necessities of the service were amply provided for. One after another spoke on the subject, the debate dragged along until past seven o'clock. It was not generally believed that a formal division would take place. Most of the ministers had gone out to the lobbies or smoking-room, among them Sir W. V. Harcourt, the leader of the House. He was exchanging pleasantries with some opposition members, and had just made the remark that it was very monotonous to have a day pass without a "crisis." Just at this moment the division bell rang, and everybody began to scurry into the House to be counted. When the time was up exactly 257 members out of 670 were in their places. They began in due order to file out into the aye and nay lobbies respectively, and then returned. The tellers made up the score, and it was duly reported to the House. For the motion to reduce the Minister's salary, 132; against, 125.

Here was a government beaten by seven, and on a vote which, while paltry in itself, was such a direct reflection upon the Minister that it could

not be easily overlooked. It would have been practical to have issued an urgent whip the next day, and got a vote of confidence in the Minister passed by the usual close government majority; but the fact was that Lord Rosebery and his associates had become actually tired of "ploughing the sand," and they were very glad to get out and so they resigned at once.

When one stops to think and to think seriously, it seems a strange incident that the controlling force of one of the greatest empires in the world should change completely in a moment on such a trifle. The tone of the House was dull, uninteresting and absolutely free from excitement from beginning to end. As much interest would be evoked by the proceedings of a Provincial Legislature when in Committee of the Whole to consider a bill to incorporate the Dominion Bubble Company, Limited. But the far-reaching result was the same as if the atmosphere had been charged with electricity. A new Government was formed in a day or two without the slightest difficulty or any stirring up of feeling. A dissolution took place in a few days, and in less than a fortnight it was practically over, and beyond a little fuss and feathers in connection with the local phases of the contest, and about the committee rooms, the whole business of the nation went on exactly as if nothing had occurred.

This is the best tribute to the system of popular government which has grown up under Constitutional Monarchy, and I cannot help regarding it as contrasting most favorably with the whole summer of turmoil and unrest which marks the quadrennial election of the President in the United States.

There is no actual magic about the British House of Commons. It has its quota of clever men and a large number of very ordinary ones. It has produced a long line of eminent men whose patriotism has ennobled the country, and whose eloquence has enriched literature. It has never failed

to command the best talent of the nation, and it has entrusted to its guardianship and care the destiny of a great Empire whose interests reach all over the globe. It has its dull days and its scenes of excitement, but no one who has interest in the great things of this world can ever enter its portals without emotion, or look from its galleries without feeling at least a ripple of sentiment when he thinks of what it has been, what it is, and what it may become.

## TWO SONNETS.

## I.

## ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

THE full fed crystal streams from east and west  
 And south, thy rich-wrought cup filled to the brim,  
 Till, where the northern star soft gilds the rim,  
 Thy waters, called, o'erbroke at love's behest.  
 Oh to have seen thy cataract's white breast,  
 Rifted with ruth through the lone centuries dim,  
 For toiling Fundy's wooing tide—for him  
 To blend thy sylvan calm with world unrest !

Far floods thy bridal brought, fair lake, brave sea !  
 And late, the winged ships—Champlain, DeMonts,  
 With Poutrincourt, and sequent games of war.  
 Thy marge, now crowned with peaceful husbandry,  
 And set with England's rose where bloomed *fleur d'or*,  
 Still croons all day love's wedded tidal song.

## II.

## TENNYSON ROCK.

Majestic, awesome and inspiring mock,  
 Sculptured by frost and sun and bitter brine !  
 Has nature sympathy with men divine,  
 To carve remembrance in colossal rock ?  
 Circled by voices of the sea-god's flock,  
 Deep calm is his, aloofness of the pine,—  
 As when he waited his great Pilot's sign  
 Ere he embarked from out earth's sheltered loch.  
 O seer and Englishman, our hearts  
 Leapt at thy words of empire ! Sure 'tis meet  
 In "*that true North*" thy form shouldst front the sea,  
 Where Howe, McDonald, Tupper played their parts  
 At statecraft, gath'ring at Old England's feet  
 Our Pleiad State,—one flag, one destiny.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Tennyson Rock is the Pinnacle of Pinnacle Island (one of the Five Islands), Basin of Minas, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. The rock is solitary, and nearly 200 feet high at low water,—a seated figure strongly resembling, as seen from the Basin, Lord Tennyson in his old age.

# THE WAY IT ALWAYS ENDS.

*A Play in. One Act*

FOUNDED ON ONE OF J. M. BARRIE'S STORIES

BY WILLIAM THOROLD.

CHARACTERS :

Arthur Barron

Mary Copton

A. —(*Entering from street*) Rather odd that I should meet Mary Copton just as she was coming out of McConkey's. Why didn't I meet her going in? Then we might have had an ice cream together. She's such a pretty girl—though that counts for nothing with either of us. (*Lights a cigarette*) She's such a strange girl, Mary—Miss Copton. Sometimes when she suddenly—(*Knock at door*) come in! (*Knock again*) Miss Copton! I'm so glad to—

(*Enter M.*)

Why, what's the matter?

M.—Oh, what's not the matter? A horrid dog jumped at me and barked, and—and I hit him with my parasol! But that only made him worse. (*Showing torn parasol.*) Look at it! He showed his teeth and growled—growled like a husband. I was frightened. So I just ran into the first door I saw.

A.—I wonder how much I owe that dog?

M.—Nothing for my coming. I feel so cross to-day I could—

A.—What could you do?

M.—Well, I don't believe in anybody or anything—there! (*Taking box from bag, putting it on table and eating a drop.*) I buy chocolate drops by the half-pound. (*Glances in small mirror on piano, then sits in big chair.*) Oh!

A.—(*Aside.*) It seems to put its arms around her.

M.—And I had thought you so trustworthy!

A.—(*Aside.*) She always begins in the middle. (*Aloud.*) What have I done?

M.—Yesterday, when you put me into that cab. Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to!

A.—Do what?

M.—Men are all alike.

A.—And you actually think that if I did meditate such an act, for one brief moment, I was yielding to the wretched impulses to which other men give way! Miss Copton, do you know me no better than that?

M.—I don't see what you mean. (*A wags his head mournfully.*) What do you mean?

A.—(*Laying cigarette down.*) You must have observed that I have nothing in common with other young men.

M.—Well?

A.—If I seem to act as they do, my motives are quite different. Therefore I should be judged from another standpoint. But now as you still think that I tried to—to do it from the ordinary motive—namely, because I wanted to—I suppose you and I must part. I have explained the affair to you because it is painful to me to be misunderstood. Good-bye, I shall always think of you with sincere regard.

M.—(*Giving way.*) Forgive me.

A.—I think we should draw up the Platonic agreement we made last week and sign it.

M.—But (*putting parasol on chair*) it is to be nothing more than a Platonic friendship. Anything else I consider silly, an evidence of weakness. You know how your Standard Dictionary defines Platonic?



A.—Yes.

M.—Well remember.

A.—In our Platonic friendship I am to be such a friend as I am to Mr. Thomson.

M.—Just the same.

A.—And if necessary I am to scold you, though you cry. What? You probably will?

M.—No, I would not be so foolish.

A.—All right. And you are to see that it is for your good, just as Thomson sees it when I scold him. You make a similar promise?

M.—I do. Exactly similar.

A.—I shall have to call you Mary.

M.—I don't see that.

A.—It is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other.

M.—Heuh! (*Eats a chocolate drop in silence. Veil is in way. Removes it.*) That's not Platonic.

A.—Oh, yes, it is always done.

M.—But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?

A.—Certainly I do.

M.—And he would feel slighted if you did not?

A.—He would be extremely pained.

M.—What is his Christian name?

A.—Thomson's Christian name?

M.—That was my question.

A.—Oh, his Christian name—Thomson's Christian name—is—ah—ah—Harry!

M.—But I thought his initials were J. T.

A.—Eh?

M.—(*Throwing her gloves on sofa.*) Those were the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him.

A.—Is that so?

M.—Yes.

A.—Then my suspicions were correct. The umbrella is not his own. How like him!

M.—I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson?

A.—Before other people only. Men friends address each other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone.

M.—Oh, well, if it is customary.

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A.—If it were not I would not propose such a thing.

M.—You've dropped something.

A.—(*Picking up paper.*) Just a little copy for my column next Saturday.

M.—May I hear it?

A.—It's dry.

M.—So are journalists, very often. Let me read it.

A.—(*Handing MS.*) If you can.

M.—(*Reading.*) "Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can; every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can." But I can't make out what comes next.

A.—Let me try. (*Receiving MS.*) Listen. "Every wife should please her husband—if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can; and every woman too. Everyone should take a newspaper, and pay for it—anyhow."

M.—(*Taking another chocolate drop.*) Good!

A.—Mary dear—

M.—Dear!

A.—That is what I said.

M.—I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking two chocolate drops when I only said you might have one.

A.—Well, when I get my hand into the bag I admit—I mean Thomson would not have been so niggardly.

M.—I am certain you don't call him 'Harry dear.' (*Taking off jacket and putting it on table.*) It's so warm!

A.—(*Aside.*) Very. (*Aloud.*) Not, perhaps, as a rule. But at times men friends are more demonstrative than you think them.

M.—For instance?

A.—If Thomson, I mean Harry, was ill—

M.—But I am quite well.

A.—Still with all this influenza about—(*Aside*) jacket, chocolate drops, parasol, gloves—the room seems to be full of her. (*Aloud.*) And me holding your veil. (*Aside.*) Just as I hold Thomson's. Isn't she bewitching! (*Aloud, sternly.*) I walked down King Street behind you yesterday and your back told me that you are vain.

M.—I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate.

A.—How could you be?

M.—(*Looking at him sharply.*) Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them.

A.—When I said you had a bad temper you made the same remark about it. Also when—

M.—That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me ugly—

A.—I did not say that.

M.—Yes you did.

A.—But if you think nothing of your personal appearance why blame me if I agree with you?

M.—(*Rising haughtily.*) You—

A.—Sit down.

M.—I won't. Give me my veil.

A.—If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance—

M.—I don't. (*A. resumes his cigarette.*) Well?

A.—Well?

M.—Oh, I thought you were going to say something.

A.—Only that your back pleased me in certain other respects. (*She sits again.*) Mary, dear! (*She is crying.*) Mary. (*He whispers to her.*) Mary, dear!

M.—I am so glad you think me pretty. For, though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it. And somehow I thought you considered me plain. My nose is all wrong, isn't it?

A.—Let me see.

M.—So you admit you were entirely mistaken in calling me vain?

A.—You have proved that I was.

M.—(*Gathering up her property and going.*) Ha, ha, ha! Indeed!

(*Half out of door.*) Yes, I am awfully vain. I do my hair every night before I go to bed. I was sure you admired me the very first time we met. I know I have a pretty nose. Good afternoon!

A.—(*Rushing to door.*) Mary!

M.—Well!

A.—Mary, dear!

M.—I am listening.

A.—That is all.

M.—You have such a curious wasteful habit of saying one's name, as if it were a remark by itself.

A.—Yes, Thomson has noticed that also. However, I think I meant to add that I should like to ask a favor of you.

M.—(*Returning.*) What is it?

A.—I wonder if you will grant it?

M.—As a friend?

A.—Yes.

M.—Go on.

A.—I want you to fill my pipe, and ram down the tobacco with your little finger. (*Aside.*) So, when she is gone and I smoke it, I shall see in the clouds the image of—

M.—You and Mr. Thomson do that for each other?

A.—Often.

M.—Very well. Give it me. This way?

A.—Done beautifully.

M.—(*Taking up his umbrella and looking at it.*) You journalists say such nice things sometimes.

A.—You are a dear good girl.

M.—Oh, (*letting umbrella fall*), I'm not.

A.—But I think you are.

M.—I am not really kind-hearted. It is all selfishness.

A.—No, no! (*Piano heard without.*)

M.—Even my charities are only a hideous kind of selfishness.

A.—Prove it. You can't.

M.—There is that poor blind man who plays the hand-piano at the corner of this street, for instance. I occasionally give him five cents.

A.—That is surely not selfish.

M.—It is. (*Taking up umbrella.*) I

never give him anything simply because I see he needs it, but now and then when I feel happier than usual. I am thinking only of my own happiness when I give it him. That is the personification of selfishness.

A.—Mary!

M.—Well, if that isn't—this is. I give him something only when I am passing him, at any rate. I never dream of crossing the street to do it. Oh, I should need to be terrifically happy before I would bother crossing to give him anything! There! What do you think of me now?

A.—You gave him something on Monday, when I was with you.

M.—Yes.

A.—Then you were happy at that time?

M.—What has that got to do with it?

A.—A great deal, (*Aside, listening to piano playing that tune.*) Sweet Marie. (*Aloud.*) A great deal!

M.—You nasty—

A.—(*Rising.*) Mary, dear—

M.—No! Go and sit over there. (*Looking at her watch.*) My! I must go! Good-bye!

A.—(*Hastening to opposite side of table.*) Don't come near me with that thing on. (*Turning his back to her.*) Don't attempt to speak with that veil around you.

M.—You think I can't, because it is too tight,

A.—Go away.

M.—(*Turning him round.*) Why it is quite loose. I believe I could whistle through it. (*She whistles. He kisses her.*) Oh!

A.—It was your own fault. (*She is trying to put on her jacket, but can't find the sleeve.*) But I am glad. I warned you. Cry away. I like to see you crying.

M.—I hate you.

A.—No, you don't.

M.—A friend—

A.—Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!

M.—Mr. Thomson—

A.—Thomson! Tehut! Thomson! His christian name isn't Harry. I don't know what it is. I don't care!

M.—You said—

A.—It was a lie. Don't screw your mouth in that way.

M.—I will if I like.

A.—I warn you!

M.—I don't care. (*He kisses her.*) Oh, oh!

A.—I warned you.

M.—Now I know you in your true colors.

A.—You do, and I glory in it. Platonic friendship—fudge! Platonic nothing! I quarrelled with you that time to be able to hold your hands when we made it up. When you thought I was reading your character, I was—Don't—screw—your—mouth!

M.—Give me my veil.

A.—I lent you Berkeley so that I could take hold of you by the shoulders, on the pretence that I was finding out whether you existed.

M.—You horrid—

A.—All the time we were discussing the mystery of being, I was thinking how much I should like to put my hands beneath your chin and flick it.

M.—If you ever dare to speak to me again—

A.—Don't—screw—your—mouth!

M.—You ought to feel so ashamed of—

A.—And I would rather put my fingers through your hair than write the greatest poem in—(*He tries to kiss her but does not. She runs off, leaving veil in his hand.*) A moment, Mary!

(*Exit M.*)

Why was I so impetuous? (*Looks out window.*) There, she's crossing the street on purpose to give five cents to the old blind man who plays the hand-piano. All's well with the world! Happy? Well, rather think I am! I wonder how much I owe that dog?—A minute or two—and I'll be by your side, Mary dear! It's the way it always ends!

(*Exit A.*)



## A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

BY MAUD OGILVY.

I WAS one of a merry house-party given by a fashionable society woman at her country residence, among the piney Adirondacks. The party was composed chiefly of young people; but one guest, old Dr. Peers, was the life and soul of the house, and his many tales of travel and adventure were a source of unfailing entertainment to us. We had had beautiful weather all the week, but this particular Saturday morning, of which I write, was very unpleasant, and the rain was pouring down as if the clouds meant to thoroughly empty themselves before they stopped. Suddenly one of the group of merry girls approached the Doctor who was on the piazza perusing a dry leading article on the Income tax.

"Dr. Peers," she said, "we want to have some hypnotism. You have just come back from Vienna, and know all about it. Put someone to sleep—do!"

"Excuse me," he replied hurriedly, "I shall never try that again."

"Why not?" the girl questioned, wondering at the gravity of his tone.

The rest of the party came crowding round the Doctor eager for a story.

"Why not Doctor?" queried more than one feminine voice.

"Well ladies," the old gentleman replied, "I will comply with your second request, if you will pardon my refusal of your first."

"Several years ago," he went on, "I was much interested in this very subject, and with one or two scientific friends, studied it extensively both in Paris and Vienna, where it is much used in medical practice. Some time after this, during a brief summer holiday, I went to England as the guest of a gentleman I had met at the American Legation in Vienna. I had

then struck up a most agreeable acquaintance with him. His name was Harry Stanley, and he was many years my junior. He was a typical Britisher, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, and athletic, and possessing the true English phlegm and doggedness.

"At the time he wrote to invite me to visit him, he had just come into a comfortable fortune, and had been married about three months. He gave me an enthusiastic description of his bride, who was the daughter of a widowed Italian countess, whom he had met in Paris the previous winter.

"It was a lovely evening in early June, when I arrived at the little country station of Woodville, and Harry was there in his dog-cart to meet me. He greeted me warmly, and we had a delightful drive home through the verdant English lanes, balmy with dog-roses, sweet-briar, and all the thousand perfumes of a summer night.

"Harry's estate and house passed my expectations, for it was a spacious old manor with extensive grounds, gardens, coverts, and outlying farms. I confess I was anxious to see the newly-made mistress of this demesne, though I did not expect she would come up to my friend's rapturous description.

"When I had dressed for dinner, I went to the drawing-room, which was empty, but presently I heard the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, and Harry's voice following closely. On the entrance of my friend and his wife I started in amazement, and he gave an amused laugh, as much as to say, 'I told you so.'

"For Mrs. Stanley was a magnificent woman, no mere girl, but a woman in the zenith of her charms. Strange for an Italian, her hair was of

pale gold color, but her eyes were dark, deep, and unfathomable. Her figure was superb, rounded gracefully, and more fully developed than is usual in English or American women of six-and-twenty, which was her age. Her manner, too, was that of an accomplished woman of the world, and my first thought was, 'How came she to marry my stolid English friend?' She ought to have been the wife of an ambassador at least.

"A moment before dinner was announced a tall, dark young man entered. Mrs. Stanley introduced him to me as her cousin, Signor da Vega, and she herself called him Luigi. He did not talk much during the meal, but my hostess did all in her power to please and entertain me. She certainly succeeded in dazzling me, though that night when alone and pondering over the occurrences of the evening, I had a vague feeling of distrust mingled with my admiration of the fair Italian, she seemed so utterly out of place in that peaceful English manor.

"Next morning Harry and I went out for a long day's fishing, a sport of which we were both extremely fond. Luigi did not accompany us.

"He is a queer fellow,' my host explained, 'and I must confess I don't fancy him much, but he is the nearest relation my wife has, and they were brought up together, and are like brother and sister. Luigi has always got some political scheme on hand, and hob-nobs with all the diplomatic swells abroad.'

"Time went on uneventfully at the manor for about a week, and I found Mrs. Stanley always charming, quite devoted to her husband, and giving no ground for my incomprehensible distrust, except on one or two occasions, when I came upon her and Luigi speaking Italian excitedly, and immediately changing to English on seeing me. The second Monday after my arrival, a dinner party was given in my honor. At it were present the vicar, his wife and two daughters, bread

and butter misses, and two or three neighboring squires with their consorts. It was altogether a most commonplace assembly. After dinner, when the two young ladies had played their little pieces, and, in spite of our hostess' vivacity, animation seemed to flag, some one suggested trying mesmerism, hypnotism, thought-reading, or something of the sort. I was drawn into the discussion, and told several of my medical experiences, showing them also a recently published work I had on the subject.

"But I don't believe you could hypnotize Harry, Dr. Peers,' Mrs. Stanley said, after the company had gone away, and we were alone, Harry and her cousin having gone to see the ladies to their carriages.

"You put me on my mettle,' I said.

"Just then Harry returned with Luigi.

"Will you let me hypnotize you?' I asked the former.

"Willingly, old man,' he replied, 'if you can.'

"He leant back in the arm-chair, and I soon put him to sleep.

"Now, Mrs. Stanley, what is he to do?'

"She had been turning over the leaves of my book slowly, and now pointed to a page.

"Here,' she said, 'is an account of an experiment tried in Germany,' and she read, 'It consisted of suggesting to a subject a predetermined act to be performed at a fixed hour.'

"This was successfully tried with a harmless object which the subject believed to be a dagger, and with which he was supposed to kill himself. Shall we try this, doctor?'

"By all means,' I answered.

"She handed me a dainty, fragile, carved ivory paper-knife, which was lying on the table beside her. I took it and turned to my sleeping friend. 'See this dagger,' I said, holding the paper-knife towards him, 'I will put it here on the table. To-morrow, at two o'clock, when the gong sounds for

luncheon, you will take this dagger and kill yourself.'

"I then woke him up. He laughed heartily, and remembered nothing of what had occurred during his sleep. He was in good spirits, and begged his wife to sing him one more song before we said good-night. She sang several in her rich, deep contralto, which brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. Then Luigi joined her with his exquisite tenor, and they gave us several charming duets, so that it was long past midnight ere we retired.

"As good as the opera, listening to those two," said Harry, as he bade me good-night.

"Next morning we were all late for breakfast, except Harry, who had gone to see the manager of one of his out-lying farms, on a little matter of business. Mrs. Stanley, Luigi, and I were sitting lazily on the verandah, discussing the latest novel. Presently Harry returned, kissed his wife and wished us all good-morning in his usual hearty fashion; he then began to tell us of his morning's work. When

the first note of the luncheon-gong sounded, his face suddenly changed, he raised his head quickly, and then with a rapid step entered the house. I glanced at Mrs. Stanley, she had become deathly pale, and trembled from head to foot. Luigi retained his usual imperturbable calm.

"Come quickly," I said to her.

"She did not move: 'What is the use?' she said. 'I see you have succeeded; he has gone.'

"I rushed to the drawing-room, but at the threshold I stopped aghast. There lay Harry, stretched out on the floor—dead—a dagger through his heart."

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"Was it a real dagger, doctor," asked one of the young ladies.

"Yes," said the doctor, a real dagger, and he added, "I afterwards looked on the table, and the paper knife was not there."

After a few moments he said slowly, "Mrs. Stanley, in less than a year, married her cousin Luigi. All Harry's property had been willed to her."

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## NOVEMBER.

THE children wade amid the sodden leaves  
 But lately glistening gay in summer breeze,  
 Now dropping slowly from the bare brown trees  
 That stretch gaunt arms about the cottage eaves;  
 Stripped are the orchards, garnered in the sheaves,  
 The wildfowl leaves her haunts for southern seas,  
 Ere yet the frost's chill breath the streamlets freeze,  
 And winter's sleet her icy mantle weaves.  
 In the gray woods there breathes a mystic spell  
 That speaks of vanished beauty,—lost delight!  
 The last belated robin flutes farewell,  
 The sun in dun and purple sinks from sight  
 While the wild sobbing rain-gusts rise and swell,  
 To wrap the world in storm and wintry night.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (*Fidelis*).





BY THOMAS SWIFT.

## CHAPTER I.

IT was the night of the 13th September, 1759, a day so fatal to the cause of French rule in Canada; the scene, the blood-stained plains of Abraham. The battle-field was still strewn with the dead but most of the wounded had been borne away.

On the north side of the plain, not far from the St Croye road, stood an extensive pile of gray stone buildings surrounded by stables, barns, and other out-houses. Had Providence, foreseeing in His inscrutable wisdom the things that were to be, ordained it so, He could not have selected a more suitable spot for the General Hospital of Old Quebec. "From its windows," as an eye-witness amongst them states, "the nuns in charge witnessed the carnage."

"It was such a scene," she says, "that charity triumphed, and caused us to forget self-preservation and the danger to which we were exposed in the immediate presence of the enemy. We were in the midst of the dead and the dying, who were brought in to us by hundreds."

And it may be added that the hospitable doors were opened to friend and foe, conquered and conqueror

alike, until dormitories, rooms, halls, and even the out-houses could hold no more.

In the darkness, before the main entrance, stood a strong and well-ordered company of British soldiers, whilst the officer in command was thundering at the massive door with the hilt of his sword. The door swung on its hinges, and the light from a lamp, held in the trembling hand of the porter, fell full on the tall form and handsome face of a captain in the British army.

Two nuns, who happened to be near, stopped panic-stricken at the sight of the English red-coats. One of them dropped the basin of broth she was carrying to a wounded soldier, and both crossed themselves and uttered sundry pious ejaculations. The younger and bolder of the two was very beautiful; and Captain Fairclough thought he had never seen a sweeter face, though framed in the coif and veil of a nun. Seeing their blanched cheeks and frightened eyes, he stayed, with a gesture, the advancing soldiers, and stepped into the hall. With a military salute, he addressed them in French, assuring them that they were quite safe. His words were directed to both nuns, but his eyes were fixed on one only.

"Ladies," said he, with all the dignity of a British officer of the time, "I am Captain Fairclough of the 47th Regiment, in His Britannic Majesty's service, and I wish to see the Superior of the Hospital."

At this courteous greeting, the color came back to the younger nun's cheeks, and increased her loveliness. She withdrew her eyes from the too ardent gaze of the officer, and, casting them demurely on the ground, said:

"I will immediately bear Monsieur's commands to the Mother Superior."

She handed her bowl of broth to her still trembling companion, who now hastened away on her interrupted mission, then gracefully bowed, gathering up her skirts bewitchingly, and extending a shapely foot and ankle, stepped lightly over the spilled soup on the floor and disappeared.

The officer, to whom feminine movements, from their infrequency in his sterner line of life, were a novelty, stood spell-bound, wondering if he would ever see the fair apparition again. For Captain Fairclough, though brave as Wolfe himself whose untimely but glorious death had occurred but that very day, and solidly practical and reliable in emergencies, possessed the heart and temperament of a *preux chevalier*. In a few minutes, however, she returned, accompanied by a noble-looking, middle-aged woman in a similar garb. He advanced a step, saluted the latter, and said:

"I am commanded, madame, by Brigadier-General Townshend, to assure you of complete safety and protection, and at the same time to take possession of and surround your hospital, which has afforded such a splendid refuge for the wounded of both friend and foe. The present condition of things requires this, madame, and must be our excuse, as we are forced to protect ourselves by barricade and entrenchment against immediate assault."

The Superioress listened with state-ly calmness, whilst her young compan-

ion standing behind her, cast furtive, and, it must be said, admiring glances on the speaker, whose cool, gallant bearing, nobleness of form, and dignity and delicacy of address, were sufficient to impress eyes more fastidious than those of a young and simple nun.

"Do I understand, monsieur," enquired the Superioress, "that we are to admit your soldiers as a guard?"

"Such are my orders, madame," returned the officer.

"I know not how this can be, monsieur, seeing that every room in the hospital is already filled to overflowing. What say you Marie?" the Superioress inquired, turning to her companion, whilst the soldier thanked her in his heart for thus giving him another opportunity of gazing on the exquisite, rose-tinted features of the fair young sister.

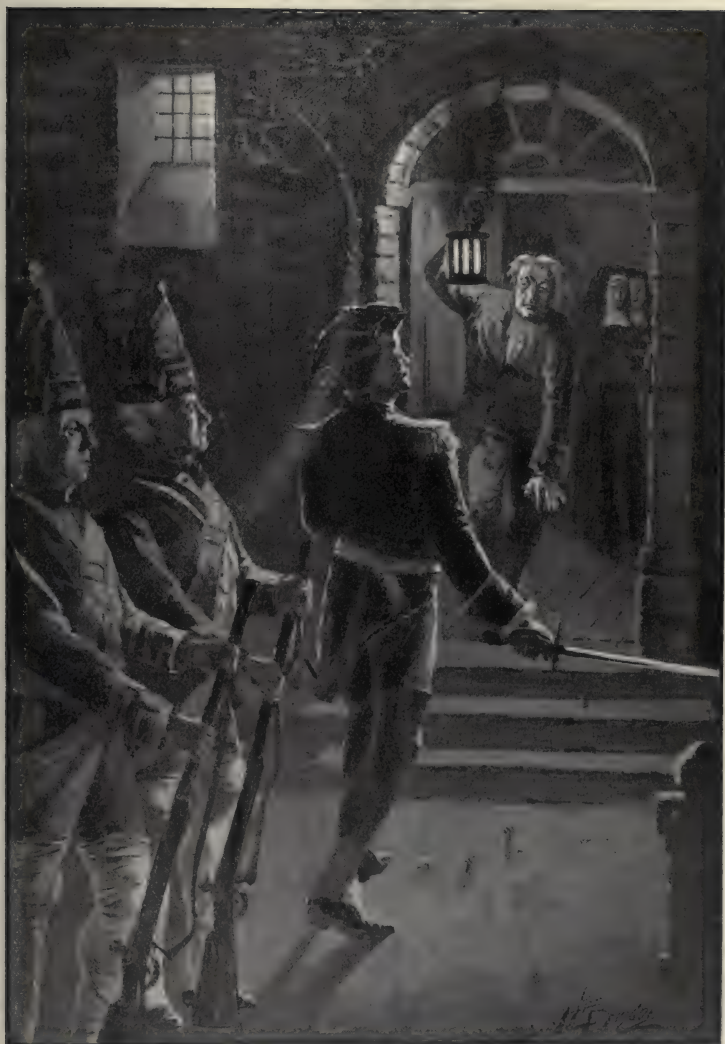
"I know not either, Mother, unless we give up the one room we have retained for ourselves," answered the latter, spiritedly, looking defiantly into the soldier's face, "And that, I think, monsieur can hardly expect of us."

"God forbid, mademoiselle," said the officer, admiring the spirit and promptitude of the reply.

Then addressing the Superioress, he continued, "All that I require, madame, is permission to enter and make such disposal of my men as circumstances permit and demand, in accordance with my instructions."

There was a brief pause. Then the elder nun said, "The house is at your command, monsieur, but," with a sigh and a faint smile, "you will find it a sad one."

So saying, she took the arm of her companion, curtsied, and left the General Hospital in possession of the English officer, who, after stationing the guard in and around the buildings, returned to the hall; and, tired with dreadful work of the day, flung himself down to snatch a few hours of necessary rest.



“The door swung on its hinges, and the light from a lamp, held in the trembling hand of the porter, fell full on the tall form and handsome face of a captain in the British army.”



For the first few minutes he heard the confused noise of a multitude at work. They were throwing up trenches and erecting barricades; for the British forces fully expected to be again attacked on the morrow. Then his wearied senses drifted into unsteady slumber. In its dreams, it is said, the faithful hound renews the chase; and it was so with the weary soldier. He was drifting, under cover of the night, down a broad, noble river, and he strove to catch the words that came to him on the whispering breeze. He knew the voice. It was that of his beloved commander. The tones were low, soft, musical as the zephyr; but the words were thrilling, solemnly beautiful, prophetic and eternally true:

"The boast of heraldy, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er  
gave,  
Await alike the inexorable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Then he was scaling the rugged heights, which the friendly darkness rendered the less dizzy. He reached the top and was greeted by the morning sun shining down upon a brave sight. Two small but gallant armies stood face to face to decide the fate of Canada.

Then, as he stood in the lines, he saw the masses of the enemy moving steadily upon them. There was the long, weary wait—interminable it seemed—whilst his brave men fell around him, and the ghastly gaps were filled afresh. Would the command to fire never come? And the enemy so near—he could see as the smoke lifted, the very expression of their faces.

"Fire!"

It came at last, and never was word more welcome. The impatient, long-restrained guns rang out. The smoke cleared, and, such a sight! Whole battalions swept away; and, a living, dying, writhing mass of men in the centre, confusion on the right, and on the left a body of gray-coated militia fleeing pell-mell. A long-drawn breath

of relief—a pause, whilst his men reloaded, and the French strove to reform their scattered ranks.

"Forward!" and they moved with ever-increasing pace, until, with a wild yet unbroken rush, they were on the foe and sweeping everything before them. The last glimpse of the fight that came to the eyes of the sleeper was the tartans and plaids, with the terrible claymores flashing in the noon-day sun, as they relentlessly pursued the flying foe under the very guns on the ramparts of Quebec.

Then he seemed to be wandering amidst the mist and gloom and all things indistinguishable, until of a sudden, he emerged into the radiant, glowing light that shone upon him from a woman's beautiful face. But whether woman in truth or angel, he knew not, so strange her garb and unearthly her appearance. Resplendent in the light of her own loveliness she glided to his side, and her eyes seemed to look deep into his soul. Her face, though divinely fair, wore an expression of unutterable sadness. She bent until her lips almost touched his face, and seemed to say, "You seek a phantom which will elude you. We belong to different worlds. I can never be yours." She touched his brow lightly with her lips. He struggled to grasp and detain her departing form, and awoke to silence and darkness. But even then, and often afterwards, he was almost certain that he heard the faint rustle of a woman's garment, and the tinkle of a string of beads.

## CHAPTER II.

In and around Quebec events marched apace during the memorable fall of 1759. Four days after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, General Townshend was ready to batter to pieces the already crumbling walls of the city, whilst the British fleet in the river below only awaited the signal to commence the work of destruction.

But it was not to be. Monsieur de Ramezay, commandant of the garrison, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, at the wish of the citizens wisely and humanely resolved to capitulate. The lilies of France were displaced by the red cross of St. George, which has ever since waved over the citadel's heights.

During these days, Captain Fairclough remained in charge of the hospitals and the fortifications around it. His duties occasionally brought him into the presence of the Superioress, but her beautiful young companion he did not see again. Like a lovely apparition she had first gleamed upon his sight; like a phantom, fairer still, she had left him. It was better so. She was of another world. Heretic as he was to her, he recognized the fact that she was vowed to religion, and he was man enough not to indulge himself in a wild desire for the unattainable. And yet she was lovely and lovable.

But for the occasional remembrance of his dream, which thrust itself unsought upon him, the probabilities were that he would have put her image away from him. "But did she," he asked himself, "Was it she who came to me in the flesh, though seemingly in the spirit, and kissed me in my slumber?" And many a time, amid the clank of arms and military bustle, did he seem to hear the soft rustle of a woman's garments, and the tinkle of a string of beads.

A portion of the British forces sailed away with General Townshend, and Brigadier Murray was left in charge at Quebec. This active officer kept the army well employed in repairing and strengthening the fortifications of the city, in destroying old and in build-

ing new redoubts, and in establishing fortified outposts in the neighborhood to form bases for obtaining supplies and for communicating with the inhabitants of the surrounding country. A goodly number of the French forces under De Levis occupied strong positions along the Jacques Cartier river, some leagues west of Quebec.

During the fall and winter of 1759, skirmishing and petty fighting continued with considerable ardor. Many a story of daring and peril, of capture or escape, or of individual combat, could be told, which would glow even upon the brightest pages of romance. For the halo of chivalry, which shed its lustre upon the lives and deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm, rested with a steady radiance on those who remained to complete, one way or another, the work which they had begun. Never, perhaps, was a conquered country treated with more lenient consideration, forbearance and honesty of pur-



pose than was Canada by the British. One of the nuns of the General Hospital, speaking of the English guard of thirty men established there, said: "Our greatest misfortune was to hear them talking during divine service." On the other hand, both the French and Canadians, though smarting from defeat, were ever generous, brave and chivalrous foes.

Towards the end of October, word was brought to Brigadier Murray that the enemy were threatening a British outpost some distance along the St. Croye road, and harassing the *habitants* of several parishes who had given in their submission and taken the oath of allegiance. He, therefore, despatched Captain Fairclough and six chosen men to reconnoitre and report the position or movements of the French flying camp.

They had proceeded along the rough, narrow road about six miles, when they suddenly came in view of the enemy and were observed. Seeing that they were about to be pursued, they turned bridle and, at a swinging pace, rode back. What was their astonishment to find the road blocked by a company of twenty Canadian mounted militia.

There was no time for delay and but little for thought. They must break through or surrender. Though out-numbered three to one, their opponents were only militia. The British soldier has a lofty scorn for irregular troops, and they had seen these same militia flee on the Plains of Abraham after the first terrible volley. Such thoughts passed through the mind of the captain, as without slackening speed they bore down upon their enemies. At a hundred paces they were met by a volley which laid two of their number in the dust. The remaining five dashed on, pistol and sword in hand. By every pistol a foe went down, and each flash of a sword meant death.

The leader of the Canadians was a stalwart, handsome, young fellow and

splendidly mounted. Closely followed by one of his companions, he dashed at the English officer, whose blade and horse found enough to do against these two assailants. But the spirit of knight-errantry yet lived, and the young Canadian leader called out:

"Leave him to me, Etienne. He is brave."

The bright blades flashed in the sunlight and the horses wheeled and bounded, separated and closed. The Canadian fought well, but an experienced eye could see that he was no match for his cool antagonist, who, it may be stated, had more than once proved himself to be the best swordsman in Wolfe's army.

After parrying a desperate thrust, Fairclough followed up with a terrific upward back cut. His sword smote the young fellow's neck below the right ear, inflicting a fearful gash. His horse started off down the road and the bleeding body dropped from the saddle, lifeless.

But with a cry Etienne sprang at the slayer of his friend and the combat continued. Three more of the British soldiers lay on the ground, and Fairclough's horse was shot. Cleverly extricating himself from the stirrups as the animal fell, he stood at bay. Seeing that all was over and expecting no quarter, he sprang over the body of his dying horse, and with two quick, powerful thrusts, brought Etienne to the ground. Then wounded by a pistol-ball, he too was knocked senseless by a big militia man, just as the troop of regular French soldiers, sent in pursuit, rode up.

### CHAPTER III.

In a spacious room of one of the most pretentious houses in Three Rivers, lay a wounded soldier asleep.

At the window, looking out through the trees at the broad, glittering waters of the St. Lawrence, stood a beautiful girl in an attitude of graceful repose. Her face and form, in the rich, soft



light of the western sun, were charming to behold. Dark, glossy hair waving down the temples and coiled at the back of a shapely head; eyes pure and limpid and brown; perfect features, and that warm southern complexion with a rose-tint beneath it, so peculiar to the maidens of Lower Canada; such was the picture she presented. Her figure, above the average in stature, well-rounded and developed, taken in conjunction with her face formed a happy blending of youthfulness and maturity.

The soldier was Captain Fairclough, and the girl, Adele Berthier, the daughter of a wealthy Quebec merchant who had moved his family from the city before its bombardment by the British. M. Berthier's son Louis, an officer in the Canada militia and a young man of great promise, had been killed in a skirmish with the English a week before Fairclough's arrival; and it was said that he had died bravely and covered with honor.

Fairclough, dangerously wounded in two places and insensible, had been carried to the head camp of the French on the Jacques Cartier river. There the ball had been extracted, but his wounds were of such a serious character as to give but little hope for his life. Thereupon M. Dumas, Commandant of the French forces, knowing the rank and importance of the prisoner, had him carefully conveyed to Three Rivers, where, notwithstanding his own recent bereavement, M. Berthier had signified his willingness to receive him. Fever set in and increased, and all through his illness Captain Fairclough was tended faith-

fully by Adele Berthier, rendered additionally tender in her ministrations by reason of the death of her soldier-brother. She was aided in her labor of love by her old assistant Elise.

When the wounded man arrived at the house, he was on the brink of delirium. As they laid him on the bed, his eyes fixed themselves on Adele's face with such intensity that the girl blushed under their gaze and scrutiny. He would have spoken, nay, did utter some incoherent words;



"The bright blades flashed in the sunlight."

but Adele laid her fingers on his lips, and looking him straight in the eyes, said,

"Monsieur, the doctor says you are to sleep."

She felt her fingers pressed by the lips of the sick man, and heard him say faintly, "Yes, I will sleep, my angel," but his eyes, whilst a spark of intelligence remained in them never left her, sitting or moving. Sleep did not come to him for a long time yet; and many a weary, watchful hour was

spent by the girl and her faithful assistant Elise, before "nature's soft nurse" took the tired brain into her tender, wholesome keeping. The good old surgeon came and went, M. Berthier occasionally joined his daughter's watch, the curé called in kindly inquiry, Elise bustled noiselessly about the room, and the sick man rambled on in hopeless delirium.

His voice never seemed to grow weary. He told of his boyhood and his distant home in England—of his hopes, his ambitions and his struggles. Sometimes he spoke in French, but more often in English, which language Adele had been taught by the nuns in Quebec. He sketched, though unconnectedly and with incident removed from incident, his brief but brilliant career. He had fought in the disastrous campaign of General Braddock, and had been transferred to the British forces before Louisburg, where for distinguished services he had been made a captain. He told of the glorious struggle on the Plains of Abraham. He spoke of people Adele knew not, but of women he spoke of one only, save his mother, and that one was a nun. She was beautiful like an angel; her name was Marie and he loved her; he had sought her but could not find her; once only she had come to him in a dream and kissed him.

As he raved on and on, Adele listened, and her cheeks, pale with watching, flushed, like the rosy dawn. At the story of his love, her red lips parted and her eyes grew soft and moist—all at the rambling of a soldier's delirium. And once she rose, looked into his eyes that saw her not, kissed his brow and lips, and then turned to the window to hide her sweet confusion. It was the tender old story in the New World, of the wounded knight and his "fair ladye."

But once, when Elise the old nurse heard him raving in French about his admiration and love for the beautiful nun, she shuddered and crossed herself

and appealed to the "Bon Dieu." Then she addressed herself to her young companion.

"Adele," she said, "Do you hear him? He says that he loves a nun. Ah! it is a sacrilege. I am sorry he was brought into this house. He is an infidel. Such impiety will bring on us misfortune, you will see."

"Hush! Elise," said Adele with a blush, and a smile at the elder woman's earnestness.

"The poor man knows not what he is saying, and, mayhap, talks nonsense."

"No, my dear," returned Elise, shaking her head knowingly, "I remember my sister, Clothilde, when she had the fever how she raved, but she only spoke things I knew to be true. Depend upon it he speaks the truth."

"And if he does, Elise, what then? He is a heretic, and, perhaps, in his religion it is no sin to love one of the dear sisters. I love some of them myself, and I am a Catholic," said the girl, with a wicked little smile at Elise, who, seeing that she was only laughed at, curtly but wisely remarked—

"Thou art foolish, Adele, but let it rest."

At last the fever abated and the sick man slept. Then the day came when the poor, tried spirit, tired with its wanderings in the misty land of shadows, emerged into the realms of recognition, and his eyes rested again on the fair face of Adele Berthier.

Soon he waxed strong enough to be permitted to talk, and the maiden sat by his bedside ready to be questioned. But she said imperatively,

"Now, only a few necessary questions, then you are to take this draught and rest."

"Then, first tell me where I am and how I come to be here," he inquired.

"Two questions at once, Monsieur," she replied, shaking her finger at him, and assuming all the authority of the nurse. "You are at Three Rivers, in the house of Monsieur Berthier, mer-

chant of Quebec, and you were sent here, wounded, by M. Dumas, Commandant at Jacques Cartier River."

"And who are you, Mademoiselle?" he next inquired, fixing his abnormally bright eyes on hers which modestly sought the ground.

"I am Adele Berthier, the daughter of M. Berthier," and she met his steady gaze once more. He looked puzzled and a little disappointed, she thought.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he con-

warming under his continued scrutiny. "Just one more question, monsieur."

"The last woman's face I can remember seeing," he said, ignoring her last remark, "was the counterpart of yours; but it was the face of a young nun."

"Indeed," returned the girl, with slight concern, "and where was that, monsieur, may I ask?"

"At the General Hospital, at Quebec."



"Thou art foolish, Adele."

tinued, "you remind me of a lady I have seen; your face is the same and yet not the same. You are very beautiful," he added simply.

The girl flushed slightly at the compliment.

"It is very kind of you to say so, monsieur," she replied, "but, perhaps, you are not well able to judge, as you have lately seen but few women's faces. I fear you do me more than justice. But you are not to talk so much," she said, feeling her face

"Ah! and what was her name, monsieur?"

"The Mother Superior called her Marie, and I never saw a more beautiful face. It haunted me for weeks, and during my illness it seems scarcely ever to have left me. Perhaps it is because I saw you, and you resemble her so much."

"I know her, too, monsieur," said Adele, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, whilst her patient's opened wide with astonishment.



"Why, this very same nun will be here to-morrow, and you shall see her if you are good, and obey your nurse."

She rose and gave him the draught. He would have spoken further, but she was obdurate.

The next day Captain Fairclough was much stronger, and, after taking some nourishment, reminded Adele of her promise, saying that its fulfilment would afford him great pleasure.

"You shall see her presently, monsieur. She is a Hospital Sister, and a splendid nurse of the sick. It may be," she continued, with a demureness that made her patient smile, "that monsieur would like her to take my place and minister to his wants in future."

His face grew serious at once as he replied:

"No, mademoiselle, I am not so ungrateful. I have no wish to change my sweet nurse. You have saved my life—you and good Elise."

"Ah! well," she said, "You shall have your choice," and left the room.

In a little while there was a knock at the door, and a sombre-robed figure entered and approached the bed. He at once recognized the form and features of the young nun of the General Hospital. There was the same demure look, the same half-veiled, downcast eyes, the same sprightly though subdued manner, the same beautiful face framed in its dark setting, which had so impressed him in the dim hall of the Hospital and which had haunted his dreams and waking hours ever since.

"Ah! madame," began the invalid, "this is a pleasure. It is kind of you thus to visit a sick man."

Sister Marie never raised her eyes. Her face was bent downwards, and her whole frame shook with suppressed but ill-concealed emotion. She suddenly started from her seat; the hood and its fixings fell from her head and there, before his astonished gaze, were the bright, laughing eyes

and mirth-beaming face of Adele Berthier.

"Shall I reverse the transformation and be myself again, monsieur, or do you prefer Sister Marie?" she enquired, roguishly looking and laughing at the perplexed looks of her patient.

"I think—I prefer you as Adele," he said slowly, and a new and beautiful light came into his wan, handsome face. The warm blood suffused the girl's cheeks as she returned his gaze. She slipped off the nun's garments and appeared before him in ordinary attire.

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said, "for the deception. It was so droll I could not resist it—and I thought—I thought it would amuse you—and, perhaps, cure you of an idle passion for an unattainable object."

"You have succeeded, mademoiselle—but only in transferring the passion from its former object to that which has taken its place," Fairclough replied.

"That, too, perhaps, is unattainable," was the quiet rejoinder; but a troubled look came into the face of the speaker.

"Say not so, sweet Adele—"

The words and the tone of entreaty aroused her to a sense of her position, and, with a warning gesture and a tender little smile, she left the room, carrying with her the religious habit.

That evening she was standing near the window silent and abstracted, when Captain Fairclough, whose thoughts were seldom far away from her, suddenly said:

"One thing puzzles me, mademoiselle. How came you to be in the General Hospital in the garb of a nun?"

"That is easily explained, monsieur," she replied. "One of the older nuns there is my aunt; and when the English were about to bombard Quebec, she induced me, a motherless girl, to retire there for safety. I was christened Marie Adele Berthier, and you heard the good Mother Superior

call me Marie." She blushed a little at this remembrance and continued, "As a further guard against molestation in these dark and troublous times, I brought a sister's habit with me when I joined my father. No one can say what may happen, but at least be it said to their credit, your countrymen have respected our religion and protected those whom its mantle covers."

*(The concluding half of this story will appear in the December number.)*

## AUTUMN-TIME.

## I.

Sweet June festooned the woods with vines, and thou,  
 Dark Autumn month, her sister, day by day  
 Dost walk demurely where the sunbeams play  
 Upon the wild grape clusters ; on thy brow  
 I read the grief of parting ; on that plough,  
 Upturned beside the hedge, thy tender hand  
 Hath left a token in the green moss band.  
 O ! saddest of the seasons ! tell me how  
 To know that thou hast not despaired of men ;  
 Some sign vouchsafe that thou wilt come again !  
 Wherein, O ! tell me, shall I find that sign ?  
 In west'ring clouds, that change from red to gold,  
 Then drift into the Dark ; in woods of thine,  
 Where robins try their faint notes in the cold ;

## II.

In ev'nings, when pale flames leap in the West,  
 And leaves illumed waft slowly cross the glade ?  
 O ! Autumn, we are incompletely made ;  
 We look on Beauty and we think her dressed  
 But mockingly, perhaps at fell behest  
 Of some Denial or Despair or Death  
 To perish when love animates her breath ;  
 And so to-day I fear to be distressed ;  
 I dare not read the signs ; enough for me  
 Thou'rt here to-day,—thou may'st not always be.  
 O ! brown-eyed queen, whose fragrant auburn hair  
 Is decked with coronal of golden-rods,  
 For thee the maples splendid vestments wear ;  
 For love of thee the burning sumach nods !

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

## BENJAMIN KIDD'S PARLEY WITH RELIGION.\*

BY REV. W. J. LHAMON, M.A.

BENJAMIN KIDD is a philosopher. He is dispassionate and painstaking. He knows the difference between historic forces and transient influences, between the mighty currents of human progress and their playful or angry eddies. His style is not that of a special pleader for foregone conclusions, nor of an iconoclast of other men's idols, nor yet of a supercilious assumption of his own infallibility. He indulges now and then in a bit of dignified polemic against the materialism of Spencer and the agnosticism of Huxley, and he takes the evolutionists up to date thoroughly to task for their oversight of, or antipathy to, what he esteems to be the greatest of modern, social, evolutionary forces. He impresses one as possessing "the dry light of the intellect," an indispensable characteristic of the philosopher and the scientist. He makes you feel that he aims to be an all-round student of facts, that he aims to be unbiased in his inductions from them, and that he is coolly determined to follow wherever his method may lead him. He is an avowed evolutionist of the old Darwinian school, and he seems so entirely satisfied with his master's work as never to trouble himself about either God or the "missing link." I do not remember having seen the word God in his book except in a Latin quotation. His attitude toward Christianity is that of a devout medical student toward a cadaver, only he is thoroughly aware that the cadaver has a twin brother who is not "a stiff," and he seems to be trying honestly by a thorough analysis of the dead twin to find out what the live one is about. You can't guess

from his book that Mr. Kidd has any personal or spiritual interest in Christianity. In fact, nine-tenths of the time he calls it by the very generic, and therefore unscientific name "religion," seemingly not being aware of this, namely, that Christianity is the best defined species of religion in existence. Man is a mammal, but he is also vastly more. Just so Christianity is a religion, but it is vastly more, and Mr. Kidd's work falls short of scientific accuracy in leaving the best defined species swallowed up, at least seemingly, in the most general genus.

I do not wish to do Mr. Kidd injustice, but I guess from his book, reading between the lines, that he is not a Christian, or at the best that he is nothing more than a nominal churchman, and that he has nothing more than a scientific interest in Christianity, looking upon it as the one overlooked, yet most potent evolutionary force in modern society. In this, which I suppose to be his scientific attitude toward Christianity, lies the greater part of the merit of his work, and all that is startling to the scientific world in it; while in his seemingly personal attitude toward the personal Christ lies the secret of what appear to me to be the missing links in his theory. Should Mr. Kidd "get religion," should he "repent and turn that his sins might be blotted out," should he have "times of refreshing from the Lord"—a quite needful experience one must judge to the whole Darwinian species of the *genus homo*—he would then be prepared to write another book, no doubt, fully as startling as his first, and even more profitable than it.

Before reading "Social Evolution" I had seen a number of reviews of it,

\*Mr. Kidd's views are in his well-known book: "Social Evolution."



but not one of them, nor all of them, gave me anything like an adequate conception of it. The book is really a work of great merit, and I am not sure that I will be able to give to others any better notion of it than the reviewers have given to me. The enforced brevity of reviews and of papers like this must leave the writers at least poorly pleased with their work.

"Social Evolution" is one of the few books that justify a bit of thought before they are opened at all. The outside of it is significant of the whole inside of it. The title is as well chosen as the label on a druggist's bottle. Mr. Kidd tells you to begin with that there is "social evolution" in his book, and you are made aware before you get through with it that by this he does not mean socialism, nor the evolution of socialism, nor a socialistic style of evolution, nor any possible form of socialistic or communistic régime, but rather the evolution of man as a social being. Socialism, as it rests commonly in the minds of the people, and always in the minds of socialists from Baboeuf and Fourier to Henry George and Edward Bellamy cannot be a development from the past, but must be brought about by revolution rather than evolution. Hence Mr. Kidd discards it. It is refreshing in these days of proposed patent-right paradises to have a writer of real scientific ability on the one hand, and sympathy with the people on the other, puncture such interesting bubbles, while seeking to lead us toward a better social state than the present along a pathway that has continuity with the past. Still further as to the title of the book. It is "social evolution," and not political evolution, or intellectual evolution, or religious evolution, that Mr. Kidd concerns himself about. From his standpoint political evolution, that is, the evolution of man as a political being, has well nigh run its course to completion in the lands dominated by

our western civilization. Its process since the Renaissance and the Reformation has been the gradual limitation of the power of the ruling classes, and its equally gradual extension to the masses. The completion of this political process is the signal for the beginning of the process of social evolution. Representative forms of government now stand in contrast with the monarchism and feudalism of former times. The efficient factor in the production of this immense change has been "that large body of altruistic sentiment" which is the direct gift of the Christian religion. Now comes one of the most interesting, I had almost said startling, phases of the author's theory. It is to the effect, in the briefest possible terms, that the intellectual processes have not entered as a factor into this great and beneficent political evolution, and that the social evolution which is at hand is not to be wrought out by intellectual methods. It, too, is to be the outgrowth of that same "large body of altruistic sentiment" which wrought the political changes. The author's use of the French Revolution in this connection throws a valuable illustrative light upon his theory. He says, "The most striking spectacle in all that memorable period was, undoubtedly, the weakness and disorganization of the party representing the ruling classes. It has been the custom to attribute the results of the revolution to the decay, corruption, and misrule of these classes; but history, while recognizing these causes, will probably regard them as incidental. Its calmer verdict must be, that it was in the hearts of these classes, and not in the streets that the cause of the people was won. It is impossible, even at this distance of time, to observe without a feeling of wonder and even of awe, the extent to which the ideas of the revolution had undermined the position of the upper classes. Effective resistance was impossible; they could not use their

own strength. We begin to understand this slowly. We look for any inspiring appeal; for any rally against the forces arrayed against them; for any of that conscious devotion to a worthy cause which has made even forlorn hopes successful, and which here, in the presence of overpowering odds against the people, would have rendered their opponents irresistible. But we look in vain. That great body of humanitarian feeling which has been slowly accumulating so long had done its work; it had sapped the foundations of the old system." Thus, according to our author, the humane sentiments of Christianity have at the same time emboldened the people to demand their political rights, and have shorn the Samson rulers of their power of resistance. What has come to pass politically is coming, and is to come, socially. But the process in each case is ethical purely, and not at all intellectual. It is a religious, not a rational process. This point cannot be stated with an emphasis too great in any review of the book that presumes to be at all adequate. This interesting position puts the author quite at the outs with those materialistic and agnostic writers of whom Henry Thomas Buckle may be taken as the representative. Surely we may be devoutly thankful that we have hit upon a time when our writers of genius and ability comparable to that of Mr. Buckle spend their energies in a more hopeful cause than merely to prove that man is what he eats and looks at: that the whole of his civilization depends upon the question of a potato or a cod-fish diet, coupled with the scarcely subsidiary ones as to whether he looks at mountains or morasses, and whether he shivers or sweats. Mr. Kidd does not seem to know that Mr. Buckle's once would-be great work exists. It is pitiable to see a man of such evidently painstaking and brilliant parts as Mr. Buckle so soon ignored by others who

are exploring the same fields with him. But I do not think it argues a lack of reading on the part of Mr. Kidd. Rather, he seems very justly to consign Mr. Buckle's monumental work of folly to the oblivion that it deserves.

In his first chapter entitled the "Outlook," the author describes science as having traced "the steps in the evolution of life up to human society," and as now standing dumb before the problems presented by society as it exists around us." He bunches Karl Marx, Herbert Spencer, Prof. Huxley, and Henry George together, in one respect at least; they fail to grasp the situation, and therefore fail to give help. There was a time when "men lived like brutes, huddled together in wretched dwellings, without education, and without any voice in the politics or management of affairs." At last "the people have appeared; Demos, coming not now with the violence of revolution, foredoomed to failure, but with the slow and majestic progress which marks an evolution. He is no longer unwashed and illiterate, for we have universal education. He is no longer muzzled, and without political power for we have universal suffrage. With his advent society has ceased to be a philanthropic sentiment merely." Here we have the author's cardinal fact—this appearance of the people in such a style and with such powers. Its like never was before. The people with universal education, universal suffrage, and universal sympathy; the people, possessed of a body of altruistic sentiment unheard of previous to the Christian era, or even previous to the Reformation; such a people crushed by syndicates, at war with corporations, hating "the robber knights of capital," and with no love for "the unclean brigand aristocracy of the stock exchange,"—this is the real matter to be weighed in the scales of science, but really the one that has been left out.

The author asserts that evolution and Biblical criticism have deeply affected the inner religious life of the present century; that the merely negative attacks of such men as Charles Bradlaugh and Col. Ingersoll are not representative of our times, and that the militant onslaughts of Prof. Huxley, champion of the agnostics, do not find a ready response in many minds. He treats Grant Allen with merited sarcasm for referring to certain forms of religion as so much "grotesque fungoid growth," which has clustered round the primeval thread of ancestor worship, and he quotes with approval a seemingly disappointed positivist who says that the "net result of the whole negative attack upon the Gospel has been to deepen the moral hold of Christianity on society."

The second chapter is entitled "The Conditions of Human Progress." Mr. Kidd believes in "the survival of the fittest," and he tells us point blank that the conditions of human progress are precisely those of the development of the higher forms of life everywhere. "The law of life," he says, "has been always the same from the beginning; . . . ceaseless and inevitable struggle and competition, ceaseless and inevitable selection and rejection, ceaseless and inevitable progress." Precisely here is where he parts company with socialism. To him all socialistic schemes are of one blood in this respect . . . they seek to relieve the individual of the struggle necessary to his development. Socialism proposes to rock a cradle for each individual of the race from his birth to his death, and a rocked and cradled race, so far from developing, must degenerate. The author's own words are, "True socialism has always one object in view, up to which all its proposals directly or indirectly lead. This is the final suspension of that personal struggle for existence which has been waged, not only from the beginning of society, but in one form or another from the very beginning of life,"

Upon this point Mr. Kidd introduces a good deal of history. Man's record has been one of warfare, in which the weaker races have invariably perished, and the stronger survived. Since the Christian era, however, a new force has been at work. "The conditions of rivalry," the author says, "have greatly changed. If we look clearly at what is taking place, we may see that there has been no cessation or diminution of the rivalry itself. On the contrary, the significance of the change has consisted in the tendency to raise it to a higher level, to greatly enlarge its scope and efficiency as a cause of progress by bringing all the members of community into it on equal terms, and to render it freer and fairer, but therefore still more strenuous." Thus far one might justly sum up the author's position as follows: Rivalry, rivalry forever; rivalry forever for all; rivalry forever for all on conditions of equality, political and social. That is the necessity, as proved by our whence, and that is our inevitable whither.

The third chapter is entitled, "There is no rational sanction for the conditions of progress." Now that is surprising, especially since we have been schooled by science to believe that "Reason," with a big R, must be enthroned as goddess over all gods. Even the non-ecclesiastical French people a hundred years ago kept the goddess of Reason, having voted all other deities out of existence, and the rationalists have all been telling us in every possible way by their "Datas of Ethics," and their positive philosophies, and their agnostic declamations, and their pantheistic theosophies, and their hyper-critical higher criticisms, that there is no god or goddess but reason. They have been so persistent in this assertion that we almost had a mind to believe them, and some of us have thought seriously of revising our creeds even. But here comes a young man, crowned with the laurels of science itself, telling us in a very cool



way that there is no rational sanction for the conditions of progress. It is hard to say in a few words precisely what the author teaches through many pages. But this, I am sure, is the main point. There is a ceaseless struggle between the individual and the social organism. This is a stubborn fact that fronts us, and it has its emphasis in the whole of the nineteenth century science. The interests of society and the individual are antagonistic, and they must remain so. Reason arrays herself on the side of the individual. She gives the whole of her sanction to her favorite . . . the Ego, and that not for the future, but for the present. In plainest, bluntest English, far other than the stately style of the author, Reason says, "Let number one look out for himself right now." Meanwhile society does move on and up spite of the combined forces of selfishness and reason arrayed on the side of the individual in his struggle against it. The author tells us that this is a fact of "far-reaching consequences," and "transforming significance." He avows that we stand at the "great maelstrom of human history, and see why these systems of moral philosophy, which have sought to find in the nature of things a rational sanction for human conduct in society, must sweep round and round in futile circles. They attempt an inherently impossible task." Following this delivery our author gathers up the whole race of representative philosophers from Thales and Socrates to Mill and Spencer and Comte and Kant, all into one handful, and flings them whirling like so many pebbles into the maelstrom of his theory.

Now for the author's explanation of progress spite of the sanctions of reason, and the struggles of egoism, and the stupidity of the philosophers. This we have in the chapter entitled "The Central Feature of Human History." He imagines a visitor from another planet shown about by a mo-

dern man of science. They visit farms and factories, shops and schools, courts and kings, and one might add, by way of helping the author out, theatres, horse-shows, county fairs, saloons, department stores, football games, bicycle tournaments, and Boards of Trade with their bulls and bears, . . . in short all the leading features of our modern civilization from the man-of-science standpoint. But by-and-by the supernal visitor spies a church on the corner. The man of science can't tell him much about it. He looks further, and finds many churches of many kinds on many corners; he reads up their history, looks into their doctrines, and at last reaches a sort of double conclusion, namely, that he has found a race of beings who by reason of their religion are in conflict with their reason, but whose religion, nevertheless, is the central phenomenon of their history, and the secret of their progress. And so our author declares that true science must take account of the phenomena of religion, and he quotes Goethe as having spoken, "not with a poet's exaggeration, but with scientific insight in advance of his time," when he said of this conflict between religion and reason, "It is the deepest, nay the one theme in the world's history to which all others are subordinate."

Then follows a chapter upon "The Function of Religious Beliefs in the Evolution of Society." We are to bear in mind that the central feature of human history is the religious struggle that man has carried on to effect the subordination of his own reason. It goes without saying that in keeping with this theory a definition of religion must be framed excluding from it reason and reasonableness. The author's dogma, given in italics, and as logical as Calvinism itself, granting his premises, is this; "No form of belief is capable of functioning as a religion in the evolution of society which does not provide an ultra-rational sanction for the social

conduct of the individual." "In other words," he continues, still in italics, "A rational religion is a scientific impossibility, presenting in the nature of the case a contradiction of terms." In accordance with this dogma here is his definition of religion. "A religion is a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing." The one commendable thing about this definition is that it fits the author's theory admirably. Mr. Kidd is good at theoretic tailoring, and this definition is by no means a misfit. For a hunch-back theory there must be a hunch-back coat. This is right and admirable. One almost thinks the author is a hyper-higher critic. So far as the definition relates to Christianity it is as far from scientific in its methods and results as anything can be. None of us would recognize it as an induction by the Baconian process from the cardinal facts of the Gospel. Christ appeals to the reason. He demands faith, but only upon a sufficient basis of evidence. The facts of Christianity are a legal tender from heaven to our little world of logic. By reason of them reason itself demands the acceptance of Jesus as Lord and Christ. After such acceptance it would be irrational not to accept the revelations of Christ, passing though they do beyond the realm of our investigation. There is nothing more thoroughly reasonable than the Christianity of Paul and Peter and Christ. Hosts of Christian ministers would never again enter their pulpits if Christianity were not to them quite as much the compulsion of reason as the constraint of love. Mr. Kidd's "large body of altruistic sentiment derived from Christianity" is the one evolutionary force operating to the betterment of social conditions

all through our Western Civilization. But it is "ultra-rational." Then selfishness is rational; self-sacrifice is ultra-rational. Reason is egoistic, religion is altruistic. This in a nut-shell is the philosophy of "Social Evolution."

However, passing away from forced definitions, we find the author less subject to censure in his assignment to Christianity of the part it is playing in social progress. Something may be forgiven a scientist who has really discovered the presence of Christianity as a factor for good in modern society. Mr. Kidd finds all religions associated with social conduct, and founded on belief in the supernatural. There is no exception. The religions that seek to do away with supernatural sanctions are signal failures. So of Camus and Gregoire, in the days of the French Revolution, trying to reorganize Christianity without Christ. And Mr. Huxley, speaking of the religion of Humanity as advocated by Comte, says he would as soon worship a wilderness of apes. The whole business of religion is to furnish an ultra-rational sanction for the sacrifice of individual interests to those of the social organism.

There are two very suggestive chapters on "Western Civilization," in which the superiority of our civilization, which has no parallel in all history, is attributed to "that large body of altruistic sentiment," which, with its ultra-rational sanctions, came into existence with the Christian era. Militarism has given way to industrialism. Our standing armies and big gun-boats are the barbarous relics of an age that is gone never to return. In the place of monarchies have come republics; instead of the aristocrat we have the democrat; instead of Feudalism and slavery, the caucus and the ballot-box. The conditions of political equality are inherent in the altruism that was born with Christ. Protestantism and the Renaissance have played important parts in this process of enfranchisement, Roman Catholicism

being more in keeping with decadent militarism. The capital question of the present is the equalization of social opportunities as that of the immediate past has been the equalization of political conditions. By equality of social opportunities the author means an equal chance for each in the struggle for existence, and not as the socialists will have it, that the individual be released from the necessity of struggle. It is the function of religion to produce this equalization of conditions. Mr. Kidd's own words are as follows: "It would appear that the conclusion that Darwinian science must eventually establish is that the evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character."

The author's "concluding remarks," are very interesting in at least two respects. The utilitarian school of political economy with its watch-word, "the greatest good to the greatest number," comes under his censure. Darwinian evolution, grown aware of the religious forces in society declares for the greatest good of "the social organism as a whole," and the greatest number in this sense "is comprised of the members yet unborn, or unthought of, and to whose interests the existing individuals are absolutely indifferent." The second matter of special interest in the "concluding remarks" is the forecast given us of the probable future relations between the white races of the temperate zones and the colored races of southern climates. This forecast is to the effect that the vast fertile regions under southern skies will not be permitted to lie untilled and undeveloped as at present, their populations being inactive and inefficient. Increasing population will necessitate the development of the resources of these countries. Taking England's occupation of India as an example Mr. Kidd thinks it possible "to parcel out (these are his words) the entire equatorial regions of the

earth into a series of satrapies, and to administer their resources, not as in the past by a permanently resident population, but from the temperate regions and under the direction of a relatively small European official population, and this without any fear of effective resistance from the inhabitants, always (he adds in italics) assuming that there existed a clear call to duty or necessity to provide the moral force necessary for such action." It is noticeable that in this forecast wars of extermination, or even of conquest are not to be expected. The body of altruistic sentiment born of Christianity has forever done away with such warfare. There must be moral sanctions for future occupancy, and that in order to a humane control sprung from necessity. Accustomed as Christian thinkers are to reckon Christian missions among the most potent of social and political forces in lands uncivilized or but semi-civilized, one feels a disappointment at seeing no reference to missions in Mr. Kidd's argument. He seems to be wholly unaware of the fact that English civilians in India agree to a unit with Keshub Chunder Sen in saying that it is Christ who rules British India and not the British soldiery. And so it must be with the occupancy of other lands and the control of other races if such is to be.

I have called "Social Evolution" a parley with religion. At last Science becomes painfully aware of something not right in her reckonings. Her stars are out of orbit. There is a disturbing force somewhere. With her whole outfit of boasted phenomena and hypotheses she has failed to bring forth a demonstration. "The struggle for existence," "Survival of the fittest," "Natural selection," "Monads," "Primeval star dust," "Spontaneous generation," "Origin of Species," "Anthropoid apes," "Pithecoïd men," "Protoplasm," "Bathybius," "Silica, nitrogen, carbon & Co.," all this amazing outfit and much more,



together with a god that is "unknowable," and a creation "unthinkable," *plus* still some little added trifle such as (to use Principal Dawson's language), "An outfit to start with, self-existent matter, for instance, in a state of endless revolution,"—with all this, Science has not been quite able to account for everything. She goes back, therefore, recasts her reckonings, and concludes that religion really explains all that has been hitherto inexplicable. She calls a halt, raises a flag of truce, and proposes a parley. She goes over to the camp of Christianity, and addresses her as "Religion," not having yet discovered that Christianity is a distinct and unique species of the genus religion, perhaps the only well authenticated example of the "origin of species" that falls within the purview of the Darwinian ages. To "Religion" thus addressed she says, "Ah! beg your pardon! I now recognize you as a fact, in fact, the fact. I shall henceforth count upon you to help me out in getting humanity properly evolved. But let us understand one another. I perceive that reason is wholly selfish, and inadequate to the tasks laid upon her. You are unselfish and altruistic; you are also ultra-rational, but I do not care for that so long as your ultra-rationalism furnishes supernatural sanctions to the individual for his irrational conduct toward society. The use I shall have for you is to blindfold people more and more into loving one another, and helping one another, and, in short, to lead them by every possible irrational step and ultra-rational sanction into

my proposed millennial state where, under equality of political conditions and social opportunities, each social unit shall be sensibly taking care of himself while senselessly playing into the hands of the whole social organism, including generations yet unborn for whom no rational unit cares a copper, but for whom you with your ultra-rational sanctions have made ample provisions. I propose that our truce become a treaty."

Christianity replies—with kindness and dignity. "Alas the day! That I should be so misjudged! I am a fact standing on facts. I have a reason for all my reasons. You mistake my supernatural for the ultra-rational. Science should have discovered that these words are not synonyms. My supernatural is but the higher natural, and what you call the "ultra-rational" is but faith wedded with reason. From this union altruism is born. Love is the child of reason no less than of faith. Self-sacrifice for others' good has a sanction in the reason of man but not in the instinct of beasts. You have been too much among the protozoa and not enough among the prophets. When you know more of humanity you will put a better estimate upon Christianity. You have mistaken me, but you have done well to recognize me at all. Evolution is evolving. It is yet somewhat ultra-rational upon religious questions. You must write another book and take account of our Easter Sunday and the reason for it, before we can be at peace."

## THE ITALIAN FRUIT VENDOR

"ICE'A cream—six banan' vive cent.

Pea nut drhee cent sze glass.

Ah Lady! sze 'Talyman 's cheap,

You no tink he vill sell, and he vass!

Apell sze red, and sze goot.

I sell to sze poy and he shy

Sze peel a banan' on sze head.

Hello! pleecemans, you eat, vat you buy?

T'eatre out, people's come—dats so,

Apell, sze peanut, sze banan',

Six *vive cent* for's 'who buy?

I sell all so s'cheap as I can."

Thus night after night as I stroll down the street,  
At his cart in the corner the same man I meet,  
At the south-western corner of Ad'laide and Yonge,  
Where the Saxon falls sweet from the soft Latin tongue.  
Do you know that lone voice in the dark solitude  
Seems like a sweet songster astray from the wood,  
And I pause, lest I startle it, out on the night,  
That sweet voice Italian, with cruel affright!

Do you know in it lingers love's bright early dream,  
When he wandered, a boy, down the cool winding stream?  
Do you see the clear zenith reflecting its hue  
Cerulean and calm on the river that through  
The land of the Cæsars, flows down to the sea,  
By vinelands and orchards, by village and lea?  
The climbing fruit clusters so rich 'neath the vine,  
And sweet are the flowers that his cot doth entwine.  
The youth looking far off so coyly doth roam,  
To waken the lute by his love's trellised home,  
And lingering he listens that welcome so sweet  
By the gate of the cot where the true lovers meet.

But hark 'tis the trumpet's fierce calling afar—  
Its summons is rousing the valleys to war.  
The banners are floating o'er mountain and sea,  
With golden words gleaming and crest of the free;  
And brave Garibaldi rides forth in his might,  
And Victor Emmanuel leads far in the fight—  
But hush! 'Tis the cadence that wakes in the heart  
Of the patriot who dwells from his own land apart,  
That I hear as I wander, the stillness alone,  
In low-murmured sentence or weird monotone.  
Thus night after night, as I stroll down the street,  
By his cart in the corner, the same man I meet  
At the south-western corner of Ad'laide and Yonge,  
Where the Saxon falls sweet from the soft Latin tongue.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

## THE CAPTOR CAPTURED.

BY DAPHNE DARE.

"Ye damoiselle was fayre to see,  
But her black e'ne would ne looke on me,  
Alack, on me!"

"YE damoiselle so cruelly fair" was Mirabel Derrick, and the hardly-used swain whom she so blithely discarded was Jason McEwin.

A good six feet tall and proportionately broad, he could have taken that provoking, bewitching, vexing, charming imp of perversity and broken her across his knee like a piece of kindling wood; and yet she tormented him till existence was nought but heaviness, and his dinner lay on his—his—his—alimentary receptacle as uneasily as a ten pound shot.

It was not only what she did that was enough to drive a man crazy, but what she didn't; and turning the subject round (Jason McEwin spent all his leisure in regarding the matter from different points of view), it was not only what she didn't do, but what she did.

She had encouraged him to develop a taste for rowing, which invariably blistered his hands, and when he was quite proficient, had discovered that the sun on the water was absolute ruination to her complexion. "As if she cared a pin for her complexion," he reflected ruefully, "when she plays tennis bareheaded and eats chocolates by the pound. Perhaps, though, that improves it. Something must, for it's certainly lovely." Jason usually began his train of ideas by complaining of her, and ended it by a tribute to her charms.

However, as she really was fond of out-door exercise, she allowed him to take her rowing about every third time he offered to. She generally chose a day when the sun seemed to blister the very heavens with its heat, and when field and willow, and even

the still, oily water appeared to pant in unison with the oarsman. On such occasions that fiendish doctor, her ally and abettor in any particularly exasperating freak, was sure to crop up at the last moment and insist upon being taken along. As Mirabel invariably backed his demand, her escort was obliged to unwillingly acquiesce. The two of them would then seat themselves in the stern—the doctor weighed about two hundred pounds avoirdupois—and criticise their crew's stroke. Mirabel would express herself willing to give Jason a pointer on handling the oar, and the medical practitioner would assure him that by-and-by he would get the hang of the thing, though he could never hope to do much at it till he got rid of some of his superfluous adipose tissue. Sometimes they used to take the doctor's wife along; but when that kind little lady openly sided with their victim, they hinted that her usefulness was over, and after that she was left behind.

Her husband, known to his patients as Dr. Durham, and to those whom he teased as Beelzebub, was like le Compagnon de la Marjolaine, always gay. Once in a while, perhaps, he might have his fits of depression, but if so he concealed them well, and always appeared before the public blithesome, gay and debonair.

He and McEwin were fast friends, though he manifested his friendship mostly by plaguing the latter when his adored one was by, and "pumping" him in her absence.

If Mack would only rely upon him, (Beelzebub,) he would see him through; he was a born match-maker, a master of finesse; McEwin's interests would never suffer injury with a practical strategist like him to look after them. Let the panting aspirant (the practi-



cal strategist sometimes called McEwin the panting aspirant), repose his confidence in him, the prince of tacticians, the emperor of diplomatists, and all would yet go well.

He would then proceed to give Jason a few hints on the best way to reduce the fortress—hints that the besieger never dared to make use of while his mentor was by, as the master of finesse had a practice of criticising his efforts, and continuing his instructions before the fair one herself, in a way that the lover considered “deuced unfriendly,” only “deuced” was not the expletive that he used.

If the tormented young man reddened with embarrassment, his medical advisor would grow quite apprehensive of apoplexy.

“You know, Mack, you’re dangerously stout for one so young—twenty-one next June, isn’t it?”

“McEwin was twenty-six, and the doctor knew it.”

Indeed the doctor didn’t. He had been quite in the dark, and had been forced to guess the panting aspirant’s age from the growth of his moustache.

Mirabel would then second the born match-maker’s efforts with a few of her own, would laugh at the size of his hands, and advise him to cut his hair—his hands that had a grip like iron, and his hair that was the admiration of the foot-ball field. She used to call the ring on his little finger “that bracelet of yours,” and she had the meanest way—at least it would have been mean if it hadn’t been so charming—of slipping it over her two thumbs, and twirling it round in a fit of abstraction.

Once she had, really inadvertently, dropped it into the river, and he had been obliged to wade in and get it, while the precious pair sat in the boat and superintended the process with marked ability. They made him wring himself out on the bank as well as he could before entering the boat, and remarked pensively that the hot sun on his damp shoulders would pro-

bably skin them. The doctor also accused the unwilling diver of wishing to “put on side” by showing off his Jove-like proportions in damp draperies. He supposed that if *they* didn’t mind it, *he* needn’t. For *his* part he was glad Mrs. Durham wasn’t there.

When he found that he was embarrassing not one but two, and that the curious half-and-half of propriety and depravity, who was steering, had turned up her flaming face to the sky, this high priest of decorum waxed unusually loquacious, till, for once, her dripping admirer quite pitied the pitiless, and stealthily shook his fist in his persecutor’s face. The attempt was vain.

“What are you shaking your fist at me for?” inquired the unabashed, innocently. “Go on with your rowing!”

He did, wishing that the placid waters into which he slashed his oars were his strategic friend’s head.

Poor Jason! Long before, he would have quarrelled with the doctor were it not for Mirabel, and he would certainly have given Mirabel up as hopeless were it not for the doctor. But it was in Mrs. Durham’s pretty sitting-room that he usually met his enslaver, and to quarrel with Dr. Durham would be to cut off his only chance of seeing her in the evening, for she boarded with two old ladies with very straight-laced notions, and a very low opinion of the brute man.

What was the bond of affinity that connected the Misses Courteney with Mirabel Derrick, no one could be found to explain, but they certainly lived in peace and unity, from which it may be inferred that Mirabel left her nonsense behind her when she applied her latch-key to the Courteney front door at the witching hour of ten. At ten precisely, for after that the bolt was shot, and the family jewels, the family butter-cooler, the family boarder, and the family itself, the Misses Courteney, were all safe from thief or marauder, and by eleven were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. The family boarder

was not always enclosed in his embrace, but of that anon.

Jason had usually the pleasant duty of accompanying her home, which was delightful, and of carrying her little snap-dragon of a terrier, whom she would declare too tired to drag one foot after the other, and who was never too used-up to bite, which was a slight alloy to his bliss. When he had bidden her good-night, he would return to the surgery, where the practised strategist would dole out encouragement and advice.

"What you need, Mack, is a little more pluck. Throw more dash into it, man; she'll float the white flag in no time." Then he would help the disconsolate to filch Mirabel's photograph, or give him a curl of her hair, which he would assure his incredulous friend was the *bona fide* article, and in other ways show himself a man and a brother.

Afterwards he would repeat their conversations verbatim to his wife and Mirabel, which rather took off the fine edge of his character as a man and a brother. He was disposed to be very much pained when Mack on discovering his treachery later on, designated it as infernally contemptible, and acted "quite wrathly," according to his reprobate confidant's description of the scene.

The unhappy lover was seldom at peace in his charmer's presence and never satisfied out of it. At rare intervals he had a fleeting five minutes of uninterrupted ecstasy. This was when he had her for a waltz. She was a splendid dancer, and she could not talk and keep step at the same time; so for the brief space of five or six minutes her mouth was shut. To be sure he could not see her double row of pearly teeth, but even this loss had its compensation. The ubiquitous doctor seemed to be grinning meaningfully from every door-way as they whirled past, but he could smile triumphantly back at him over his dear one's coronal of waving hair, a happy man.

It was just two days after Mrs. Mackay's hop that the event occurred which the prince of tacticians always describes as the thickening of the plot. The foot-ball half-back was button-holed by his medical enemy, who wore on his face that sympathetic seriousness which always betokened on the part of its owner an amiable desire to disturb someone's peace of mind.

"It concerned Mirabel," he said; and, having bound his palpitating friend over to eternal secrecy, he proceeded to unfold his tale.

Had Mack ever noticed a man skulking near Mirabel's window?

"No," gasped McEwin, with a start.

"Well, I have. I was going up the side lane last week when I noticed him first, but I didn't pay any particular attention to him. Last night he was there again. The man, though he seems more like a boy, for he looked very slight and youngish, both times slunk away. I don't like to seem suspicious, but it has a black look."

"What has?" exclaimed the lover, angrily. "You don't think —. If you think that Mirabel, —."

"But don't tell her yet," exclaimed the other, "there's no cause to frighten her till you find out something more definite."

"Then you don't think she knows?"

"Knows? Ah, Othello number two, eh? Of course she doesn't."

Iago number two neglected to mention that he had seen the slight, slim youth clamber, by the aid of a creeper, into Mirabel's window with an agility that suggested that lady's unfettered self in every motion. Leaving the mystery to disclose itself, he bade his mystified listener to be ready to sally out at a call from him, on any night, and investigate.

Contrary to agreement the champion half-back himself hung around Mirabel's dwelling for three successive nights, ready to seize the first prowler and make an example of him. No one turning up to be made an example of, he concluded that he was

once more the dupe of one of the doctor's tricks, and remained at home the next evening.

Scarcely had he finished his first newspaper, when a ring announced his medical adviser, who entered in a state of high, though subdued, excitement.

"Quick! Quick!"

"What?" cried McEwin, leaping to his feet.

"What! What! The thief! The spook! Whatever he is! Never mind the lantern, I have one! Come on!"

In less than two minutes the breathless pair were crouched behind some boxes near the creeper that clambered to my lady's bower.

"I saw him slinking past," whispered the doctor, blinding his lantern. "He took to his heels when he saw me. I followed him a piece, but he had the start. I hope I haven't frightened him off."

"See here, Durham, this isn't all rubbish you're telling me?"

"Rubbish? Not much! Wait a while, and maybe you'll see for yourself."

The night was lowering, and a warm high breeze was tossing the maple tops. He remembered having heard Mirabel say that she loved just such a night as this. He wished that she could be near him, that he could show her how careful, how tender, how true he was. But it was now after eleven, and no light shone from her open window; she was sleeping peacefully and safely, he trusted.

Half an hour is a long time to do nothing but wait in. McEwin was growing more and more sure that the whole thing was a hoax, and waxing angry in proportion to his certainty, when a stealthy step made both prick their ears and crouch low.

Sure enough, a boy's slight form turned down the lane, and glancing intently around, crept, cat-like, to the vine beneath the window. McEwin's breath stuck in his throat; was he going to climb? Evidently, for he

placed one foot among the network, and began the ascent. Another step, but the watcher waited for no more. Two bounds brought him to the boy. But one had been enough to overwhelm the climber with a sudden fear that snatched him from his foothold, and flung him on the ground.

"You little beast! I've caught you," cried his captor, jerking the prostrate boy to his feet with an energy that made him gasp and groan. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The questions were punctuated with a succession of shakes that lifted the prisoner off his feet each time.

"Let up, Mack, let up!" burst out the doctor, whom surprise had till then held tongue-tied, "You'll hurt him."

"That's what I'm after," cried the irate lover, wrathfully lifting his hand to strike again; but the blow was dashed aside by his companion.

"Strike one your own size, Mack. Don't you see how slight he is?"

"Show a light! Let's see his face."

But, at the words, the captive buried his curly head, from which his cap had fallen, on his captor's breast.

"Hold him close, Mack; such a chance doesn't come often," cried the incorrigible.

There was a wild struggle to escape on the part of the prisoner, whose head nevertheless persistently drooped.

"Very pretty hands for a boy," remarked the onlooker, with a professional eye. "I say Mack, you know, this grows embarrassing for a third person. Shall I bid you good-bye and go?"

A great flash of light burst on McEwin. The sudden surprise almost made him drop his arms. Then he steadied himself. For once he would be master—he would know the truth.

"Whoever you are, I must see you," he said, prisoning both hands in his.

With a wild, quick cry, the slight form wrenched itself free and sprang back against the wall. He spread his arms to prevent escape, but needlessly.



With a groan that was to pierce his kindly heart for many a day, the trembling figure fell a miserable heap before him.

He raised it in his strong arms, and the lantern flashing on the unseeing eyes, disclosed the white face of Mirabel.

"She has fainted," murmured McEwin, in an awed whisper.

In one respect the prince of tacticians resembled his Maker—man's extremity was his opportunity.

"I'd kiss her, Mack, if I were you," he suggested, *sotto voce*.

Overcome, as he already was, this was the last straw for McEwin.

"You—you blackguard," he cried hoarsely, "this is your doing, not mine. Yours, all yours. I'd never have spied on you, Mirabel—never—never."

"Take her to the surgery," said the sagacious dispenser of pills and powders, "she may have hurt herself."

And so she had. It was not modesty, as she was careful to explain later, that had caused her fainting. But when she had fallen she had sprained her foot, and it was only by a miracle of endurance, she said, that she had mastered the pain as long as she did.

"Oh, as for my being in men's clothes," she explained, willing to make a clean breast of it, since the murder was out, "I've gone out that way dozens of times at night. It's safer, and I can get out and in the window without disturbing anyone."

Her recovery was not more tedious than is usual in such cases, but she thought the captivity endless.

But "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." For once, McEwin had a good opportunity to press his suit, and wise little Mrs. Durham kept her bird of ill-omen in the back-ground. When she judged, one day, from the supremely happy expression on the lover's face, and the unwonted blushes on the lady's cheek, that matters were too far gone to spoil, she summoned her spouse to join in congratulations.

"I'm taking him for his good looks," said Mirabel, smiling up at her lover's homely face.

The words were addressed to the man and wife beside her, yet something in her eyes that he had never seen before made Jason's heart leap with a great throb of courage. He did what he had never done before—he stooped and kissed her.

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## THE VALE OF ESTABELLE.

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into the dell ;  
Those little, marble tombstones, in the vale of Estabelle.

I often looked across them, when I lounged upon the hill ;  
I never walked among them ; nor could cross the moody rill.

I always had a fancy that the dead were pallid folk ;  
I sometimes thought I saw them, when the wind called in the oak.

The church bell rang at night time, just one hollow, lazy toll ;  
The "old 'uns" in the cranny sighed, "one more ! how grows death's roll.

The snowbird likes the wayside, and the wood-thrush loves the spring ;  
But seasons through, I never heard a bird in churchyard sing.

The sexton was a solemn man ; t'was he you saw at eve.  
Look at the sun, lay down his spade, wipe brow upon his  
sleeve.

The church was old ; the tow'r was bold, and dusty were the  
panes ;  
The preacher always paused awhile, when fell the autumn rains.

The goodwives stopped their musings, and a shudder o'er them  
came ;  
"Tis ill to be from church to-day, and John's not blind or  
lame."

They often asked me how it was, I shunned the headstones so ;  
And I replied, "I'll draw anear and watch the hillocks grow."

I thought perhaps a patriach would tire of life, and sleep ;  
I'd walk along,—he was so old—there'd be no cause to weep !

The morrow morn came darkly ; there was awe upon the town ;  
And in three days I heard it said, "twas pretty Alice Brown."

Not Alice of the hazel eyes, and plaited yellow hair ;  
Eyes kindled with the sunrise, and locks sweet with morn-  
ing air !

Not Alice of the sidelong glance, and foot with instep high ;  
Who kissed the rose aswoon ; tell me ! did *God* let Alice  
die ?

The third day past came darkly ; there was awe upon the  
town ;  
They called her long, but could not wake their pretty Alice  
Brown.

I stay about the village still ; I cannot go away ;  
I walk the streets alone at eve ; sometimes I pause and pray ;—

It is not much I say, of course,—I say it very low ;  
But somehow it is sweet to think,—“perhaps the spirits know.”

There is one house I never pass ; one way I never look ;  
I never climb the hill at eve ; I never cross the brook ;

It is not that I'm heartless, read what's carved upon the stone,  
“Erected,” and still farther down, the words, “alone—alone !”

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into the  
dell ;  
Those little, time-stained tombstones, in the vale of Esta-  
belle.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

## A DECADE OF FADS.

BY REGINALD GOURLAY.

THIS may be called a Century of Discoveries,—discoveries in every branch of human knowledge. Now with, or rather after, all true and great discoveries, come fads and fancies, just as after every great writer come nowadays a host of feeble imitators, who do their puny best to make his memory ridiculous, by doing what is always easy, viz:—imitating his mannerisms, and weak points, and running his good ideas, thoughts and discoveries into the ground. This “running of good thoughts into the ground” would form a fair definition of fads in general, and the fads of this decade in particular. A fad is an idea, or discovery—not necessarily bad in itself—made dangerous, or ridiculous, by the ignorant advocacy of ignorant people. The last portion of this century of true and genuine discovery and advancement, has been particularly fruitful of fads of all kinds; some dangerous, some merely absurd. They are the scum and froth on the great wave of progress and discovery.

This century may be called the century of the Second, or Greater Renaissance, and already towards the end of it, many of the more alarming and dangerous features of the First Renaissance are visible. First, the slackening of all religious ties in the great masses; the doubt, to put it mildly, that prevails throughout the civilized world about all revealed religion; and above all, the appearance of women of superior intellect, who, under various pleas, attack morality, and the impregnable wall of nature itself is becoming even more marked in this second Renaissance, than in the first.

### THE FIRST RENAISSANCE.

The first Renaissance which arose in Italy, from the discovery and general spread of the works and the teachings of great classic authors, called then “the new learning” which was purely a heathen learning, did great things, nevertheless, for humanity. It spread with lightning rapidity over Germany, France and England; and even illumined Spain for a while, though soon crushed there by the terrible dead weight of the Church. It created the Protestant churches; it greatly reformed the Roman Catholic church itself; for the Roman Catholic church now, is not the Roman Catholic church of the middle ages, or anything like it. It brought with it printing, and the discovery of New Worlds. It gave the people the Bible in English, and first made democracy possible. It even did something for science (unknown in Europe, since the Gothic Knights of Spain crushed the civilization of the Moors), by discovering the circulation of the blood, and many new facts in astronomy and physics. It swept away patristic geography and astronomy by means of the voyages of Columbus and Ferdinand Magellan, and the discoveries of Galileo and Giordano Bruno. Patristic geography, in the person of Cardinal Ximenes, argued with Columbus that the earth must be flat because David had said that “the firmament was a tent.” Also, if the earth was round, it followed, “that on the other side, men would walk with their heads down, and it would rain, hail, and snow, upwards.” Patristic astronomy stretched Galileo on the rack, to prove to him that the earth was flat, and dislocated his joints to show him that the earth stood still (a favorite



argument of the church at the time). But by the way, Columbus and Galileo were right, and the church of that time, was quite wrong. But notwithstanding these great advances in knowledge, and benefits to society, the first Renaissance brought in its train, a solution of old bonds—a license—which threatened to lead to universal immorality, and its awful consequences to the human race. Now prominent advocates of this license, encouragers of and partakers in this immorality, were *women*—of great beauty, great intellect, and no morality at all. Lucretia Borgia, Catharine de Medicis, Mary Queen of Scots and Marguerite de Valois, were daughters of the Renaissance.

#### THE SECOND RENAISSANCE.

Ours, the second or greater Renaissance of science and scientific discovery, has also its ominous signs, and its "advanced women." There are the poisonous and terrible cults of anarchy, and nihilism; too vast, and too complex to be even considered, in an article like this; but it may be observed of these ominous and terrible storm clouds, (from which God grant the 20th century a good deliverance) that they, hideous as they are in their acts, and aims, and destructive as they will be, if successful, to all that is divine in humanity, "all that" as Tennyson puts it "God gave us to divide us from the wolf," are, like the minor enthusiasms and fads of this decade, which are more properly our subject, the exaggerations or distortions of principles, salutary and beneficial in themselves when restricted to their proper limits, but ominous and ruinous, if once let loose beyond these limits. They are the poisonous fungi and venomous parasitic vines, on the fruitful and noble tree of liberty, and may yet end in destroying the tree itself, root and branch.

It behooves this century especially, to remember that license does not mean liberty, any more than comfort

means civilization. Burke told us the former, as Disraeli reminded us of the latter of these propositions. The Nihilists are right in wishing to overthrow the dark and brutal despotism under which Russia still groans. Nihilists and Anarchists are both right in saying that the evils of modern society are many and unendurable, and that the wrongs of the great masses of workers are great, and call for redress. But it is not too much to say—it is not unfair to say—that the ultimate end of the Nihilists, and the Anarchists, may be defined in a single line. It is to have "on earth no law, in heaven no God." "Because there are many evil things, we will have *all* evil. Because there is much to mend, we will hurl everything into one vast ruin." Such is the inevitable goal of Anarchism and Nihilism. Ruin to our race, destruction to all that is spiritual and divine in humanity, and man turned simply into the most intelligent and the most destructive of the brutes.

#### THE LESSER FADS.

With this slight glance at the great menace of the age, we may turn to the minor, but still mischievous fads of this decade, most of them, like the great evils just glanced at, exaggerations of originally reasonable ideas, results of idle ignorance, of its meddling with things too high for it, of fools rushing in where angels shun to tread. Among the smaller and less harmful of these fads, may be noted the strange mania for caressing criminals, and petting murderers etc., etc. Also the still stranger one that afflicts many religious bodies, of listening to exhortations of notorious sinners, male and female, reformed prize-fighters and worse, who say they have repented, and on the strength of this, lecture and exhort innocent women, and upright men, who would shrink with horror at the very idea of the sins that these people so glibly recount while delivering

their "experiences." This fad, like many another of the time, springs from a great virtue, and overdoes it, till it becomes either harmful, or ridiculous. One of the truest and best claims of this century to superiority over the ages that have gone before is, that it is a pitiful age. Mercy to the sinner, pity for the fallen, help for the poor and oppressed, are now for the first time acknowledged by society at large to be duties.

Our laws even have so far relaxed their terrors to evil doers, as to refrain from hanging a criminal on every possible pretext. There can be no higher praise to this generation, than to say, which is true, that it has acknowledged the sweet quality of mercy; acknowledged that in wrong-doers there are possibilities of good, and that the "worst use," as Wilkes said, "that you can put a man to, is to hang him," and that even punishment should mean reform and not revenge. But directly from this very virtue, has sprung the modern fad, beloved by weak-minded or cunning men in various churches, and by often well-meaning, but silly and hysterical women of various societies, sisterhoods and churches, of not only petting and making a fuss over notorious criminals, but of actually glorifying unmitigated sinners, converted prize-fighters, (by far the best fellows in the collection), and very naughty people of both sexes, but lately repentant. These are caressed by weak-minded and excitable women and crack-brained men, and presume to stand up, and lecture, and give advice, to multitudes of people, who have at all events, always managed to live decently.

First comes some poor dear reformed inebriate, who has perhaps caused deepest suffering and misery to those nearest and dearest to him, "who has sounded all the deeps of excess" and who can tell us all about it and does so at great length. He is petted and praised by hosts of pretty and innocent women, who

surround the fellow with the glib tongue and the shady past, while scarcely vouchsafing a look in comparison, to scores of honest silent fellow men who have lived honestly and soberly, all their lives. When a man has really broken from the thralldom of wine and of stimulants, which by his own confession, he has been unable to use without abusing, or to take at all without taking to excess, his best plan is to pull himself together, and endeavour to keep sober for two or three years, before instructing and admonishing others. He has generally lots of leeway to make up. But there would be neither money or notoriety in that course, so he proceeds on his instructive way, admired by what Dickens, (speaking of the applause bestowed on such a one by them) says, is appropriately called "the softer sex," and sometimes winds up his bright career, as did D. I. K. Rine of happy memory, or others of that ilk.

#### THE SCARLET LADY.

Then we have on the platform, the lady who has led what the author of "A Green Carnation" calls "a beautiful scarlet life," and who apparently hasn't the least objection to tell us all about it. Now there is nothing more beautiful, nothing more Christian, than the spectacle of pure and noble womanhood engaged in raising up a fallen sister, shielding her from the taunts and cruelties of this hard world, and helping her to a better and purer life. There is nothing a woman can engage in, more consonant with the religion of Christ. But to glorify such a one, as has been lately done in some towns in Canada, when she takes the public platform to attack some sect which numbers among its votaries myriads of men and women, as pure and good as any on earth, is quite another thing. Our Saviour, be it mentioned reverently, said to the erring woman, "Go and sin no more." He did not say, "Make money by de-

scribing and enlarging on those sins on a public platform, before large audiences, make money by doing your best to set Christian church against Christian church, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother." This has been done in this country, and too often. Truly a most mischievous and dangerous fad this last, productive, especially in this land, of no possible good, and of countless possibilities of deadly harm.

Besides, the spectacle of the glorified inebriate, who has relinquished intemperance "forever," about six weeks ago, and the canonized lady of "experiences," both on the platform, making money, and being, besides, patronized and petted by those who would never have noticed their existence had they led a dull, decent sort of life always, is apt to produce dangerous reflections among the inexperienced and thoughtless, but, as yet, untainted young men and maidens who listen to their blatant harangues.

They may argue in this way, "Why should I not too try the primrose path for a while? Have a good time while I am young, and then, as soon as pleasure begins to become pain, repent as these have done. I can, like these, indulge in excess, and 'see life,' as long as it is quite agreeable, and then become an instructor to the public, and pander to one of the fads of this decade. Look at the tired, lined faces of the middle aged women about me, who as seamstresses, schoolmistresses or as honest wives of honest men, have led lives of unheard of, unpraised heroism, and at the men, who, as a matter of course, have been honest, sober, and hard-working always. They don't look half as well, half as prosperous, or are they, apparently, half as much considered as that rubicund, glib man, or that talkative lady up there."

It looks as if one could have a real good time while young, and then reorganize and come out away ahead of those who have tried to keep straight

all along. This point is worth considering, in connection with the evils of this particular fad.

I remember an incident, related by Walter Besant, in "All sorts and conditions of men," which is worth recalling here. Two sisters meet, and sit on the same bench in one of the public parks after many years. One of the sisters had always gone straight and the other—had not. The good sister, though five years younger really; looked, at middle age, ten years older than the other. Repentance, if it's real, is a good thing, but steadfast well-doing is a heroic thing, and like most heroic things, unpraised, and unnoticed by the world. There are some fine lines of Tennyson that illustrate this:—

"Glory of warrior! glory of orator! glory of song!

Paid by a voice flying on, to be lost in an endless sea!

Glory of virtue; to struggle, to right the wrong.

Aye! but she aims not at glory, no lover of glory she,

Give her the wages of going on, and still to be.

#### THE AGGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Pass we now to another fad of the time, and its authoress and exemplar, another scum and froth bubble on the great wave of the century's progress, another poisonous fungus on the beautiful and fruitful vine of woman's nature. Its exemplar is that parody and hideous travesty of the true advanced woman (for the true advanced woman exists, and a noble creature she is)—the "aggressive woman," the pushing blatant vulgar incubus of her sex, and the chief drawback to its real and lofty mission. She is sometimes called the "new woman." There could be no more complete misnomer. The type she belongs to is as old as sin. Solomon knew her well, and was evidently fresh from collision with a prime specimen of the tribe when he sat down and wrote "there is no sin



like the heart's sin, and no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman."

Now, this aggressive woman has existed at all times, and in all known parts of the world—the woman who wants to have the privileges of a man and the safeguards of a woman. This woman in her inconceivably foolish arrogance presumes to war against the indestructible fact of sex. She seizes on some really advanced and useful ideas just being developed and put into shape by some woman or man of genius, distorts them by her ignorant handling, injures, or destroys them, by blotting or blurring their outlines, thanks to her vulgar additions to and deductions from them. She will probably succeed at last in disgusting mankind with just and good changes or reforms, simply by her voicing the blatant demand of a sisterhood, whose own spoken or written sentiments prove them unfit to be judged in any matter, either of morals or manners.

This "aggressive woman," the parody and coarse counterfeit of the true "advanced woman" of real brains and culture, and the true advanced woman's chief enemy and obstacle, though peculiarly favored in her passion for notoriety and impatience of restraint by the circumstances and fashions of this decade of fads, is a type that has always existed, and has left traces of its lowering and debasing influence through all history. She has apparently been created or permitted by an all-wise providence to prevent men from worshipping women as a divine being. Now, any average man looking at women, as, thank heaven! most of them are, recognizes in them beings more refined than himself; more merciful than himself; naturally and instinctively purer than himself; and altogether having less of the brute, if less of the demigod, in their natures than he has. But this debased type, now known as the "new woman," has always endeavored to show him and now has triumphantly done so,

that a woman can be as coarse and vulgar in soul as a London costermonger, can write and print books full of a frank, robust, and daring indecency, which would bring a blush to the cheek of Emile Zola, or George Moore, and worst of all, display a hard brutality towards old age, a contempt of maternity and its duties which would excite the disgust and horror of a Sioux or Apache squaw.

#### ADVANCED WOMEN OF HISTORY.

Her type was found among the women of the Roman Empire, (you can read all about her in Juvenal, especially in the Tenth Satire) in the woman of mediæval Italy, who emulated their Roman prototypes in license and skill in poisoning the people who were in their way, or of whom they were tired; in the French women of the regency, and of the later monarchy of France, with the same free, love and poisoning instincts; in the Sisterhood of Pompadour and Brinvilliers; in the "Delhi Serailis," or the "wild Serailis" of the "Sultan's Seraglio" at Constantinople, whose doings writes a recent English authoress, are "simply unprintable;" in the court of Charles the Second of England, where Mrs. Aphra Behn, beauty and wit, the worthy forerunner of our Sarah Grands, and authoresses of "Yellow Asters" and "Superfluous Woman," wrote comedies which out-heroded in license and immorality the works of Wycherly, Dryden, and Congreve, and dedicated one of them to that congenial soul, Nell Gwynne, in a preface wherein she compares the king's mistress to the Almighty.

Always the dominance of this type of woman has heralded the downfall, and the shameful downfall, of the empire, race or dynasty where they and their ideals have gained influence or sway. It was so with the Roman empire, with the dynasty of the Stewarts, and with the monarchy of France, and now, in the last ten years of the nineteenth century, this old and

evil type appears, brazen and aggressive as ever, under a new and specious mask, decked in the plumes borrowed from wiser and better sisters, inundating the press with her greatly daring novels, which advocate broadly and freely her two great objects—the real end and aim of all her posings and screamings—"I will be noticed!" and "I will do as I please!" Both of them are exaggerations, and debasing exaggerations of aspirations, good and wholesome in themselves, up to a certain point when restrained and refined by religion and culture. But both of them, as they now appear in the writings of the "new woman," are crude and animal aspirations. As formulated in *her* works, they come from human nature primitive and savage, not from human nature exalted and refined. And this person has the audacity to call herself "the advanced woman"—in the century which has produced Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Harriet Martineau.

#### HER WRITINGS.

It is one of the crying evils of the stuff written by these epicene writers, of vague ideas but distinct and unmistakable immorality, that it injures with the general public, of careless readers and careless thinkers, the work of true and great women like those above mentioned. A writer in a Toronto weekly lately notes the exclamation of a man, overheard whilst he was purchasing some new novels. "Oh! that book can't be written by a woman! It's too decent!" as significant, and so it is. It shows the sentiment of the general public on average feminine literature, a sentiment for which women at large have to thank the aggressive and blatant females, who are taking on themselves in writing, speech, and action, to misrepresent and vilify womanhood.

The same periodical very properly notices the extraordinary criticism of a gentleman who places the "Marcel-

la" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and what he very aptly terms "the literary monstrosity," the "Heavenly Twins," in the same category. Such criticism, worthless as it is, shows how women of noble ideas and great intellect may be injured by the very fact of such people as the authoress of "Ideala," and "A Superfluous Woman," living and writing at the same time as they do. It is like the old Æsop's fable of the useful stork being found in the net with the pilfering cranes, and getting his neck wrung for being in bad company. Poor Miss Harraden, whose "Ships that Pass in the Night" is a really pretty little book without anything in it a lady could not write, shares in this undeserved obloquy. So does a much greater woman than Miss Harraden, Olive Schreiner, the authoress of "The Story of an African Farm," a book which though crude and undeveloped, is a work of real genius. In it we find the type of the "woman that wants to know," always a praiseworthy desire, though perhaps an old-fashioned critic might object that Miss Schreiner's heroine went a little too far in her pursuit of knowledge in some directions. In Miss Schreiner's book we find the better ideal, which, stained and distorted by coarse handling, appears in the novels of the so-called "new woman." Others are taken from the less decent and more insane parts of Tolstoi, and the very worst parts of all, evidently from the inner consciousness of the so-called "new woman" herself.

#### HER CHARACTERISTICS.

And what are the most notable and most disgusting of the characteristics of these productions of a certain order of woman? The most prominent are easily noted. They are broadly—A hatred and contempt for all authority, divine or human. The echo of the Anarchist's cry, "On earth no law, in heaven no God;" a vulgar and cruel spirit of ridicule and contempt for old



age. In Madame Grand's "Ideala" one of the ridiculous figures, the buffoon, the butt of the other characters, is a bishop. In the "Heavenly Twins," the old mother of the heroine (save the mark!) is intentionally held up to us as a laughing-stock, an old fool, whose entreaties, tears, and protestations, are merely the funny performances of a quite inferior being, in the eyes of her charming daughter. Madame Grand, so to speak, knocks over religious reverence and restraint with one barrel, and filial reverence with the other. Then we find a strange vagueness of intellect in the authors, a want of grasp, or rather a want of capacity to grasp, any definite system of philosophy; any clear ideas, even as to what she herself wants, hopes, and believes. "A mind," as Charles Reid beautifully puts it, when describing the mental characteristics of women of this kind, "like running water." Her single attempt at argument seems to be, "Some men are allowed to do all sorts of bad things, why shouldn't we women?" An argument which, even if true in its premises, strikes men as having something peculiar in the conclusion deduced from them by what we have always considered the moral sex.

But the prominent and outstanding characteristic of all the works and words of this school, is that child of ignorance and vulgarity—Egotism. In the works of the so-called new woman the self-worship, the calm, undoubting, sublime egotism, as that of a child or a savage, of the heroine is most remarkable, and it betrays perhaps more than anything else, the intense animalism and want of spirituality of the woman of this type. You find it beautifully and simply portrayed in "The Quick and the Dead" of Amelie Rives Chanler, one of the chief pioneers of this school in America, as presented in the morbid, hysterical heroine of her book. It must be said for Mrs. Chanler, however, that she can generally write like a lady, and is

capable of telling a connected story, and of writing a chapter with some real tragedy or real human interest in it, feats which none of her successors have been able even to approach performing.

Now, this same egotism carried to excess is the chief characteristic of madmen. An eminent medical authority puts it tersely thus,—“Every insane person is the centre of the universe in his own estimation.” “Altruism,” that divine impulse, the real and true spirit of Christ, is dead in him. *His* woes, *his* perfections, *his* interests, *his* imaginings are the only things worth considering between earth and heaven. Now it almost seems as if the puzzled intellects of these pseudo “advanced women,” trying with inadequate brains to comprehend things too high for them, and, moreover, tied down to earth by terribly earthly longings and desires, are becoming fairly dazed; and that they are formulating these monstrous pretensions to the small clique of their sister imbeciles, viz., to be superior in heart and brain to all things created on earth, and, therefore, entitled to tread all obligations, moral and otherwise, under foot, in perfect good faith. Certainly “that way madness lies.”

They are far more insulting and contemptuous to the great majority of the sex they discredit than they are to men. “Cow-woman,” “Scum-woman,” are the elegant and ladylike terms applied to their moral and intellectual superiors, by Madam Grand and her advanced and advancing crew. But clever, naughty women, and naughty women who aren't clever, have always been the ones to say disparaging things about their own sex in all ages. It is woman that has said some of the most insulting things about woman in the *past*, at all events. “The only thing that consoles me for being a woman,” said Lady M. Wortley Montague, is “that I won't have to marry one of the lot.” Then listen to Ouida's beautiful indictments of her sisters,—



"Shallow as pools of rain water, kept alive by stimulants and raw meat chopped fine, sent to sleep by chloral, drifting in all difficulty or danger instinctively to a lie, the fashionable woman of this generation, though not the wickedest, is the weakest, and most contemptible of all that have gone before." Even George Eliot, who generally, like a really great woman as she is, stands up nobly for her sex, can't resist making one of her characters, Bartle Massey, in "Adam Bede," say,—"Woman is just the same mate for the man as the horse fly is for the horse—she's got the right sort of venom to sting him with." It was Aphra Behn, before mentioned, that said, "Woman must be encouraged to play the fool or else she'll be certain to play the devil," though Congreve too adapted the idea, as coolly as Macaulay did that of his celebrated New Zealander sitting on the ruins of London Bridge, (from Volney's "Ruins of Empires").

#### THE TRUE WOMEN.

But when we men think, even in this century, of the array of true and noble women we can count; we remember what we and the world owe to them. We are content to remember their genius, and their labors, and endeavour to forget the foolish fussing of female faddists on the platform, and female anti-moralists in fiction. We are content to set off the Mary Somervilles, Elizabeth Brownings, and Marian Evans, against the Lady Colin Campbells and the Madame Grands; the Florence Nightingales and Sister Roses, against the Willards and the Somersets.

In the earlier Renaissance, the Lady Jane Greys, the Elizabeths, and Lady Hamiltons, in the end prevailed over Marguerite de Valois, Mary of Scots and Aphra Behn. The vastly greater

army of the good, wise and pure woman of our age will prevail over the nonsense of their silly sisters, and probably deal with some of these feminine faddists of a decade of fads more severely, and with more vim, than any man would like to do.

It may be mentioned as an encouraging sign, that Lady Colin Campbell, the fair advocate of smoking for ladies, has fallen into the able and experienced hands of Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has given the rash advanced one such a trouncing as no masculine writer could, or would, inflict on a woman. When some of her religious sisters, desist for a while from helping the poor and intemperate, by squandering vast sums on building "Women's Temples" to hold mutual admiration meetings in, which meetings by the way sometimes degenerate into what common vulgar minds would call a row, as at the last Woman's Convention at Chicago, and tackle Lady Somerset for her recent assertion that "The worship of the Virgin, is absolutely necessary to place woman in her true position in the eyes of mankind," it will be another hopeful sign.

But there is little fear when true womanhood fairly awakes to the aims and tendencies of her so called advanced sisters, she will resist the evils, and ridicule the folly of them as distinctly, and more severely, than men will. Religious reverence, respect for parents, proper discipline for children, are principles which these advanced sisters are attacking without disguise, and which all sane women will defend as their own most precious safeguards.

And here this article must close. There are many fads yet, in this "decade of fads," economical fads, political fads, etc., but these things may be considered at a later period. *L*

## IRVING'S NEW PLAY "KING ARTHUR."

BY JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, M.A.

SIR HENRY IRVING paid Canada a great compliment by arranging to spend in Montreal and Toronto the first two weeks of his American tour, which, extending as it does to the 16th May, 1896, may justly be counted the most important event of the dramatic season on this continent. Most of the plays Irving brings with him are old favorites; but there are two novelties. Dr. Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo" is only a slight sketch, lifted into prominence by Irving's wonderful skill in portraying military ardor in senility; but in "King Arthur" we have a drama, which, from the interest of its subject and its mode of treatment merits careful consideration. I had the pleasure of seeing its first production in America, at the opening of the tour in Montreal, and by the courtesy of Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's manager, I had the further advantage of reading the "book" of the play, with liberty to make extracts for publication.

The first difficulty to be overcome in dealing with this subject for the stage is to find some means of suggesting the romantic atmosphere. During the course of centuries the Arthurian story, at first merely a tale of love and war, has gathered accretions of mysticism and romance, until it is now impossible to dissociate it from the ideas of chivalry and devotion. Tennyson's "Idylls" have deepened the religious tone and added the seriousness and earnestness of the nineteenth century to the light-hearted romance of the middle ages. Arthur and the British chiefs have been idealized into the knights of the Round Table, bound by vows of truth and chastity; they are not regarded as men of any particular time or place,

but as the heroes of romantic chivalry. This was the initial problem Irving and his author, Mr. Comyns Carr had to face, and they may fairly be said to have solved it. The supernatural and romantic note is struck boldly and at the very beginning. Indeed, the prologue may be said to be devoted to impressing this idea upon the mind of the spectator. The curtain rises upon a dark mountain tarn, studded with rocky islets, round one of which hover the spirit-maidens of the lake, chanting their mystic lay about the magic sword "Excalibur."

Arthur approaches with Merlin and at the bidding of the seer he takes the sword, with which he is to "rule a kingdom that shall rule the sea." Then follows a vision of Guinevere, the dramatic necessity of which may be questioned; but few of the audience were disposed to criticise it, being lost in admiration of the beautiful picture presented by Ellen Terry, who, crowned with May blossoms, stands against a back-ground of spring flowers in the unmistakable style of Sir Edward Burne Jones, who has designed all the costumes and scenery. The spirit-maidens echo:

Love and beauty, hope and fear  
Wait for thee in Guinevere.

Thus by a familiar dramatic expedient, the course of the action is foreshadowed; and the artistic effect is certainly very beautiful.

The action proper opens in the great hall at Camelot. Many years have passed since Arthur girded "Excalibur" to his side, subdued the realm, and married Guinevere, who brought the Age of Peace. The Queen, though loving Lancelot ever since she saw him, has kept the secret locked in her

own breast, and Arthur has perfect confidence in her devotion to himself. Lancelot loved Elaine until the meeting with the Queen drove the image of the lily maid of Astolat from his heart. He, too, has concealed his passion, and, in order to master it, purposes joining the quest of the Holy Grail, of which the vision has just been seen at Camelot. Mr. Comyns Carr has been very skilful in thus reiterating the supernatural note, and binding firmly into the main plot the story of the Grail, which in Malory and Tennyson is only loosely connected with the Arthurian legend proper. Whether the dramatic presentation of the vision of the Grail is equally as successful may be questioned. One cannot forget Tennyson's lines :

And all at once, as there we sat, we heard  
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending and a blast, and overhead  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light ten times more clear than day:  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it  
passed.

Mr. Comyns Carr's own description is not unworthy of the theme, and if the cry of plagiarism be raised, it should be said that the main points, and even the phrases, are to be found in Malory, for the use of any poet who lists :

Above the murmur of the feast there leapt  
The crack and cry of thunder, and the roof  
Was cloven as with a sword : then down the  
hall,  
Aslant upon a bar of light that gleamed  
As though the sun were turned to molten  
gold,  
Passed a white angel bearing in her hands  
The veiled vision of the cup of Christ.

This is impressive enough, and, its impressiveness is enhanced by the Tennysonian ring of the lines, which suggests the atmosphere of romantic mysticism found at its best in "The Idylls of the King." But the effect is rather weakened than increased when a white robed figure passes across the

back of the stage, bearing the shrouded cup. Still, it forms a fitting occasion for Lancelot's vow, and so helps on the progress of the action. Arthur wishes to keep Lancelot by his side to defend his kingdom, already robbed of a hundred knights by the Quest of the Grail, and when Lancelot pleads "heart sickness" as an excuse, Arthur thinks he speaks of his alienation from Elaine. He bids Guinevere reconcile the lovers and keep Lancelot at Camelot. In his interview with the Queen, Lancelot tells the real reason of his leaving the Court, and is astounded to find that his passion is reciprocated. Guinevere is about to yield to his embrace when upon their ears breaks the song of the Knights of the Grail :

Look not to thy love,  
Love that lives an hour ;  
Heaven's voice above  
Calls thee from her bower.  
Rise and go forth, with us who seek the  
Grail,  
Winning from above  
Love that shall not fail.

The Queen rouses her better self and bids him go. He obeys, but when he comes to take leave of the King, Guinevere weakens. She is implored to retain Lancelot by Elaine, who wishes to win back his love ; the King urges her, and at last she speaks the fatal words, "Lancelot, stay." This ends the first act, which is most effectively constructed, and (it need hardly be said) most effectively presented.

Act II. "The Queen's Maying" opens with a very pretty rustic scene, but the dramatic interest falls off. Ellen Terry is admirable in depicting the Queen's struggles with her passion, but her final surrender is less convincing. She has all the art of pretty endearments, but hardly gives the impression of the abandon of a passionate soul. The effectiveness of the scene is not increased by the introduction of Dagonet, a fool after the Shakspearean pattern, but very far removed from his great originals. To be frank,



Comyn Carr's humor is thin, and gives a tone of artificiality to the opening of this beautiful scene from which it never recovers. Happily, in Act III, Mr. Carr gets back to the vein of stirring tragedy, and weaves his plot with great skill.

In dealing with the Arthurian story for dramatic purposes, everything depends upon the development of the personality of Mordred. In Malory, Mordred is the Nemesis of the sin of Arthur's early life, when he seduced the wife of King Lot of Orkney, who (unknown to Arthur) was his own sister. Tennyson has rejected this part of the story as fitting ill with his conception of Arthur as the ideal of knightly purity, and Comyns Carr has followed his example. It becomes necessary, therefore, to find some other motive for Mordred's treachery. In the drama he is the son of Morgan le Fay, whom Merlin has dispossessed of the Crown and made a bastard by declaring Arthur Pendragon's rightful heir. She still nurses the ancient grudge secretly, and urges Mordred to revenge. Mordred is the crafty conspirator, spurred on, like Macbeth, by the bolder woman's spirit. His mother divines Guinevere's and Lancelot's secret and spies upon their caresses in the wood. Mordred invites Lancelot to join the conspiracy against Arthur, offering him the hand of Guinevere after the King's death. When Lancelot spurns these proposals, Mordred

forestalls any charge of treachery against himself by revealing to the King the love of Lancelot and Guinevere.

The occasion of the revelation is finely chosen for dramatic effect. It is the arrival of the body of Elaine on a black barge with a letter in her dead hand addressed to the Queen:—



SIR HENRY IRVING IN ACT I.

"I that was named Elaine of Astolat,  
Whose mortal love for Lancelot passed all  
measure,  
Seeing he loves another, choose to die."

Lancelot is sent for, and falls an easy victim to Mordred's wiles. The Queen entering, hears the charge made against her lover, and at once acknowl-

edges her guilt. No finer piece of acting has been seen upon the stage than Irving's portrayal of the effect of the confession upon the King. Recovering himself, Arthur refuses to take the life of Lancelot, bids him join with the open enemies of the kingdom, and turns to the Queen, now lying at his feet. It is the great occasion of the drama, and Comyns Carr has not proved unequal to it. Arthur's speech to Guinevere, even coming after a famous example, is well worthy of quotation:—

Ay; would Death's marble finger had been laid

On those sweet lips when first they linked with mine :

For locked in Death's white arms, Love lies secure :

'Tis Life, not Death, that is Love's sepulchre, Where each day tells of passionate hearts grown strange

And perjured vows chime with the answering bell

That tolls Love's funeral. If thou wouldst boast

Of this new sway a woman's wile hath won, Go tell the world thy heart hath slain a heart That once had been a king's. Yet that's not all.

Thou too hast been a Queen whose soul shone clear,

A star for all men's worship and a lamp Set in night's sky, whereby all trailer hearts Should steer their course towards Heaven ; then, 'tis not I

Whose life lies broken here, for at thy fall A shattered kingdom bleeds.

One little Tennysonian touch may be mentioned, though perhaps Comyns Carr is not responsible for it. Readers of "Guinevere" will remember how in the midst of the great speech,

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch

Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

Ellen Terry makes precisely this movement as she lies prostrate upon the stage, but it may be merely a coincidence.

Having now reached the height of the action, the author must tax his wits to prevent a diminution in the interest, for there is not much left in the original legend to do or say. The

prison scene which opens the last act is not very happily conceived ; it has a certain Elizabethan flavor, just enough to remind one of Elizabethan qualities that are absent. Mordred enters with a story of Arthur's death, invented to support his suit for Guinevere's hand. Her indignant rejection makes a forceful scene, and in Ellen Terry's hands does not fail to secure the full sympathy of the audience. On Mordred's accusation she is charged with treason and condemned to the stake. An unknown knight appears as her champion, revealing himself to Mordred alone—it is Arthur. His identity seemed unexpected by the audience and the lifting of the vizor made a great impression. In the combat Arthur is mortally wounded, but lives long enough to learn that Lancelot has arrived in time to slay Mordred and sacrifice his own life. Arthur bids Sir Bedevere cast "Excalibur" into the sea—

to wait that day

When upward from the shrieking waves shall spring

A vast sea-brood of mightier strain than ours,

Bearing across the world from end to end One cry to all, "Our sword is in the sea."

This patriotic note is echoed by Merlin —

Not so, he doth but pass who cannot die, The King that was, the King that yet shall be ;

Whose spirit borne along from age to age Is England's to the end.

and in the final chorus,

Island home that like a star  
Steadfast in the shifting sea,  
Burns a light that from afar  
Men shall hail for liberty.

It is a question whether this Militant Anglicism is appropriate to the Arthurian legend. Many strange elements have been added to the ancient myth, but this seems without precedent. The historical Arthur (if such there were), assuredly had no love for the English ; and the romances of chivalry have no good word for the

Anglo Saxons. Tennyson's Arthur counts among the greatest of the curses following his death,

the godless hosts  
Of heather swarming o'er the Northern sea.

The fault, if it be a fault, is one which English and Canadian audiences will readily pardon, and the patriotic note is hardly so obtrusive as to offend even the susceptibilities of United States theatre goers.

The main question is whether the author has dealt with the Arthurian legend in a manner worthy of his theme. The popular verdict will certainly be in his favor. He has given us a drama which, in spite of one or two weak places, is well constructed, and has plenty of life and movement. The characterization is mainly on the lines of tradition, but the author has been exceedingly successful in retaining the impression of nobility about the figures of Lancelot and Guinevere without condoning their sin. The development of the character of Mordred is remarkable and in the hands of Frank Cooper, this becomes a most effective and artistic part.

The blank verse is of the Tennysonian order, and is well fitted to Irving's deliberate style of elocution; his mannerisms are less noticeable than usual, and the performance will therefore be enjoyed the more by those who find them objectionable.

The play contains many striking passages and fine lines. Some of them have been already referred to, but one or two more quotations may be of interest as showing the author's power of poetic diction. Forceful enough is Arthur's speech on taking "Excalibur" from the mere:—



MISS ELLEN TERRY IN ACT I.

He who would rule the day must greet the dawn,  
There is no hour to lose; give me my sword  
For, echoing through the night, I too can hear  
The voice of England, like a sobbing child,  
That longs for day; and gathering in night's sky  
I see that throng of England's unborn sons,  
Whose glory is her glory: prisoned souls



With faces pressed ag-<sup>ainst</sup> the bars of Time,  
Waiting their destined hour. Give me my  
sword  
That I may loose Time's bonds and set them  
free.

Comyns Carr is not afraid to dare comparison with "The Idylls," and it must be acknowledged that he often comes out of the contest with success. His description of the coming of Elaine may be given as an instance :

Down the vacant stream  
That black barge floated, like a speck of  
night,  
Blown on the winds of dawn; and on its  
deck,  
Where one mute helmsman stirred the amber  
tide,  
Fallen as a feather from a white dove's wing,  
Lay this new prize of Death, whose cunning  
hands  
Had wrought in such fair mimicry of life  
That on her parted lips there lingered yet  
The memory of a smile.

Here again it should be remembered that all the points common to Tennyson and Comyns Carr are to be found in Malory, and where the author of the drama has departed from both, in making Guinevere instead of Lancelot the receiver of Elaine's letter—he has greatly increased the effectiveness of the scene, and added the keystone to the construction of his plot. Where Comyns Carr has borrowed from Tennyson—as in Guinevere's cry of "Too late," and her recognition of Arthur at last as "true lord of all"—the points are used with dramatic force and intensity which justify their adoption. In his Shakespearean reminiscences the author is less happy. Arthur's last words, "What remains is peace," are but a weak re-production of the impressive close of Hamlet's dying speech, "The rest is silence;" and Gawain's exclamation on seeing the dying king, "Nay, what is here? The wreck of all the world!" only serves to remind one of Kent's cry in Lear, "Is this the promised end?" with which it cannot compare in terseness of expression or dramatic force.

For their representation of the

supernatural, both Irving and Comyns Carr deserve congratulation. Merlin's speeches are impressive, and are admirably delivered by Sydney Valentine, who has successfully discarded the conventional prophet's beard, and relies chiefly upon his own natural resources, which are fully equal to the task. Maud Milton is no less effective as the Spirit of the Lake. The stage effects are very beautiful and impressive, and are made the more so by Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. The opening scene is very weird and suggestive, and the passing of Arthur at the close is a magnificent piece of stage management. The great hall at Camelot (Act I.), and the tower above the river (Act III.) show modern scene painting at its highest perfection. It is hard to say which background is the more charming, the blue hills against the sunlit sky, or the winding river; and in each case the palace has the substantial appearance and noble proportion which we have become accustomed to look for in the Lyceum scenery. Nothing is wanting in costume, scenery, or music to give the legend an appropriate setting; but all this would be in vain without effective acting. Tennyson has indissolubly associated with the character of Arthur an ideal loftiness and purity most difficult to realize on the stage, and that Irving has been able to attain this makes the part as one of his greatest achievements. Some will even prefer the Arthur of Comyns Carr and Irving to Tennyson's prince, because the former is less ethereal, and appeals more readily and directly to human sympathy. The character of Lancelot is almost equally onerous and difficult on account of the associations of poetry and romance that have clustered round it. Ben Webster is wonderfully successful in embodying the ideal of knightly pride and chivalry marred by one fault, and he is also able to respond to the heavy demands made by the author upon his dramatic resourcefulness in the ex-

pression of intense emotion by silent gesture and play of feature.

Of Ellen Terry's Guinevere something has already been said. With the possible exception of the maying scene, she never fails to rise to the full height of her part, and her portrayal of the repentant Guinevere is full of power. Julia Arthur, the young Canadian actress, who has lately join-

ed the Lyceum Company, makes a charming Elaine, displaying a gentleness of spirit and pathetic shyness most appropriate to the character. The part is only a small one, but her intelligent and artistic interpretation of it gives abundant promise of her capacity when greater opportunities shall be afforded her.

## THE GOPYRIGHT QUESTION.

BY DAN. A. ROSE.

(*Vice-President Canadian Copyright Association.*)

IT is surprising that even writers of ability frequently fail to give a fair and unbiassed view of some of the most essential points in the copyright discussion. It is stated in the British North America Act of 1867 that Copyright is one of the subjects delegated to the control of the Parliament of Canada. It has been asserted in England that this power is limited. It is asserted on the other hand in the most emphatic terms that Canadians will never be satisfied until the authority of the Canadian Parliament is fully recognized.

Mr. Goldwin Smith says it is preposterous to think that Canada is entitled to a copyright arrangement of her own. Of course every one is entitled to his own opinion. Let me cite the opinion of other eminent men on this point. Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., the eminent English lawyer and judge, said it seemed to him that wherever there was a legislature, that legislature should for practical purposes make what laws it thought right regarding copyright. Mr. Kinglake, the Crimean historian, and himself a British copyright owner, said that the attempt to force Canada to concur in supporting the monopoly

enjoyed by copyright owners in England is a bad and wrong piece of Imperial legislation. These words are as true to-day as when they were first written, and it is quite certain that Canadians will certainly agree with Sir Fitzjames Stephen and Mr. Kinglake rather than with Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith makes no secret of his opinion that the Canadian Act of 1859 is a bad and pernicious piece of legislation. He fears the Act will have a bad effect on native literature, as was the case with American (United States) literature before the introduction of international copyright with Great Britain. Now it might be well to have it understood that there is no international copyright agreement between Great Britain and the United States. And it is an open question whether United States literature suffered very much before the United States Act of 1891 came into force. The status of United States authors was not altered by that Act, but it certainly did improve the business prospects of United States publishing houses. Did not the greatest names in United States literature blossom and flourish in the face of the piracy of British books? Not that I

would for one moment apologise for the delay of the United States Government in recognizing to a limited degree that British authors should be protected in the United States. But the names of Bancroft, Prescott, Cooper, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, and a host of others whose names will live as long as the United States have a literature, will readily suggest themselves to the learned professor.

The opinion is freely expressed that untold disaster would follow if Canada persists and is allowed to enact its own copyright laws; the Berne convention would be torn to pieces, and United States copyright would be withdrawn from British authors. Surely all this is most absurd.

The authors and publishers of the United States are happy and contented, because they are making money. Yet the United States does not belong to the Berne Convention. So it will be with Canadian authors and publishers. True, the United States was invited to join the Berne Convention, but absolutely refused to do so. The United States Consul at Berne, Mr. Boyd Winchester, wrote to Mr. Bayard in 1886 urging in the strongest terms that the United States should join the Convention, and stating that no international copyright union could be complete without the United States. Later on in the same year M. Theodore Roustau, the Minister of France at Washington, again urged the United States Government to give French authors protection on reciprocal terms by joining the Berne Convention, and added that American authors by their numbers and talents have gained a high rank in the intellectual world. Mr. Smith will please note that this was in the days of rampant literary piracy in the United States. But these efforts to bring the United States into a true international copyright convention were all unavailing, for in 1891 the United States passed the copyright act containing the now celebrated manufacturing clause requiring

the setting of the type in the United States before copyright would be granted.

There is another point to consider in this connection. In 1887 Mr. Winchester again wrote Mr. Bayard saying that "the failure of the United States to join the Union continues to be regarded as depriving the Convention of its chief value." If this is so, and it is a fact that few will care to dispute, should not all the artillery that has been used against the Canadian Act and the Canadian Government, be turned against the United States Act and the United States Government? Certainly. And yet while the Canadian Act is denounced in unmeasured terms as piratical and all that is bad, the United States Act is alluded to in language far more mild; indeed Mr. Smith and other apologists do not hesitate to put forward arguments as an excuse for the action of the United States.

Let it be distinctly understood, also, that the Canadian Act is far more liberal than the United States Act. The United States Act requires the type to be set in the United States. The Canadian Act has no such restriction. The United States Act protects only books that are published first or simultaneously in the United States. Authors neglecting these requirements lose all rights there. The Canadian Act, on the other hand, protects all books. The author is first given the right to secure copyright. Should he refuse or neglect to do so, he does not lose his rights, but any publisher in Canada desiring to print the book must pay the author ten per cent. on the retail price of every copy. Mr. Smith and others have repeatedly asserted that this royalty will prove most illusive, and that in fact the piratical publisher will still be very much in evidence. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The Government will undoubtedly make most complete regulations for the collection of this royalty, and for the protection



of the author's rights in other respects. To talk then, as Mr. Smith does, "of the direct confiscation of British property," in the face of such regulations, is to beg the question, and shows that arguments must be sadly lacking if this is the best that can be brought forward.

The solicitude of certain Canadian and English writers for the interests of United States publishers, is somewhat remarkable, to say the least, and would be amusing if it had not a more serious aspect. Those publishers are powerful and wealthy, and well able to look after their own interests, without such aid as has been given them. One would have thought that Canadian publishers, who are helping to develop our young Dominion, who have their money invested in Canada, and who are giving work to Canadian printers, bookbinders, type-founders and others connected with printing and publishing, would have received a share of that solicitude. But no; the fear is expressed that United States publishers dread Canadian editions as the most dangerous thing to be apprehended from the Canadian Act. The fallacy of this contention has been repeatedly exposed. There have been cheap Canadian editions of some popular books by United States authors on the Canadian market for years, yet the United States market is not threatened with these. Why? Simply because the United States law prohibits their importation into the United States. Every customs officer and every postmaster there is directed to seize and destroy all such books. This surely is a very weak argument, and it is a wonder that a gentleman of Mr. Smith's standing would condescend to repeat it.

Mr. Smith says that it is not denied that the Canadian Act will be injurious to the British author. I for one would certainly wish to deny this. Instead of being injurious to the British author, I think many of them would be greatly benefited, as they

would receive a certain amount for the Canadian market, instead of having that market demanded by the United States publisher when making the bargain for the United States.

But Mr. Smith is generally doubtful as to the future of Canadian literature. Not so long ago, when writing on this subject, he said in effect that Canada was too small to support a first-class magazine. Well, I am glad to know that Canada is the home of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, a magazine that is a credit to our country, and that has been a decided success in every way, although it has had to meet the intense competition of the magazine literature of the world.

I cannot close without quoting from an excellent article in *The Bystander*, published in Toronto, in November, 1889. After a very fair resume of the case, with particulars of the Act of 1889, the article concludes as follows:

"The Act of last session provides that at the expiry of a month after publication of the work in England, if the Copyright owner has not previously arranged for an edition, a license may issue from the Government to the Canadian publisher who applies for permission to reprint, and gives a bond for the amount of the author's royalty. But the English publisher may forestall that reprint, not only within the month of grace, but prior to the issue of the book in England he may negotiate with his own agent in Canada and place on the market an edition which, if he likes, he can print from his English plates forwarded here for the purpose. Thus are even the British publisher's interests protected, though to secure them he must of course comply with the law, or allow the native publisher to step in, and by Government license secure the market against the foreign reprint. In this surely there is no injustice; nor is either author or publisher at any serious detriment. The Act neither contemplates nor connives at any sharp practice or questionable advantage; it merely recognizes the exceptional circumstances of the Canadian market, and seeks to legislate accordingly. Like Reciprocity with the United States, it takes note of the economical situation, and endeavors, not from the manufacturers' point of view merely, but from that, in conjunction with the interests of the people, to meet as best it may, the difficulty. English publishers and authors must recollect that Canada is on the Ameri-

can continent; and to treat it as an outlying possession of England, without reference to its connection with the United States, is to perpetuate the evil which Canadian Copyright legislation has again attempted to remove. To interfere with this legislation

would not extend the British book market. It would extend that of the American re-printer, who alone would reap the benefit, while Canadian publishing industries would stagnate."

## CASTELL HOPKINS' LIFE OF MR. GLADSTONE.\*

BY G. M. GRANT, PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

I BEGAN to read this book with a strong prejudice against it, begotten of the feeling that biographies of the living are a mistake, and that no living man is good enough or bad enough to be subjected to the dissection which is implied in any biography that is worth reading. When Campbell began to write his series of "Lives of the Chancellors of England," the great lawyer who then sat on the Woolsack declared that "plain Jock" had added a new terror to death. Mr. Castell Hopkins, I said to myself, is determined not even to wait for death. But, long before finishing the perusal of the book, the fascinating personality of whom it treats had completely mastered me, and prejudice gave way to gratitude, as well as to admiration for really good work.

The author has painted a picture of English public life for the Canadian people, of a kind very different to that which they are accustomed to read in American press despatches, seasoned to the taste of the "bhoys," the Irish Americans, and the tail twisters. He gives both sides, too, and writes with studied moderation, even on subjects where his own feelings are warmest. Discussing the subject on which Gladstone received blame, for his action or inaction, such as the Crimean war, the Eastern Question, and the American Civil war, with the consequential

controversies which it involved; or discussing points of high and living interest, such as the Colonial Empire, the House of Lords, the Colonies, Canada, the Anglican Church, Dis-establishment, he presents each to his readers with fairness and with well-marshalled facts and opinions, instead of with oracular dogmatism or deluding antithesis.

His journalistic training has enabled him to be sufficiently explicit, without being tiresome, and the judgments passed on Gladstone and on his contemporaries are moderate and unbiassed. He is generally, though not always, accurate in his facts, nor sufficiently careful in making inductions or general statements. For instance, what of the assertion that "no such majority has ever been given in English history," as that which the British Government received at the last general election? I think that, not to go further back than this century, Lord Melbourne had a larger majority at his back, after the passing of the Reform Bill, than Lord Salisbury has. Again, is it not extreme to speak of "the millionaires who constitute the American Senate, and the retired, and often unpopular, politicians who make up most of the Colonial Councils or Upper Houses?" As regards the first, while there are millionaires in the U. S. Senate, they do not constitute it; and modern millionaires find, and in some cases buy, through contributions to election funds

\* The Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone, by J. Castell Hopkins; with a preface by the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D. The Bradley-Garretson Co., Toronto and Brantford, 1895.

their way into the House of Lords. As regards the second case, would it not be well if the Upper House, which we know best, was made up of retired politicians, instead of its actual material? In 1894, it was found that 160 members of the House of Lords had been trained as representatives of the people in the Commons. It is doubtful if we have even the same proportion of this class in our Senate. Of course, the term "politician" may be taken to mean any one interested in politics, especially in the way of supplying funds for illegal and dirty purposes. If so, it would include those who buy their admission among the Peers as well as those previously trained in the House of Commons.

But, notwithstanding defects, necessarily incident to the vast range of subjects with which a biographer of Mr. Gladstone had to treat, and to the comparatively short time which could be given to so big a book, this is decidedly the best work which Mr. Castell Hopkins has yet done.

He has also had the advantage of dealing with the most attractive and many-sided personality in the English speaking world, one, whose work was done in the glare of the noonday sun and whose public career is practically over. There is, therefore, a fitness in summing it up now, though the hero is still living. The public has had the materials for forming a judgment on him, for more than sixty years, but those materials are scattered piecemeal over so wide a surface that few men can get their arms round them; and we are, therefore, indebted to the man who has gone through the labor of compiling, editing and doing his best to interpret them fairly.

Rightly to interpret any great man is most difficult, especially when we are without the aid of private letters—not obtainable during life—and ignorant of innermost secrets, which it is considered sacrilegious to unveil after death, and for giving which to the world, with full sanction, Froude has

been so shrieked at by the foolish. Many lives will yet be written of Mr. Gladstone; yet, after all the light has been thrown on him that is to be had from confidential documents and state secrets and the whispers of friends and foes, he will be an enigma to ordinary men. He touched heaven, and fain would have had commerce with it only; but political life was his lot and the Queen's Government had to be carried on with such instruments as were to be had, and so he touched pitch also. Worse, he was unwilling to acknowledge that it was pitch, and therefore the Nemesis fell on him of not always seeing things absolutely straight.

Perhaps the most jove-like orator that United States public life has produced was Daniel Webster; yet Mr. Smalley, not likely to vote against his own countryman, can not put Webster or Wendell Phillips on the same plane with Gladstone. He declares that Webster was of the earth, but that Gladstone "has a light on his face that seems to come from the upper air." No man in this century judged character so unerringly, and it must be added—so relentlessly as Carlyle; and we may be sure therefore that his verdict cannot be overlooked, though it may have to be supplemented. Here are two of his sayings which Mr. Castell Hopkins quotes. Comparing him with "the man they call Dizzy," he says,—“As for that other one—that Gladstone, what a conscience he has! There never was such a conscience as his. He bows down to it, and obeys it, as if it were the very voice of God Himself. But, eh, sir! He has the most marvellous faculty in the world for making that conscience say exactly what he wants.” Again, we read in his journal, “Gladstone called; A man ponderous, copious, of evident faculty, but all gone irrecoverably into House of Commons’s shape.” Exactly, but House of Commons means representative institutions or free government, and that



was the ideal of both Cromwell and Bismark. No doubt, a parliamentary leader has to think of the present and to deal with the actual; but the ideal divorced from the actual is a mere Chimera, and the first lesson that every man has to learn is that his California is here, where he is, or nowhere. Conscience, too, takes tone and colour from education and actual life. The conscience of a Thug speaks differently from that of a Christian; and among Christians, there are ill-instructed and narrow consciences, which have sanctioned crimes as bad as Thuggery. Yet, as Luther put it at Worms, "it is not safe to do anything against conscience," and the world would be vastly better if its leaders steadily refused to do what their consciences forbade. After all, the extent to which they can hocus-pocus is limited.

Of all Gladstone's inconsistencies which give point to Carlyle's sarcasm, none shocked his admirers so much as his changed attitude on the Irish question, and many have asked, what kind of a conscience was it which supported Mr. Forster in throwing Parnell into Kilmainham jail and which indignantly denounced at Aberdeen the very idea of breaking up the United Kingdom; and then, when the support of the nationalists was indispensable to keep his party in power, turned round and made Home Rule the first article in the Creed? It was a sharp curve, but let us hear on it the judgment of the sanest public man in England, his old colleague and the most formidable opponent of his new policy. Speaking on March 5, 1886, Lord Hartington said:

"I think that no one who has read or heard during a long series of years the declarations of Mr. Gladstone on the question of self-government in Ireland can be surprised at the tone of his personal declaration. Lord Randolph Churchill, himself an attentive student of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, can find no later date than 1871 in

which Mr. Gladstone has spoken strongly against the demands of the Irish people for greater self-government. Well, when I look back to these declarations in his Midlothian speeches, when I look back to the announcements which, however unauthorized and inaccurate, have never been asserted to be, and could not have been mere figments of the imagination, but expressed more or less accurately, not the conclusions which Mr. Gladstone had formed, but the ideas which he was considering in his mind, I say, when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and that no one else has, any right whatever to complain of the tone of the declaration which Mr. Gladstone made on this subject."

Oh that we had a few such men in public life as Lord Hartington! "House-of-Commons shape" would be a touch above Caliban's, with one such knight to redeem the House. With ten, Sodom would be saved.

This testimony alone is quite sufficient to clear Mr. Gladstone from the charge of having adopted Home Rule against his own convictions, in order to retain power; but it does not clear him from the charge of having definitely formed and announced his conclusions on the subject, only when the support of the Nationalists was indispensable. Besides, if it took him ten years or more to adapt himself to the new point of view, how could he expect his followers to adapt themselves at a moment's notice? Home Rule means any one of a hundred things, from parish, municipal, provincial, up to national Home Rule, involving the right of secession. Why did he not, at any rate, "hasten slowly," and give Ireland as much Home Rule as England and Scotland have, were it only for the sake of studying the effects on the patient of a small dose? Why? Either because he was an unwise statesman, or because he knew that Parnell would not lower his price.

Few would call the "old Parliamentary hand" unwise. Besides, in forming his Government in 1886, Mr. Chamberlain consented to take office, on the understanding that there was to be ample inquiry on the subject of Home Rule, and that his freedom of action and opinion should not be affected; and that there might be no mistake on the point, he wrote his celebrated letter of January 7th, in which he reiterated his judgment that the establishment of a national legislative body sitting in Dublin, was not possible, consistently with the conditions which they both accepted, and advised "an attempt to come to terms with the Irish members, on the basis of a more limited scheme of local government, coupled with proposals for a settlement of the land, and, perhaps, also of the education question." That would have been the path of wisdom, but Mr. Gladstone knew that the defeat of his Government would have followed, and besides, his magnificent self-confidence blinded him to the danger of the plan which he determined to adopt. The consequence was, that while he drew the majority of his party with him, he drove into opposition, men who had been true Home Rulers long before him.

Britain is not opposed to Home Rule. It is opposed to the Home Rule Bills which Mr. Gladstone submitted in 1886, and in 1894; and the best commentary on the Bill of 1886 is, that the Bill of 1894 was radically different from it as regards finance, the Constitution of the Irish Legislature, and representation in the Imperial Parliament. It is safe to say that the next Home Rule will be less ambitious than either. John Bull and his descendants prefer Reform to Revolution, and take to Revolution only when Reform cannot be had. Mr.

Gladstone has done much for Britain and much for Ireland, but when he tried to force the pace, it was well to call for another driver.

Almost every chapter of Mr. Gladstone's life suggests thoughts on matters of present-day controversy. His early education ought to convince his admirers that "dead" languages are lively mental disciplines. The most brilliant financier in English history was the stupidest boy at figures his tutor had ever known. Simple addition and multiplication were too difficult for him; though, when he had mastered Latin and Greek, he had little trouble with mathematics, or indeed with any other subject. This does not prove that a smattering of classics is of much use; but it does prove the un wisdom of ruling the comparative study of language out of common schools. The fact that one college of Oxford has given seven Prime Ministers to the present century, and that one of Mr. Gladstone's ministries contained seven of the early presidents of the Oxford Union, may also be cited in this connection, because minds unable to grasp argument receive a kind of illumination from instances. It ought, moreover, to be clear to men who will take the trouble to think, that the distinctions of thought must be a finer exercise for the mind than the distinctions of objects, that the only way to discern the former is by comparing one language with another, and that a dead language is a better standard of comparison than one which is living.

But, this discussion would take us too far afield. I must rest satisfied with again calling attention to Mr. Castell Hopkins' work, and assuring my readers that I have received from it instruction, interest and stimulus.

## ARTHUR J. STRINGER'S POEMS.\*

(A Review.)

BY HARRY W. BROWN, B.A.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

The soft maid Summer, with her languid  
loins re-girt,  
From earth, her love of old, withdraws her  
clinging arms,  
Yet lingering looks again, and olden days  
revert  
Her thoughts, and all the dread that love  
alone alarms  
Can scarce subdue the wanton wildness of  
her heart.  
She stays, and turns upon her ancient love  
her face ;  
Then soft her yielding arms steal round him  
ere they part,  
And all grows dim in dreaminess of one  
embrace.

HE who is fortunate enough to let his first glance fall upon this new and bold conception of Indian Summer will not only feel impelled to turn to other pages, but will also instinctively feel that he has found something belonging peculiarly to our own lake region with its maples and dreamy, hazy days of autumn. And when he turns over to other pages, similar striking and novel ways of offering us old familiar truths and facts in new lights and fresh colors fulfill his expectation. Our attention once drawn is held, and as our mind reverts to the author we rejoice to find a new builder working at the foundations of our national literature.

The two volumes under consideration are : *Watchers of Twilight ; and Other Poems*, and *Pauline ; and Other Poems*, the former published in 1894, the latter in 1895, by Arthur J. Stringer, of London, Ont. These volumes are excellently devised and printed on good paper with wide mar-

gins, well worth the expense of re-binding to suit individual tastes.

Mr. Stringer is well known to the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE from his frequent contributions to its pages, and those who have followed his work will rejoice that it is now put in a convenient form for one's library. Mr. Stringer is quite a young man, graduating from Toronto University only last year. During his course at college he gave many evidences of poetic ability, and doubtless many of the poems in these volumes were suggested by incidents or thoughts arising from his studies. The poems under consideration are not local themes of narrow bounds, but are either classical with world-wide interest or purely Canadian with national and patriotic surroundings.

In the latter class we find references to such home ideas as our Indian Summers, or the peculiar glories in our wild flowers and woods, in the golden-rod,

"the queenless crown  
That passing summer left behind."

the month of April,

"Thou girl of many a golden tress,  
Pale April, with the troubled eyes,

. . . in thine eyes of troubled grey  
The light was soft with tears unshed,  
And life was sweet some unknown way."

or as May, in her passing,

"Went down among the flowers and passed  
away.

And left the old melodious vales forlorn,  
When skies were blue and birds sang all the  
day.

And dew clung sweet around her feet at  
morn.

\**Watchers of Twilight ; also Pauline*. Two recently published volumes of poetry by Arthur J. Stringer, London, Ont.



"And falling blossoms showered her farewell ways,  
While from old earth the vernal tremor went."

Who has not seen Lake Ontario in midwinter as he here depicts it?

"Along the lonely shore stray snowflakes fall,  
The waves crash on the shattered ice, and crush  
The surging flocs against a long wide wall,  
Tinged gold and saffron with the sunset's flush."

Or on Lake St. Clair, we have seen how

"The twilight gathers on the grey lake's breast,  
And silence deepens on the reed-grown plains ;

While far across the waves, from out the west,  
Fly slowly in two solitary cranes.

"And softly through the reeds the night-wind strays,

Half faint with odors of the marsh-land's musk ;

And somewhere deep within the inland haze,  
A whip-poor-will cries loud across the dusk."

But all through his poems Mr. Stringer reveals to us that he has had classic thoughts and models before his eyes. He has been a close student of Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson, and although by no means imitating these poets, he has been led to look at classic subjects from a similar point of view. This perhaps may be accounted for in his coming directly from a long course of critical study of their modes of thought and means of expression. It is to his credit that he has not become an imitator; he has gone deeper in attempting to discover the source of their power, and has been successful in so far as could be expected without long years of patient toil. In the following short poem, on the old subject, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, we feel the same love of beauty and art, and the same passion revealed by Keats in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn* :

I.

"Enthralled within the sculptured stone,  
she sleeps ;

But one long kiss the unknown barrier breaks,  
And through the marble bosom warms and creeps  
The blood that tingles, till the woman wakes.

II.

"And looking in your eyes of summer blue,  
No miracle the ancient story seems ;  
For was I not once wakened thus by you  
When one kiss broke through life's old clouded dreams ?

III.

"Though we to-day smile at the legend old,  
And care not whether dream or truth the tale,  
We two well know, when life or love grows cold,  
That old-time Greek's one touch that cannot fail."

As if confiding to us that these were his favorite authors, he has given us a poem written on the fly-leaf of his Shelley, in which the latter appears to him as the first robin, the harbinger who assures us that the spring and summer cannot fail us; and to the questioner examining his "dog-eared volume" of Keats, he compares the poet to "a deep red, over-ripe wild strawberry," which pressed against our lips in all its color, taste and scent, will make us murmur :

" ' This,

The very heart of summer that I crush,—  
So poignant, through its lusciousness, it seems! "

Even in his purely Canadian songs he uses classic ideals and departs from the more realistic or romantic treatment of the themes and scenes around us. The months, the seasons, the flowers, the lakes are all living souls, half hero, half god, to him. We feel they would be companions to the nymphs and gods and goddesses who dwelt about the early Grecian dales and hills.

This personification of his nature-subjects gives him an opportunity of avoiding mere photography of scenes and places, a fault so common among our Canadian poets. And when we find these familiar subjects endowed with a new life, our interest and plea-

sure are increased. He sees in nature what Wordsworth saw—that from her humblest flower we can draw lessons of pleasure and profit, of beauty and contentment, of patience and duty; so that we, though overcome by struggles against the unsympathizing world, can turn to her and draw first, peace of mind, then inspiration, and finally, increased activity.

But perhaps Browning is revealed more in these poems than either Keats or Wordsworth. Evidently gifted with strong artistic tastes in his yearnings both for music, whether vocal or instrumental, and for art, as revealed in his many references to these subjects, Mr. Stringer would naturally find Browning's themes congenial. The titles of some of his poems—though not the subject matter in all cases—recall the greater writer to us at once: *The Queen and The Slave*; *In the Art Gallery*; *A June Song*; *The Rose and The Rock*; *A Man and a Woman*. In addition to his themes, we find results of a study of Browning both in the manner in which an external object will appeal to him and in his language in its strong, forceful, and rugged expression. In reading him we are reminded of wandering among the rough Rockies, coming unexpectedly on an immense boulder, or finding suddenly a sheer descent or impassable wall confronting us, or perhaps a long, smooth, glacier surface, where the path may be easy though our surroundings are striking. In *The Reproach of the Goddess*, he tells us,

“’Tis more the fight,  
Than all the idle guerdons to be won;  
It is the worship though thy gods be mute;  
Turn thou thy shadowed face toward the sun,  
For Art is not the goal, but the pursuit.”

just as Browning so often tells us, idleness is hateful. Better a struggle even though towards evil, than a weak vacillating fear of carrying out the promptings of our heart. In his epigrams, more than elsewhere, we feel his bold, vigorous use of words and

startling ideas. Here is one, *The Sick Man*:

“He drew too near the brink and peered below;  
And mirrored in that face of pain and fear,  
We saw gaunt horrors and abysmal woe,  
Ere he could shrink back from the grim gulf's leer.”

Even more forcible is that on *The Anarchist*:

“From out her golden palace, Fortune thrust  
A maddened dog, whose mouth foamed  
white with hate;  
And loud he howled, and gnawed the  
court yard dust,  
And ground his teeth upon the iron gate.”

But little has been said, hitherto, of his purely lyrical poetry. Both volumes abound in short songs, of an air totally different from the poems just considered; for they lose their ruggedness and take on the simpler, though none the less poetic, language so much used by Wordsworth and Tennyson. He has attained a happy manner of carrying the reader rapidly along by various artificial devices, as in *The Old Garden*:

“Song and golden summer dwelled,  
Once within this garden old;  
And a strain of music swelled,  
From the casements tinged with gold,

“Where a lady used to sing,  
In the old forgotten Junes;  
When the bird songs ceased to ring  
Through the sleeping afternoons.

“And the roses climbed and bloomed,  
Wild, around her window-beams;  
Till her chamber was perfumed  
With the breathings of their dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And the children sometimes creep  
Through the broken, crumbling wall,  
Where the shadows seem to sleep,  
And the bird throats seldom call;

“Lingering in that lonely place,  
Weaving strange and olden dreams;  
But a sweet and tender face  
Never from the casement gleams.”

The human interest suggested in these extracts is much more strongly emphasized in the body of the poem which is too long for insertion here.

Throughout all his lyrics there is an inspiring stimulation towards higher things, a yearning for all that is beautiful, especially for that beauty with living, even though peaceful, action. Yet the author never gives way to passion; his ideal is within reasonable attainment, and we find he prefers the dreamy, half-forgetful wanderings through the vales of life to the hardening, wearisome toilings up the endless steep slopes of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Many of his poems remind us of a lazy summer afternoon spent at the edge of a murmuring stream, with the wind softly rustling the leaves of the woods behind us, and all about us bright color, whether in the sky, the woods, the grass, or the pebbles under the water.

Perhaps the most promising and characteristic poem in these two volumes is the one which gives the title to the earlier book, *Watchers of Twilight*. It breathes forth the philosophy of hopefulness, of great confidence in the future. In the opening he takes us back to the mythological period of the world's history, "when sea and air and earth were filled with many voices of the gods \* \* in the dreaming childhood of the world." But these things have passed away, and now we look back with regret "on those twilight illusions old," and "feel the sorrow of a vanished dream;" all our prophets (our poets) turn to the dead past like sad mothers

"seeing not the tristful child  
Who weeps with many a want beside her  
knee,  
In clasping to her breast aër infant dead."

Those sacred old lands are now a waste; they never were a heaven, and were made so only in our imaginings, which had better be employed in making our own world a heaven. Since those olden days the earth has raised many altars, made many gods, but all "have grown antique along with Jove," and the earth is again in the throes of despair, and "grey-eyed sorrow walks to-day with men," but "on her footsteps goes one with dawn-light gleaming on her brow," smiling and hopeful, called by some Science, by others Philosophy, who bids Sorrow lament no more, for when the gods were on the earth they turned away their ears from men, and their voices were heard only in the wind or stream. Sorrow to-day is the companion of men, because they wander from the straight paths, and erring feet become bruised and bring suffering and death. Men are learning this, and gradually coming to turn their eyes ahead and aloft, and to toil straight onwards up the slope, bending all their energies towards the grand harvest, disdaining the petty things along the road. Thus Science comforts Sorrow, half revealing to her "how man in time shall conquer earth and sea," and "know his own strange soul, and hold at last all yet unfathomed powers." Then peace will enter man's heart, and he will be filled with ambition, and though the road is long his feet will not falter, and he will pass on to the accomplishment of things far greater than those ascribed to the gods.



## NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

AMBITION is the owner of the biggest slave-gang on earth. She owns them body and soul. They are lean with her toil; they die at her hands. Their faces present sharp contrasts, for some are old and discouraged, some grimly persevering, some so strangely illumined with a vain hope that you scarce can see their fetters. For it must be said, that to men who are ever reaching up to some fair hope on a far-off pedestal, the bondage of ambition is not irksome. It is their life. They gladly pay the price.

But those about them—their wives and daughters! I can conceive of no greater misery than that which comes in full measure to the woman who is married to an inordinately ambitious man.

It is said that women are swift to take advantage of the spoils of ambition—that they urge their kinsfolk on—past health and honesty, and revel in the share of ill-gotten gain which falls into their laps. But there are women who have fought against the slave bonds for those they love, who, at last overpowered, have drawn aside to find what comfort they could in the miserable solace of this world's goods—of money, or fame, or place. And in the midst of splendor the hearts of them cry out for one day of sweet companionship, one day of undivided allegiance. Men who have bartered the love of their children, their fireside peace, their simple love of nature for a something which is only a nothing once they grasped it, have stored unhappiness for themselves and heaped it upon others.

Call it the women's fault if you will—the bitter down-town struggle under the whip of competition and the goad of greed. Say the wives and daugh-

ters want fine houses and jewels and furs, travel, amusement and position; say they drive men into the race, and spur them with their selfish pride and their whims; say it—it is often said, and it can be substantiated, but in justice remember those other women who sit apart and long for the beauty of the fields and lanes, who would give every honor gained, every dollar won, for a simpler life in a quiet home.

Perhaps they married wrong. Perhaps they drifted apart. The world goes its way, often pitying the man whose "wife is no help to him," sometimes sorrowing for the woman who linked her life to a money-getting, fame-plucking machine.

Don't you come as near to hating the infallible woman as your principles will allow you to hate anybody? The infallible person always means what she says, goes where she should, and gets there on time. She is never wrong in an argument, never holds an erroneous opinion, or adds up her house-keeping expenses incorrectly. She is never disobeyed in kitchen or nursery, and is, in fact, the Great Mogul—all-important. So you would think, if you heard her talk, and took her at her word. If you don't take her at her word, she can make herself very disagreeable, for she would much prefer being a great deal wrong than being found a little in error.

But the infallible person is not always a woman. Men try to make out clear cases of infallibility for themselves, and they are just as foolish when they prate, and quite as disagreeable when they are found out.

I wonder why people will try to make themselves feel perfect. If once you feel perfect there is the end of

you. You can't live on earth. Growth goes with life. If you were perfect to-day, what would you be to-morrow—perfect still? You would find days and days of perfection rather stupid work—growing, improving, gaining, is as much a mental requirement as a physical necessity.

There is, and more especially among women, a drawing away from both sin and the sinner, which serves very often to make a very black sinner out of a little dingy white one. We forget that in setting ourselves against the sin, we should not set ourselves above the sinner. Many good folks are not any better in heart than those they condemn. Circumstances may have been kinder, temptations fewer.

And another thing—there are women who would be gossips or back-biters, careless, or wicked, or worse, if they were not more unwilling to pay the price of sin than to sin the sin. Just there the world's opinion has a use. But is it better to keep sinners in heart clean on the outside by tramping the weak ones into the dust?

Too many people have to depend on their reputation instead of their character, and that is why we come across such whited sepulchres now and then, when by some mischance the doors are flung open for the great spying world to look in. Many a woman would comfort or aid many another if she were not afraid the world would think she was condoning that woman's sin or fault. There's many a reckless woman to-day, bitter and hard and cold, because the white-souled women, who may have really pitied her, were afraid to be discovered giving her a helping hand. There is a good deal of downright missionary work to be done among sad, disheartened women, poor in purse, feeble in health, uncertain in their ideas of right and wrong. Helping them is better work than sitting around in the company of the saints on earth, telling how good you feel, and how happy you are. That is

pleasure, but indulge yourself sparingly, for the world is sadly in need of work.

In this autumn season, the stock conversation-upholder is the swiftness of the cold weather, or the loitering of the warm. Next in importance comes the inevitable commendation or condemnation of open fires.

"So cheerful, so bright, so cosy," say most people.

"So dusty, so hard to keep clean," wails the over-particular housekeeper.

"Well, they're nice, and drat the dust," growl the enthusiasts, the toe-toasters, the salamanders amongst us.

The era of furnaces is in some respects to be deplored, for upon their introduction many a fireplace was hidden behind a screen, or left to yawn in desolation.

And the tidy housekeepers hung woollen and silk tasselled horrors over their mantels, and declared grates were "so dirty."

Then they put their whole family at the mercy of the man in the cellar, compelling them to sit beside gratings in the wall or floor, or snuggle up beside coils of steam pipe. These mistaken mortals look upon open fires as only prosaic warmth-givers. They are much more—the food of fancy, the mother of sentiment, the essence of cheerfulness.

If homes are for anything they are to shine by sharp contrast with boarding-houses, hotels, business offices, and the general outside world, whose unfeeling coldness we hear so much about. Too many people have taken the "shine" literally, and their homes glitter and glisten with expensive trash, while the man of to-day can find no rest for the sole of his foot, and no place to lay his head.

Aside from the dining-room, there are three cardinal principles of home comfort—light, warmth, and easy chairs. No amount of expensiveness can outweigh these. They had best be among the first requisites.

There is poetry in the savage idea that fire was a god that lived upon dry wood, and bit you if you fingered it. Take the poetry with the warmth. There is far too little of it amongst us. We are too practical; our acquisitiveness has grown to abnormal proportions. We are too swift-footed after the big things of life, not willing to take the good as it comes,—scarce able to see sometimes that heart-wealth out-balances all else.

The exchange of some of the crowded and gaudy trappings of many homes, for the inspiration and comfort of open fires, would be a blessed variation. If the cheerful blaze induce poetic thought and fair-minded philosophy, then is it in truth a god, not one of the hereafter, but an everyday one, to make this life well worth the living.

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Economy, sometimes a virtue, often a vice, is the flag which many forms of downright meanness often sail under. It does not do for us to scoff at the faculty for doing without. Many of us profit directly or more remotely by that rigid thrift which guided the lives of the staunch forefathers and mothers in this, the new land.

It is often more difficult to see where we should not economize than where we should put the scrimping-irons on our slippery fingers. It is a shame that people should screw down their generosity, deaden their pity, stay their helpfulness, and throttle their hearts as they call for food, in the name of economy.

In their blind idolatry of the "god-dess of getting on," many a man and many a woman hug their petty economies to their souls, and pretend to themselves they are working for the highest good the world offers. It is as if a little pile of money—solidified meanness very often—were the best heritage to leave our children, the best record of a life. To waste money is one way to spend it. To save it, is not always putting it to its best

use. Better the spendthrift, with his poor slippery fingers, and his unreasoning soul, than the miser who suffers physically, is benumbed morally, and stupified mentally, that he may button his coat over a fat pocket-book.

Women are more petty in their extravagances and also in their economies than men, and with reason, for their dealings in the house-keeping department of life is with smaller expenditures, and at the same time with expenditures in which it is difficult to separate actual necessities, possible comfort and deliberate extravagances.

Vanity creates a deal of economy—the petty uncomfortable kind, but it is only that she may blaze forth in deceptive trappings. One half the worry of business men and of home-keeping women grows out of the necessity for false economy—that which is compelled by extravagances calculated to make them appear richer than they really are.

The appearance is flaunted forth. The reality is a miserable existence of unnatural strife, which, at the best deceives but few and is despised by the rest. Its progeny of example is bad. The wretched pretender has only a swollen pride to show for it all. His self-respect is dwarfed, his honesty shrivelled and the worst of it all is, he has lived his life and there is only one.

—

We women live too much indoors. We have enervated ourselves by inaction till we might with reason be called a race of invalids, living on our nerves, dying when they release themselves from utmost tension by a snap; and, worse than all, transmitting our enfeebled constitutions to our children. The boys antidote the inherited weaknesses by their environment of activity, their out door lives and their freedom from the sacrifices which fashion, society and their no less culpable sister, custom, demand of them.

We were never meant to coop our-



selves in houses, spin our brains around one little house-system till they reel, and fret over worries that fresh air would dissipate in an hour. It is a woman's fault if she does this. She may be a sacrifice, but she is a willing one, and sacrifices of flesh and blood went out long ago. There is so much outside, the out door world is so grand. The skies are fair, the sea is an inspiration, the majesty of the great forest compels the allegiance of every

passing traveller, the flowers, the meadows, the rivulets, and the birds that set dumb nature to music—these are the true beauties of life, and we will miss them if we shut ourselves within our close-portalled houses and busy ourselves with the unnecessary doings of conventional lives. A generation of nature-loving, wise-working women would do more than our laws or our sermons can do, for those who will live after us.

## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

THERE are two men in Canada today who represent two widely divergent schools of opinion as to the ultimate destiny of Canada. These are Goldwin Smith and Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison. The former, a Britisher by birth and an American by preference, represents the school which feels that Canada's only hope is to become a state of the Union. The latter, a Canadian by birth and preference, a Britisher by descent and affection, represents those who believe in Canada's ability to work out a great success as one part of the greatest of modern nations. The former has less than a hundred followers, the latter represents over half a million thinking men.

In the September number of the *Westminster Review*, Col. Denison has a masterly article on the subject of Canada's relations to the Empire, and gives the patriotic Canadian's views of Goldwin Smith and the United States in a most convincing manner. His attack on Mr. Smith consists in showing that the latter supported, in its inauguration, Canada's Protective Tariff; and that it does not discrimin-

ate against the mother country as Reciprocity with the United States, which Mr. Smith now favors, would. He also shows that Mr. Smith has, on various occasions, manifested an intense disloyalty to and dislike for British connection and British institutions.

But perhaps the most important part of the article is where the writer shows, chronologically, how often Canadians have defended the Union Jack, and how gallantly Canada's sons have fought for Britain's Queen, British dominion and British connection. The U. E. Loyalists flocked into Canada in 1783, leaving home and wealth for a continuation of British rule. In 1812, 1813 and 1814 Canada with its 300,000 population defended herself successfully against a nation of 8,000,000 people, a defence rendered necessary not by a Canadian but by a British quarrel. In 1866, again, Canada beat off the Fenians, men who hated Canada because of supposed Irish grievances against Great Britain. He further demonstrates Canada's affection and importance and concludes with an impassioned appeal to the British people to strive to weld the Empire closer

and closer together, so that Britain may always be Canada's Motherland.

#### MR. STEVENSON'S HOME LIFE.

Lloyd Osbourne speaks of Robert Louis Stevenson's home life at Vailima, Samoa, in the October *Scribner's*. At least it is not a cheerful picture, for, as Mr. Osbourne says: "Stevenson was an exile; he knew he would never see his native land again when the steamer carried him down the Thames; he knew he had turned his back forever on the Old World, which had come to mean no more to him than shattered health, shattered hopes, a life of gray invalidism, tragic to recall." The half square mile of ground in Samoa was a forest clad plateau when Stevenson, enticed by Samoa's mild climate, resolved to hew out of the jungle a home for himself. Here a clearing was made, a house built and furniture brought from England. As the Samoans live in a loose, patriarchal fashion, and Mr. Stevenson at once began a family. It varied in number from thirteen to twenty-one, mostly fine young men, and all under rigorous discipline. These worked on the caro-swamps and banana plantations, and helped Mr. Stevenson to obtain the high standing which made him the greatest man in Samoa.

#### THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

For many years, the Grand Trunk Railway's financial aspect has been a misrepresentation of Canada and Canadian investments. Built at great expense under heavy difficulties, extended by the buying of feeding lines at fifty per cent. above their real value, hampered on its through lines by the insane competition of United States railroads, depreciated by the general fall of prices during the last thirty years, it stands to-day capitalized at about fifty per cent. above its

real value. Thus capitalized, it cannot be expected to pay respectable dividends, nor does it do something that is not expected of it. The Canadian financial critics and editorial writers have pleaded for a Canadian management, so that the goodwill of the people might be gained. This reform, so long advocated, has not been secured; but the new President of the company has, it is announced, summoned to the councils of the Board of Directors a Canadian who has been connected with the road for twenty-two years, and has been General Manager for four years. What a Canadian judge sitting on the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council could do for Canadian legal and constitutional interests, Mr. J. L. Sargeant sitting in England in the Board of Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway can do for Canadian financial interests.

#### CANADIAN COMMONERS.

A very able and well illustrated article entitled "Prominent Canadian Commoners," appears in the October issue of Donahoe's Magazine. It is from the facile pen of Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., a young Canadian litterateur and poet of great promise. Of the B.N.A. Act he says: "It is a mistake to think that the Act which led to the Confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained no higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constitutional union. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import—a union of hearts, whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose."

This is the keynote of an article which tells the virtues of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. J. J. Curran, and a number of others prominent in the councils of the Canadian nation.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

### OUIDA'S LATEST.

UNDER the scientific title of "Toxin," Ouida publishes a little piece of Italian fiction, which is in reality an attack on the cruelty and hard-heartedness of some modern professors and students of Science. She says: "The time is nigh at hand when there will be no priests and no kings but those of science, and beneath their feet the nations will grovel in terror and writhe in death."

She describes a young man who fits the following description: From his boyhood upwards he had always lived in the hells created by modern science, wherein, if the bodies of animals suffer the souls of men wither and perish." "His heart had long years before been rendered dumb and dead; his mind alone remained alive, and his passions." "He had in him that fell egotism of science which chokes the fountain of mercy at its well springs in blood."

Frederic Damer, this man of science, was a surgeon who had saved the life of a Sicilian nobleman, Prince Adrianis. Boating one day on the sedgy waters of Venice, they find an opal necklace among the weeds. The beautiful princess is found and they both fall in love with her, the Prince with all the warmth and ardor of a tropical soul, the Englishman with all the coldness and austerity of a northerner, rendered still colder and more austere by his training in vivisection. The young lady loves Adrianis, but is prevented from acknowledging it by the hypnotic power which Damer holds over her. Finally a little incident calls it forth, but just at this moment the Prince is stricken down with diphtheria. Doctor Damer labors with him and succeeds in turning the course of the disease, but contrary to his desires. Then in order to gain the Princess, he must sacrifice the Prince. So he injects toxin into his throat.

The Doctor won and the author closes by saying: "he became master of her person, of her fortune, of her destiny; but her soul, frightened and dumb, forever escapes from him, and hides in the caverns of memory and regret."

This book is published in the Pseudonym Library: T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng.; The Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

### AUTONYM.

Two new volumes are issued in the Autonym library of the same publisher. These are: Molly Darling and other stories by Mrs. Hungerford, a charming collection, and Kaffir stories by William Charles Scully. This lat-

ter collection embodies some original and striking pieces of character sketching and of descriptive writing, which are refreshingly new and instructive. The national customs, habits, ways of living and manner of thought of the uncivilized Kaffir, are minutely and brightly described.

### POCKET NOVELS.

Westward Ho! is the latest Kingsley work in the series of pocket novels now being issued by Macmillan & Co., London, Eng. (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.). The series was begun on July 1st, and the books come out monthly. They are exceedingly neat and at 1s. 6d. will find a place on the library shelves of many a lover of Kingsley. Hypatia and Alton Locke occupy one volume each, but Westward Ho! requires two volumes.

### THOMAS HARDY.

Many Canadians have read and re-read that charming and original story by Thomas Hardy, entitled: "A Pair of Blue Eyes." A new edition being brought out in Macmillan's Colonial Library (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.), gives opportunity for a few remarks on the book. It is a drama of country life and passions laid in South Wessex, one of the remotest nooks of Western England. As the author says in an introduction dated March, 1895: "The place is pre-eminently the region of drama and mystery. The ghostly birds, the pall-like sea, the frothy wind, the eternal soliloquy of the waters, the bloom of dark purple cast, that seems to exhale from the shoreward precipices, in themselves lend to the scene an atmosphere like the twilight of a night vision."

But while I enjoyed the descriptions of the scenery and the story of the restoration of the tower of the antique old church over which Christopher Swancourt, a worldly clergyman, presided, it was his daughter's sore disappointments which touched my heart strings. Man's imperfect judgment and woman's pitiable helplessness come home to me as never before, when Thomas Hardy drew the picture. Elfride Swancourt's first lover was the unknown son of a poor peasant and their young dream was nipped in the bud by the Rev. Swancourt, who held his daughter for a richer match. Her second lover was a literary man, and he too, found his bright dreams crushed by tales of the former lover. Finally Elfride marries a lord and after six months is laid away in the family vault, a broken heart in a broken body. The last scene with her noble husband weep-



ing over the coffin, and the two disappointed but anxious lovers looking on, is drawn by a mighty pen and filled in with a magic equal to that of Shakespeare. Thomas Hardy's Tess may have a warm corner in many hearts, but his Elfride, the girl with the "pair of blue eyes," will always be able to rouse my pity and my sympathy. The story is graphic and powerful, told in Hardy's masterly style, and written so as to sustain the readers' interest to the last line.

#### THE LOVELY MALINCOURT.

Helen Mathers story, *The Lovely Malincourt*, is like April weather, a mixture of smiles and tears. Lesley Malincourt, the winner of all the hearts in the country where she lives, goes to London to be cured of her faults by her aunt. She is a girl of nature and a natural girl. Fresh, piquant, wild, out-spoken, good-looking, striking, well-dressed, thoughtful, large-hearted, good, naughty, etc., etc., are the adjectives which describe this refreshing character, over whose antics we smile, whose noble actions we admire, whose weaknesses touch the human bond of our sympathy, whose pleasures and troubles are ours, and whose vagaries made her even in London society the leading female entity. And yet behind all her frolicsomeness, her piquancy and her dash lay the heart and affections of a noble woman—a woman who hated the shallowness, the deceit, the gaudy trappings of society; a woman who hated those of her sex who desired to be advanced and daring beyond modesty's well-defined lines; a woman whose highest aim was to be joined to the man who ruled her heart and to spread the sunshine of her life for him and his.

This story is bright, sparkling and romantic. Tediousness has no part in it, and the breath of real life perfumes all it contains, (Macmillan's Colonial Library.)

#### SUCCESSWARD.

Nearly three years ago there appeared in a New York magazine (*Scribner's* or the *Century* I forget which) an article on "The Young Man in Business" by Edward W. Bok. It was startling in its freshness and laid down the fundamental principle that not only the lucky and the fortunate but the hard-working young man with earnestness and honorable motives can gain success. Edward W. Bok was then drifting successward by contributing to various periodicals, but his greatest success has been as managing editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia.

Mr. Bok though still in the smoke and turmoil of newspaper life has found time to enlarge on the article referred to and his advice to his fellow young men is now found between the covers of a book, entitled "Successward" published at \$1.00 by the

Fleming H. Revell Co., (Toronto, New York, Chicago). It is nicely printed on antique paper and charmingly bound.

Those who know the success that Mr. Bok has made during the past ten years, and he is not yet thirty-five years of age, will be glad to again have an opportunity of reading his noble ideas and his brotherly advice. To those who know him not it will be a grand opportunity to become acquainted with one of the brightest minds in the journalistic world of to-day.

#### CANADIAN BOOKS.

So many Canadians (and yet so few) desire whenever possible to patronize Canadian bookmaking. To some of these it will be news—and welcome news—to hear that four leading Annuals are bound in Canada. These are *Boy's Own Annual*, *Girl's Own Annual*, *The Sunday at Home*, and *Leisure Hour*. (Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.)

The *Boy's Own* has completed its seventeenth volume and its contents are better than ever, combining, as they always have done, interest and instruction in a way that fascinates a youth, arouses his ambition and prepares him for manhood.

The *Girl's Own* is just "sweet sixteen," and what a number of Canadian Girls, English girls, Australian girls, have read in its columns of religion, of love, of sport, of house and fancy work, of everything which goes to make a perfect woman.

*Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* like the two former, need no introduction. Those who look for literature that is good and true and pure know that these four Annuals cannot be beaten. They are old yet modern, antique yet advanced, fascinating yet elevating.

#### JACOB FAITHFUL.

This old familiar title stares at us from the cover of the latest issue in Macmillan's series of *Illustrated Standard Novels*. There have been many changes since 1834, but Captain Marryat's little lighter boy in his boat on the river and in his great career afterwards has still the charms that please, the sweetness that draws out our sympathies. As a book of adventures and humors it occupies a high place among its kind. The illustrations make the story doubly interesting.

#### TWO BOOKS.

For those who are fond of the Cockney twang and the Cockney humor, *Neighbors of Ours*, by H. W. Nevins, will be a most pleasing book. A book of a decidedly higher intellectual order, though perhaps not so readable after a day's heavy work, is *The Salt of the Earth*, by Philip Lafargue. It is a collection of short sketches of much merit. Both are issued in Macmillan's Colonial Library.





"PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARD MEN."



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE POET'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

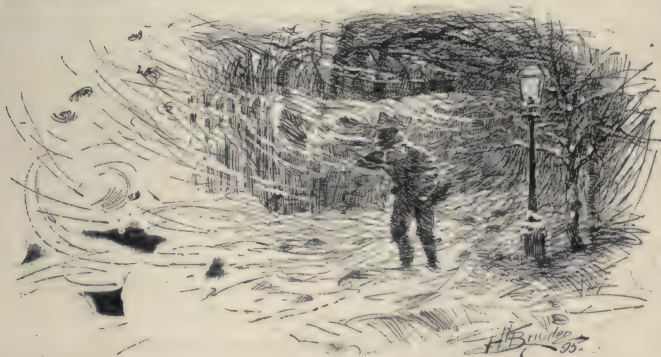
Time of mirthful madness,  
Universal cheer !  
Time when tears of gladness  
Only can appear !  
Time when gloom and sadness  
Hide away in fear !

So wrote the Poet on a winter's night  
Within his room luxurious and bright.  
The dancing flames, like merry children, played  
Within the grate, and wondrous shadows made,  
That leaped like elves in every corner, where  
They seemed themselves to chide the shadows there.  
The shaded lamp itself seemed no less warm,  
And breathed a mild defiance to the storm  
Which raged, as if in sullen wrath, outside,  
That here its vandal presence was denied.  
Even the very pictures round the room—  
Faces of fame and beauty, and of whom  
The masters of immortal song have sung—  
Seemed smiling from the places where they hung.  
The Poet, too, ensconced within his chair's  
Soft depths of snugness, had absorbed the air's  
Warm sense of comfort ; for he closed his eyes  
As one whose mind drinks in rich harmonies ;  
And in his seat in ecstasy he curled,  
In perfect friendship with a perfect world !

And thus at languid ease the Poet's mind  
To many subjects one by one inclined.  
He thought upon the season of the year,  
Its wealth of gladness and its boundless cheer,

And on the Holy Child whose glorious birth  
 Bestowed new life and light upon the earth.  
 And, warming in this contemplative mood,  
 His heart expanded and became endued,  
 The while his thoughts beneficently ran,  
 With glowing friendship for his fellow-man.  
 And so the Poet at his jovial ease  
 Composed his ready little rhymes to please ;  
 Forgetting that the world might hold, indeed,  
 Stern refutation of such pleasant creed ;  
 And little guessing his belief was bent  
 And fashioned by his glad environment  
 Of warmth and ease and happiness and wealth,  
 By bounding pulse and youth and glowing health.

Meantime the storm like some loosed lion beat  
 In lonely triumph down the whitened street,  
 And in its fiercer moments rudely bore  
 With angry strength against the Poet's door ;  
 Or hurled itself against the frosty pane ;  
 Then baffled bore along the street again.  
 The Poet smiled, and spurred his sleepy fire,  
 And bade the snowstorm like the flames mount higher.  
 " 'Tis such a Christmas Eve ! " he laughing said,  
 " As sends one glad and sleepily to bed,—  
 " To bed, delicious bed ! and yet to borrow  
 " From dreams of all that waits him on the morrow ! "  
 Just then the clock within the city tower  
 In muffled tones announced the midnight hour.  
 " Bravo ! although 'tis early to begin,  
 " We'll drink the day, Old Christmas, fairly in !  
 " A merry Christmas, then, to all the land ! "  
 The Poet cried. But as he raised his hand  
 He paused and listened ; raised his glass once more ;  
 Then set it down and hurried to the door ;  
 With eager fingers flung it open wide  
 And let the storm swirl inward like a tide.  
 The world lay dim before, a world of white !  
 " Surely no one is out on such a night,—  
 " One scarce could live ! " the Poet shivering thought.  
 " And yet I'm sure a human voice I caught.  
 " Some stranger may have lost his path,—I'll shout :  
 " Hollo ! hollo ! Is anyone without ? "  
 Scarce had the cry been given when a form



THE POET'S CHRISTMAS EVE.



Rose like a ghost and staggered through the storm,  
 And, as a worn-out swimmer reaches shore,  
 Fell blindly headlong at the Poet's door.  
 With eager heart and hand the Poet raised  
 And bore it in to where the fire blazed,—  
 A burden light, a little white-faced lad,  
 Half-dead with cold and hunger, illy-clad,  
 And features all so pale and pinched and small,  
 The Poet marvelled life was there at all.  
 Then, having placed the lad before the flame  
 And warmed with wine the numbed and shivering frame,  
 Until the color to the pallid cheek  
 Came faintly back, and slow, as if to speak,  
 The pale lips moved, while slower yet the eyes  
 Were opened in a vague and dull surprise,  
 That grew with real if silent gratitude,  
 The Poet brought the waif warm drink and food  
 And set him by the table in his chair,  
 And bade him eat and drink and banish care !

"I recollect," the Poet musing said,  
 "Anacreon one time was visited  
 "By such a boy as this, a child astray,  
 "Who pleaded hard that he awhile might stay  
 "Beneath the old man's roof and warm himself ;  
 "And then, at last, the thankless little elf,—  
 "'Twas Cupid—took his deadly bow and dart  
 "And shot the poor old poet through the heart !"  
 And thereupon the Poet from his store  
 Of books took down Anacreon once more,  
 And turning o'er each page with eager quest  
 Re-read the story and forgot his guest.

The "guest" meantime was dozing in his chair ;  
 For having supped upon the Poet's fare  
 Before the genial fire, and broken fast  
 As if he thought the meal might be his last,  
 Or that at least while well within his power  
 He'd celebrate his Christmas for an hour,—  
 The warmth diffused a sweet narcotic glow,  
 The little head went nodding to and fro ;  
 And when at length the Poet closed his book,  
 And then remembering turned about to look,  
 He heard a breathing regular and deep,

And found the little fellow fast asleep.  
The Poet gazed ; and slow a tender light  
Grew in his eyes and softly dimmed their sight.  
It may have been the lad unconscious there,  
The feet half shod, the rags, the tangled hair,  
The little form, the features pinched and small,—  
Scarce softened in their sleep,—and most of all,  
The past with all its sadness you could trace  
In every line upon the sleeper's face ;  
Or else it may have been the contrast wide  
Between two fortunes thus placed side by side,  
That bared the truth, howe'er his heart inclined,  
With vivid clearness to the Poet's mind.  
Whate'er the influence was, the Poet's soul  
In one sweet moment grasped the meaning whole,  
And with glad eyes he saw serene and clear  
The spirit of the season of the year ;  
His selfishness, his blind and narrow creed ;  
The law of love divine—the world's one need.  
And with his hand upon the sleeper's head,  
The Poet, smiling softly, murmuring said :

“ In truth, no matter how obscure his birth,  
“ Each has his mission here upon the earth.  
“ And you, unconscious boy, to teach me mine  
“ Were guided hither by a hand divine.  
“ Yet in some measure have you played the part  
“ Of him who shot Anacreon through the heart ;  
“ But better far, you guileless came to prove  
“ And test the realness of the Poet's love,  
“ And boasted breadth of human tenderness,  
“ Of which he scarcely could have cherished less.  
“ And so I trust that I, not all in vain,  
“ An angel unawares may entertain ;  
“ For you, my little friend, a guest shall be,  
“ And merry Christmas still to-day shall see !  
“ Undreamed-of joy shall greet you on the morn,  
“ And so from yours the Poet's shall be born ! ”

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

# THE CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC.

ITS OCCUPANTS UNDER THE LILIES—1647—1759.\*

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.

"Few circumstances of discussion and enquiry are more interesting than the history and fate of ancient buildings, especially if we direct our attention to the fortunes and vicissitudes of those who were connected with them. The temper, genius and pursuits of an historical era are frequently delineated in the features of remarkable edifices."—*Hawkins' Historical Picture of Quebec, 1834.*

THE hand that indited, in 1834, the classic pages of Alfred Hawkins' admirable volume, has been cold in death since many decades. The learned Dr. John Charlton Fisher, a graduate of Oxford, expired at sea returning to Canada from England, and still his memory survives. His name is held in kind remembrance by all true friends of the ancient capital, especially so by the members of the *Literary and Historical Society*, of which Dr. Fisher may be considered, with the helping hand of the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General, the real originator in 1824.

We purpose here to sketch the ancient Fort and the *Chateau St. Louis*, from its inception. The publication of Mr. Ernest Gagnon's work on the subject, illustrated by successive wood cuts of the structures from the earliest times, helps us to furnish its history in an extended and, we hope, an accurate form.

Additional interest is added to the historical edifice under consideration, by the erection of the superb pile known as the HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC, on the site of Fort St. Louis, as well as on that portion of the old chateau site on which the wing, known as Haldimand Castle, was constructed in 1784.

"The history of the ancient Castle of St. Louis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries the seat of government in the Province of Quebec, affords subjects of great and stirring incident during its several periods. The hall of the old Fort, during the weakness of the colony, was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the persevering and ferocious

Iroquois, who, having passed or overthrown all the French outposts, more than once threatened the Fort itself, and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. There, too, in intervals of peace, were laid those benevolent plans for the religious instruction and conversion of the savages, which at one time distinguished the policy of the ancient Governors. At a later era, when under the protection of the French Kings, the Province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St.

Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French Governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes, and down the course of the Mississippi to its outlet below New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec, was displayed from a chain of forts which protected the settlements through this vast ex-



Stone with Maltese cross  
inserted over entrance  
to Hotel Chateau  
Frontenac.

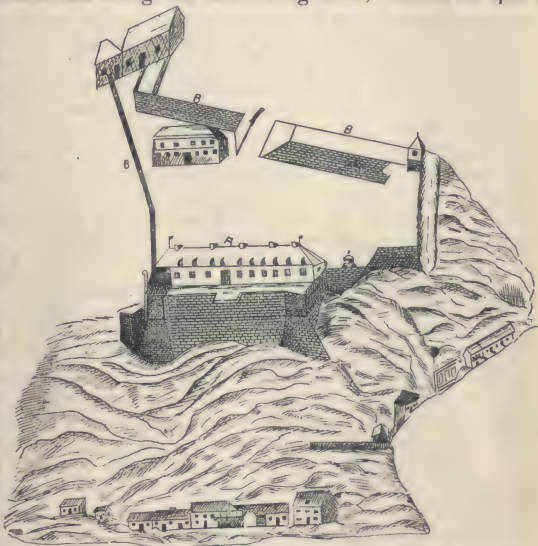
\*A second article, telling of "Its occupation under the Roses, 1765-1834," will appear in the January number.  
†Le Fort and le Chateau St. Louis, Quebec. *Études Archéologiques et Historiques*. Par Ernest Gagnon. 1895.



tent of country, keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period, the council chamber of the Castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil, many a long deliberation and deep-laid project, to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France and assert throughout the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British arms, and until the recognition of the independence of the United States, the extent of empire, of the government of which the Castle of Quebec was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American Continent, north of Mexico." (*Hawkins.*)

Here was rendered to the representative of the French King, with all its ancient forms, the fealty and homage of the noblesse and military retainers, who held possessions in the Province under the Crown—a feudal ceremony, suited to early times, which imposed a real and substantial obligation on those who performed it, not to be violated without forfeiture and dishonor. The Sovereign of Great Britain having succeeded to the rights of the French Crown, this ceremony was maintained until 3rd February, 1854, when it was performed for the last time by Seignior Jonathan Sexton Campbell Wurtele, now His Honor Mr. Justice Wurtele, of Montreal, in presence of Sir William Rowan, Administrator of the Province, accompanied by J. Caul, Lewis T. Drummond,

Attorney-General, and other officials. Seignior Wurtele had inherited the fiefs and seigniories of Deguire and Rivière David, in the Richelieu district, near Montreal. Fealty and homage was rendered thus by the Seigniors to the Governor, the representative of the Sovereign, "His Excellency being in full dress and seated in a state chair, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the Attorney-General. The Seignior, with head bare, in an evening dress, without his spurs,



PLAN OF FORT ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC, 1683, BY JEAN-BAPTISTE, FRANQUELIN, ENGINEER.

A. First Chateau. B. Outer wall of the Fort, commenced in 1636, razed in 1696.

and wearing a sword, was introduced into his presence by the Inspector-General of the Royal Domain and Clerk of the Land Roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the Governor, placed his right hand between his and repeated the ancient oath of fidelity; after which a solemn act was drawn up in a register kept for that purpose, which was signed by the Governor and the Seignior, and

countersigned by the proper officers."

Francis Parkman, on the authority of the historian Ferland, quotes as an example, that of Jean Guion, a vassal of Dr. R. Giffard, Seigneur, since 1634, of Beauport near Quebec. "In presence of a notary Guion presented himself at the principal door of the manor-house of Beauport. Having knocked, one Boule, farmer of Giffard, opened the door, and in reply to Guion's question if the Seigneur was at home, replied that he was not, but that he, Boule, was empowered to receive acknowledgments of faith and homage from the vassal in his name." "After the which reply," proceeds the act, "the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees on the ground, with head bare and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words, 'Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you, on account of my fief Du Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your seigniory of Beauport, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid.'""\*

In describing the antique castle, several writers have mixed up dates and incidents referring to the Fort St. Louis begun in 1620, with those relating to the Chateau St. Louis, which, after several changes and transformations, assumed that name only in 1647, under Governor de Montmagny. Hawkins is quite correct in saying that: "The Castle of St. Louis was in early times rather a stronghold of defence than an embellished ornament of royalty. Seated on a tremendous precipice—

On a rock whose haughty brow  
Frown'd o'er St. Lawrence's foaming tide,  
and looking defiance to the utmost

boldness of the assailant, nature lent her aid to the security of the position. The cliff on which it stood rises nearly two hundred feet in perpendicular height above the river. The castle thus commanded on every side a most extensive prospect, and until the occupation of the higher ground to the south-west, afterwards called Cape Diamond, must have been the principal object among the buildings of the city.

"When Champlain first laid the foundation of the Fort, in 1620, to which he gave the name of St. Louis, it is evident that he was actuated by views of a political, not of a commercial character. His mind was in better keeping with warlike enterprises than the acquirement of wealth. He was perfectly disinterested in all his proceedings. Foreseeing that Quebec would become the seat of dominion and invite a struggle for its future possession, he knew the necessity of a stronghold, and determined to erect one in opposition to the wishes of the Company of Merchants." The building was commenced in July, 1620.

It had been originally contemplated to build the future city on the banks of the St. Charles, where now lies the populous suburb of St. Roch; and *Urbs Ludovica*, after the reigning sovereign in France, Louis XIII., was the name chosen for the nascent settlement. The necessity of security and protection for the colonists against the surrounding Indian tribes caused the idea to be abandoned. Settlers preferred camping down under Fort St. Louis, whose big guns struck terror in the Redskins, and were calculated to inspire respect to the hostile fleets which might anchor in the stream below its battlements.

Champlain, at first, styled his fort "demeure, corps-de-logis"—that is, a dwelling place. In 1621, he put in charge of it, one M. DuMai, with a few men. In 1622, he pushed on the work, "insisting on the importance of completing it, having it equipped with

\* PARKMAN—*Old Regime*, p. 246-7.

FERLAND—*Notes sur les Registres de Notre Dame de Quebec*, p. 65.

an armament, stores and a suitable garrison." On the 29th Nov., 1623, the ruggedness of the ascent from the *Abitation* to the fort, induced him to establish a road or path (since known as Mountain Hill), to Fort St. Louis. The walls of the fort later on covered about four acres. On the 18th April, 1624, his artificers were busy putting in their place the timber conveyed there by his Indian allies on sledges over the snow on the 10th December, 1623. Two years later, on the 20th April, 1624, a violent wind storm carried away over the cliff the roof of the building.

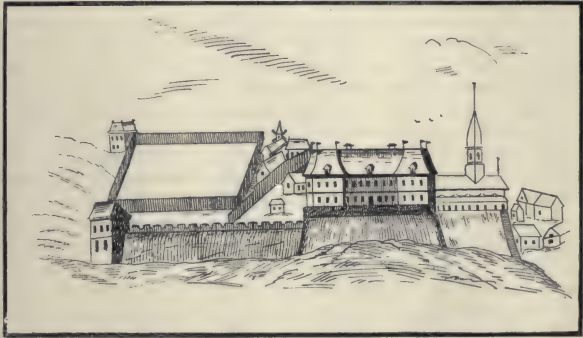
On his departure for France in August, 1624, though Champlain had left orders to continue the work on his fort, he found on his return that no progress worth mentioning had been made. In anticipation of the time not far distant when he expected the French King would be send-

ing colonists to Quebec, as well as soldiers for their protection, the founder of Quebec decided on razing the small fort begun in 1620. With the materials, he set to work to lay the foundations of the larger one, which he may have occupied as a residence previous to the surrender of the fort to the Kertks in 1629, but which he certainly made his home when he returned from France in 1633, until his death there on Christmas Day, 1635.

Louis Kertk held it from 1629 to 1632, Emery de Caen and Duplessis Bochart took possession of it in 1632, until Champlain's return, 23rd May, 1633.

The first Chateau, a one story building, commenced in 1647 by Governor

de Montmagny, and which he styled "Corps de Logis au Fort," after some repairs was finally demolished by Count de Frontenac in 1694 and rebuilt by him. The second Chateau, begun in 1694-5, to which a wing was added, was completed in 1700. It is described by La Potherie, and later on, in 1749, by the Swedish botanist and traveller Herr Peter Kalm, the friend of Linnæus. Capt. John Knox of the 43rd, a companion-in-arms of Wolfe, also alludes to it in his voluminous diary of the great siege of 1759, when the bombardment inflicted on Quebec by Admiral Saunders, left



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, RECONSTRUCTED BY COUNT DE FRONTENAC, (1694-1698) ; FINISHED IN 1700.

Taken from the Saint-Lawrence River.

it in ruins. It so remained until Gov. Murray had it repaired in 1764, and occupied it in 1765.

On the 5th May, 1784, General Haldimand set to work to construct an addition to St. Louis Castle for public balls and official dinners, whilst the state levees continued to take place in the old Chateau. A portion of the walls of Fort St. Louis were used in constructing the first story of the building, which took the name of Chateau Haldimand. It was inaugurated with *éclat* more than two years after the Governor's departure, on the 18th January, 1787, by a splendid ball on Queen Charlotte's birthday, when Lady Dorchester—Maria, the accom-



plished daughter of the Earl of Ifingham—presided. On August 15th, 1787, Prince William, a midly on board the frigate *Pegasus* then in port, afterwards Duke of Clarence, and later on, William IV. King of England, paid his respects to the Governor-General at Government House, the old Chateau, and inspected the new building.

On the 21st September of the same year, and on the 4th of October, 1787, the overseer of Military Works, Sergeant James Thompson records in his diary the extensive preparations made to welcome to Quebec the King's son, without forgetting the platform erected for the occasion on the roof of the old powder magazine (razed in 1892), in rear of Chateau Haldimand, in order to witness the fireworks set off in his honor. In December of that year, the Governor removed his household gods to the new building, leaving the old Chateau to be used as public offices, and about this time the castle was allowed to get out of repair. The Governor for the time being inhabited the new building, the Chateau Haldimand, it being more modern and roomy, in its internal arrangements.

In 1808, at the request of His Excellency, General Sir James Henry Craig, the provincial legislature voted and spent £10,000 in re-building two stories higher the antique castle; and a short time before his departure, in 1811, he removed to it from his summer retreat, Spencer Wood, and his winter quarters at Chateau Haldimand. On the 23rd January, 1834, it was entirely consumed by fire; but its dependency, Haldimand Castle, escaped. Lord and Lady Aylmer, the previous occupants of Chateau St. Louis, instead of inhabiting General Haldimand's structure, took their abode on the Cape with Col. Craig, until they could rent a house. Four years later, in 1838, the pompous but able Governor and Grand Commissioner, the Earl of Durham, having declined to accept from the authori-

ties any remuneration for his short time of office, it is said, directed this fund to be donated to the razing of the ruins of the old Chateau, and to the erection on their foundations, of a terrace (Durham Terrace until 1879), 160 feet in length. This the Minister of Public Works, in 1854, the Hon. P. Chabot, M.P.P. for Quebec, increased to 270 feet. Under Lord Dufferin's Plans of City Embellishments, it was extended, at Government and Municipal cost, to 1,420 feet in length. The corner-stone to this incomparable promenade, was laid on the 18th Oct., 1878, by the Earl of Dufferin, and was named and inaugurated by Their Excellencies, the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, as DUFFERIN TERRACE on the 19th June, 1879, at the request of the Mayor, City Council and citizens of Quebec.

On the 12th June, 1846, an awful fire, attended by the loss of 40 lives, obliterated the remaining walls of the old Chateau and its stables, transformed first into a riding school, and next into a theatre.

From 1852 to 1855, and from 1860 to 1865, the remaining modern building, Chateau Haldimand, was used by the Provincial Board of Works, the Crown Lands, King's Domain and Registrar. In 1857 it became the seat of the Normal School, and again until 1860 and later on.

With the old French powder-magazine in rear, it was razed in 1892 to the ground, to make room for the stately pile, the *Hotel Chateau Frontenac*, planned by an eminent New York architect, a Mr. Bruce Price, for the Chateau Frontenac Co. of which Thos. G. Shaughnessy is the president. It was built at a cost of \$500,000 on a site, purchased from the Provincial Government of Quebec, covering 57,000 feet.

THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE ST. LOUIS,  
1647-1760, UNDER THE LILIES.

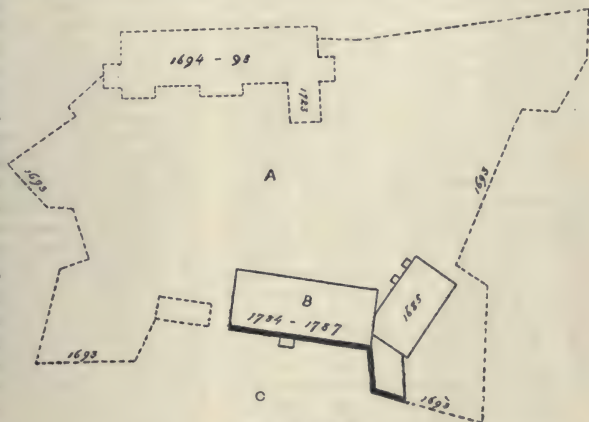
Montmagny, Chevalier de Malte, had pushed forward colonization,

among other measures, drawing on Normandy, Brittany, Perche, Poitou, Aunis, and set to work to inspire respect to the Indians huddled round his fort. The latter styled Montmagny *Ononthio*, which means "Great Mountain"—playing on his name (*Mons Magnus*). The surname was borne by the succeeding French Governors. His next care was to lay out streets, widen and straighten the foot paths which intersected *Stadacona*. But a *Chevalier sans cheval*, as Mr. E. Gagnon well observes, could not be the correct thing. So a horse as a mount—the first seen in the colony—was imported from France by the inhabitants on the 20th June, 1647, a very suitable present to the worthy Knight. What became of it history does not say. Matters were evidently looking up at the Fort and Chateau, when M. d'Ailleboust, the new Governor took possession of Government House at Quebec, in 1648. He was replaced by M. de Lauzon, 1651-56. Lauzon re-occupied it as administrator in 1657, and his successors under Viscount d'Argenson, in 1658; Baron d'Avouour, in 1661, and Chevalier Saffrey de Mesy, in 1663.

Governor de Courcelles arrived at Quebec in 1665, with the magnificent Marquis de Tracy, the King's *Lieutenant-General* in America. Tracy was accompanied by several companies of the dashing Carignan-Salières regiment, and made his *debut* with extraordinary pomp. His advent was quite a social event in Quebec, which had

just been granted a Royal Government, and for the first time was styled a town.

De Courcelles' administration lasted until 1672, when Count de Frontenac was named Governor. His first administration lasted until 1682. He was followed by La Barre, 1682-85, and by the Marquis De Nonville 1685-89, when the stern old warrior was recalled to his former position, which he occupied until the year of his death, in 1698. Callieres followed, 1699-1703, when Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, was named and governed the country until 1725.



FORT ST. LOUIS.

A. Interior of Fort.

B. Chateau Haldimand

C. La Place d'Armes.

Charles Le Moine, Baron de Longueuil, administered the colony, 1625-26; he was succeeded by the Marquis de Beauharnois. Count de la Galissonniere was next sent out to govern, from 1746 to 1749, during the captivity of the Marquis de la Jonquiere, who on his way to Quebec had been taken prisoner by an English fleet. The Marquis, however, at his release ruled here, in 1752, when Charles Le Moine, the second Baron de Longueuil, administered the Government from May to July, 1752. That year the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville re-

placed him, and the last Governor under French rule was Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil Cavagnal until 1760.

Of the six French Governors who died at Quebec, in the Fort or Chateau, St. Louis, Le Chevalier de Mesy was buried in the Hotel-Dieu cemetery, and Champlain in a "sepulchre particulier," near the fort; the four others were interred in the vaults of the *Recollet* Church, opposite Castle St. Louis. This church was destroyed by fire on the 6th Sept., 1796, when this Governor's remains were removed to the underground vaults of the R. C. Cathedral at Quebec. They were: Count de Frontenac, who expired at Chateau St. Louis 28th Nov., 1798; Louis Hector de Callieres, on the 26th May, 1703; Marquis Philippe de Rigaud, 10th Oct., 1725; Marquis de la Jonquiere, 17th May, 1752.

We all have heard how the great Frontenac's heart after death had been sent to France, to his proud, worldly, beautiful Countess, *la Divine*, and returned to Canada with the message that she did not care to own after death a heart which in life had not belonged to her.

Few of the French Governors brought out their wives and families; the list of titled ladies, inmates of the Chateau, under the French regime, is not long. One learns of Madame d'Aillebout, Madame la Marquise de Denonville, and her three daughters, and Madame la Marquise Philippe de Vaudreuil and her two daughters. With them was their interesting young schoolmate, Esther Wheelwright, a New England child, carried away captive to Acadia by the Abenakis Indians, and redeemed from captivity by Governor de Vaudreuil, through the instrumentality of the Jesuit missionary, Father Bigot, who had recognized this white child among her swarthy captors. The Gouverneur made her an inmate of the Chateau, treated her as a member of his family, and had her educated with his daughters at the

neighboring Ursuline Convent. The grateful child refused to return to Boston; in 1714 she became a nun, and eventually, the respected Lady Superior of the Convent.

One must not omit mentioning the Marquise Pierre de Vaudreuil, step-daughter to the Marquise Philippe de Vaudreuil, born at Gemsec, Acadia, 18th Aug., 1673. A brilliant future awaited her in France. At the age of thirty-six—probably at the recommendation of her old friend, the Marquise de Denonville—she was summoned to Versailles and placed in charge of the education of the young Duke of Alençon. Madame de Maintenon received her kindly and presented her to the king. Even the caustic Duc de Saint Simon praises her in his *memoirs*. The impression she created was such that her tender charge having died in his infancy, she was retained at court several years to look after the education of the other children of the Duke of Berry.

Quite a dramatic spectacle must have been witnessed in the great hall of the Chateau on the 16th October, 1690, when Admiral Phips' Envoy, with eyes bandaged, was escorted to the presence of the proud nobleman who then wielded the destinies of Canada. Having had his bandage removed, the flag of truce, delivered his ultimatum, watch in hand, and asked for an answer within an hour.

"Sir," replied grim old Frontenac, "tell your master I do not even require that delay and that I shall answer him by the mouth of my cannon." The Governor of Quebec did answer the New England admiral by the mouth of his cannon, and his reply was so much to the point that Admiral Phips, with his battered fleet, hurriedly set sail for Boston.

If the castle occasionally opened wide its portals to titled visitors from beyond the sea, its dungeon or prison more than once closed on important colonial personages, Indian warriors and ordinary malefactors. Thus, in



1674, Governor de Frontenac had placed there, until shipped to France, Francois Marie Perrot, Governor of Montreal, for disobedience to orders. On Perrot landing in France, a *lettre de cachet*, signed by Louis XIV., consigned him for a time to the gloomy cells of the Bastille, in Paris.

History tells of one distinguished guest, Herr Peter Kalm, the Swedish *savant* and botanist, who was "dined and wined" there for forty days by another *savant*, Count de la Galissonniere, Governor of Quebec, in the summer of 1749. Hark to his description of the Chateau:

"The Palace (Chateau Saint Louis) is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high extending north and south. On the west side of it is a courtyard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad paved with smooth flags, and included on the out-sides by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and in the courtyard; and when the Governor, or the Bishop, comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The Governor General has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the *Recollets*, which is very near the palace."

Such was the sober account given of the antique chateau by the distinguished Swedish traveller.

The Niagara novelist, William Kirby, in his admirable historical romance "The Golden Dog," has lent it many poetical tints:

"Over the Governor's seat hangs a gorgeous escutcheon of the Royal arms, draped with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies—the emblems of French Sovereignty in the colony. Among the portraits on the walls, beside those of the late (Louis XIV.) and present King (Louis XV.), which hung on each side of the throne, might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organised the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic, a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the Mother Land—the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of the new land, and the founder of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac, was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called, by reason of her surpassing loveliness, 'The Divine.' Vaudreuil, too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois who nourished its young strength until it was able to resist not only the powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English colonies. There, also, were seen the sharp intellectual face of Laval, its first Bishop, who organized the Church and education in the colony; and of Talon, wisest of Intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well-being of all the King's subjects in New France. And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France—the pale, calm, intellectual features of Mere Marie de l'Incarnation—the first Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec, who, in obedience to heavenly visions, as she believed, left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France."

One thing yet remains to complete the ornament of the historic site on which it stood; A MONUMENT TO THE IMMORTAL FOUNDER OF QUEBEC; worthy of Champlain, worthy of Quebec.

## A GHRISTMAS DEER HUNT IN URUGUAY.

BY DR. G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, F.L.S.

THE summer of 1879-80—it will be remembered the seasons are reversed in latitudes south of the equator—found me in Montevideo, Banda-Oriental (Uruguay), cultivating the Castilian tongue through the medium of dark-eyed *donicellas*, who accepted, with most bewitching grace, attention and flatteries couched in a vile mixture of ungrammatical Spanish, English, and Scotch-Latin. This was my chief occupation, though I was nominally attached to the frigate *Hebe*, stationed in the harbor as relief and storeship to Her Gracious Majesty's South Atlantic squadron.

There was a goodly colony of sons of Britain in the city, and I was speedily made free of the "English Club," where, one day, I chanced to encounter douce Jock Macmillan, in whose company on various and divers occasions I had felt the *tawse* as administered to the hurdies in a certain academy of learning in *Auld Reekie*, presided over by one Dominie Crawford. The *recontré* was mutually agreeable, and the parting was with the understanding, if leave could be had, a fellow-shipmate and myself were to pass a fortnight, including the holidays, at Jock's *estancia*, some ninety miles up country.

Leave was had, and the morning of December 19th found Lieut. Alexander and myself at the railway station, heavily encumbered with guns, cartridges, mackintoshes, and other shooting and wearing paraphernalia. Three hours ride brought us to San José, where we were met by Mac, and rapidly tooled over the remaining thirty miles by means of dog-cart and tandem of English thoroughbreds.

Our host afforded the information he was "an *estanciero* in a small way,"

but when forced to recognize him as the sole lord of six leagues square of pampa, 20,000 muttons, and as many more each of horses and wild cattle, it became a matter of wonderment what the condition of a *large* herder and landed proprietor might be in this region. His house, too, was on the same liberal scale as the estate—a bachelor establishment that needed only the refining influence of a wife to perfect. Servants and herders fairly swarmed, lounging about house, stables, gardens, and premises generally, idle and shiftless as Spanish Americans of mixed bloods usually are. A plantation of oaks and beeches, enclosing the buildings and a score of acres put out to English fruits, served as partial protection against the fierce *pamperos* that rise suddenly at certain seasons, and with almost hurricane force blow until exhausted, a procedure that requires anywhere from 24 to 72 hours—truly "one knoweth not whence it cometh or whither it goeth." A fair library of English books adorned the walls of the great hall, that with its two great fire-places, rugs of skin, trophies of the chase, and rawhide settees and chairs, did duty as drawing and general lounging room, and into which the dining-room, offices and chambers directly opened.

For a day or two little was done but explore the estate, recall incidents of the past, and listen to hair-breadth escapes from jaguars, wild dogs, and like vermin, as narrated by *Auld* Gordie Allen, the steward and majordomo, and of which the beggar was as full, as a badger of fleas; but the sly twinkles of the eyes at times did not tend to establish the veracity of *all* his tales.

Our expeditions were invariably

conducted on horseback, for no one in this portion of the globe, where even mendicants solicit aid from the saddle, ever walks. Horses duly caparisoned, and by the dozen, were kept at the door from early morn till late night, at the service of whosoever might elect; and the miracle was that they had not been introduced into the hall as a means of transit to the chambers or table. The natives, I am sure, make their toilettes in the saddle; that is, if they ever condescend to perform those offices which are deemed so essential in other portions of the world.

The region about was one vast pampa or prairie, somewhat undulating, covered with luxuriant, green turf, with now and again a bit of grove or forest that marked the windings of a river or water course. Sheep were seen in countless numbers, though in isolated flocks, sometimes watched by native herders (*Guachos*), on horseback, of course, but oftener left to the guardianship of the enormous shepherd dogs of the country, creatures of decided wolfish strain, bred to their tasks from early puppyhood and reared by ewe foster-mothers. Cattle in all the freedom of true feral life grazed "upon a thousand hills," if the innumerable swells that broke the level of the landscape may be so termed; but to my disappointment none were of the short-muzzled *Niata* breed described by Mr. Darwin. Horses, too, that had never felt bit or spur, in numbers sufficient to mount half a score of cavalry brigades, raced hither and thither in consonance with their own pleasure and fears, with long manes and tails floating to the breeze: only males are ever ridden, the mares being valued alone for their reproductive power or, lacking that, for their hides.

We essayed a few turns at snipe and duck up and down the reedy banks of the stream that separated the stock ranges from a league and a half of grain land; a few plover, egrets, herons, flamingoes and rosy

spoon-bills of gorgeous plumage fell to our guns. We might have bagged any number of the two forms of partridge indigenous to the region had we so elected, since they are so stupid as to permit of being taken from the back of a moving horse by means of a horse-hair noose at the end of a bit of cane. The game of the region, however, is confined to *Nandu* or South American Ostrich (*Struthio rhea*), and a strange undersized form of fallow deer (*Cervus campestris*), much smaller than that of Europe or the deer of North America, the barren-ground caribou perhaps excepted, and whose flesh, that of adult males especially, is so strongly impregnated with the characteristic musky odor of the species that even the *Guachos*, who possess no scruples as to wolf and jaguar meat, or half putrid and tainted game, will not touch it; even the wild dogs (*Canis jubata*) accept only with manifest reluctance.

A deer was my ambition, partly because of curiosity, partly because I had never ridden to hounds after such noble quarry, but chiefly to verify the tales of naturalists which I suspected should be taken somewhat *cum grano*. Accordingly Mac appointed a run for Christmas Day, when two of his best herders with their dogs would be available.

Firearms have no part in this sport, being barred not only by custom, but held ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike, though both *lazo* and *boleadoras* are permissible should the dogs fail to pull the quarry down. This latter weapon, however, is not to be confounded with the heavy and cumbersome *bolas* of more Southern latitudes, and that consist of two heavy spheres of stone or iron in rawhide jackets, and joined together by three yards or so of twisted and pleated mare's hide; literally "little balls;" they are three in number, often of wood, scarce larger than those of the billiard table, enclosed in horse-hair netting, and joined at a common cen-



ter by strands of the same material perhaps five feet in length. When employed, one is grasped in the hand, its fellows being made to revolve with marvelous rapidity about the performer's head until sufficient momentum is acquired, when all are released, and whirling like chain-shot go off at a tangent that is so accurately calculated they rarely miss their aim. Trivial as the apparatus seems, by entangling the legs, the strongest horse or most powerful bull is stopped in the midst of its wild career and brought headlong to the ground. To hurl the *boleadores* on foot is by no means difficult, but to essay the same feat from the back of a flying steed is quite another matter, and apt to endanger one's own or his horse's ears, besides exciting the contempt of the natives; in my own case, my neck became so entangled that I must have suffered the extremes of the *garrote* had not my windpipe been speedily relieved by application of the knife.

We were awakened at dawn on Christmas morning by the "Laverocks of Arden" as evolved by Mac and Auld Geordie through the medium of bagpipes and battered Kent bugle, while parading backward and forward through the great hall—a performance that spoke volumes for energy, but very little for sentiment; and as if this was not enough the major domo presently kicked in my door demanding a "morning" be taken from a decanter of "Lang John" displayed in his dexter claw, while the sinister bore a tray of delicate glasses, each cut to resemble a Scotch thistle. It seemed strange to find the customs of Auld Scotia persisting in such out-of-the-way corner of civilization, but stranger still to find Christmas ushered in with June-like breezes bearing the odors of roses, jonquils, heliotropes, etc., through the open casements.

Following breakfast we rode forth into the pampa, our party numbering just an honest half-dozen, excluding Pedrillo, a half-breed lad that accom-

panied for some hours in order to be assured of our whereabouts after mid-day, when he would meet us with lunch, and re-mounts also in case such should be needed.

First rode the genial Mac in company with Auld Geordie, the latter bearing his seventy years as jauntily as if they were but a score; then Lieut. Alexander and self, the rear being brought up by the *Guachos*, each armed with *boleadores*. The *personnel* of the latter twain was not especially attractive: they were not exactly the company one would care to meet in a lonely spot of a dark night all un-awares, though Jock declared "both honest enough according to their kind." Enrique—who led at the surcingle of his *recado* (pampa saddle), a leash (couple and a-half) of mongrels of mixed native, mastiff and grey-hound strain apparently—certainly was as villainous-looking a piece of humanity as ever threw a knife, twirled a *lazo* or wore horse-hide boots; I am sure the galleys at Cetté could not exhibit an equal. Juan, his half-brother, was a shade more prepossessing, and possibly might have had a semi-civilized aspect if treated to a thorough course of holystone, sand, water, soap and "currier"-brush,\* for nothing less would have served to remove the accumulations of a quarter century; and he was further adorned by a broad purple scar, seaming his left cheek and extending almost from mouth to ear, an evidence of Enrique's fraternal regard bestowed eighteen months before during a drinking-bout at a wayside *posada*. Both were equally expert with knife, *lazo* and *boleadores*, and true sons of the pampa in that neither would have crossed a public square save in the saddle, even were the wealth of the Indies a reward for the effort. Both also bestrode young cattle, four-year-olds, only taken up from the herd a fortnight previous, and

\* An implement employed in connection with holystones for cleaning wood-work in men-o'-war—pronounced *Kai-ar*.

though sorry looking beasties, possessed of plenty of fire and go; neither had ever been bitted, but were ridden by means of rawhide thongs passed through the rings of the lower head-stall, and tied about the under-jaw—an invariable South American custom ensuring good mouths in a very brief period of time, and rendered necessary by the summary way in which horses are here broken.

After two hours riding with no sign of deer, we postponed the chase until evening—for *campestris* appears in the open only for a brief period early in the morning, and just before sundown, when he is wont to feed,—and turned our attention to ostriches, several flocks of which had gladdened our vision. By noon two fine specimens, a cock-bird and a hen, had been secured out of a *bandada* of seven, both of which were coursed by dogs and brought to earth by means of the *boleadores*; as they were in a semi-moulting state, and consequently unfit for food, we contented ourselves with their jackets, leaving the carcasses to the vultures and wild dogs that here abound. Several flocks were subsequently routed, but all were too nimble of foot, or discovered to be too ragged in plumage to be desirable.

Along in mid-afternoon we joined Pedrillo at the appointed rendezvous, thereby securing a hearty lunch of cassava bread, cheese, and an *asado* of beef (roasted on a spit over the flames) duly washed down with the national beverage, *maté*, or Paraguayan tea, flavored with a trifle of *cana* (native rum.) After this the fresh mounts were put in service, a hammer-headed, cream-colored brute falling to my lot, with whom I did not come to an unstanding without vigorous application of whip and spur, beside a couple of falls that completely disgraced me in the eyes of the *Guachos*; but when the struggle was ended I was rewarded by finding him the speediest in the party.

We now set out for a well-watered

bit of pampa broken by forest, where Mac assured us there was “reasonable chance of a find.” As a matter of fact, *Cervus campestris* is by no means abundant, yet is little hunted, being of no economic value save for his pelt, which is only utilized to cover pampa saddles. After a few miles we drew up a bit, moving slowly and cautiously, scanning the landscape in every direction. Two or three miles beyond, Enrique suddenly shortened rein and, beckoning us forward, announced a herd of five, a buck and four hinds, down to the right, feeding beside a copse on the border of the woodland that skirted the river—these *Guachos* have eyes like hawks, for our vision was unable to verify the assertion as to either deer or copse, though Mac’s field-glass did.

Juan was now despatched down to leeward, first to place himself between the game and the river, and second to drive up to us in the open. Enrique now caught and leashed the hounds that, since coursing the Nandu, had been allowed to run loose, lest they should spoil sport by breaking away prematurely. Since some time must elapse ere the game would be abroad, we dismounted, and stretched along the sward courted patience through the medium of *cigaretos* and pipes.

In due time Enrique announced a commotion amongst the herd, and a moment later that it was fairly afoot. Saddles were immediately looked to, girths tightened, and preparations made for the run, which, we were assured, would not be a brief one.

On came the game, a magnificent buck leading who, from the size of antlers and *advances*, and number of *spillers* and palms, appeared a veritable patriarch among his tribe, as he subsequently really proved to be. They passed us at a spanking gait, with heads and *singles* well up, Juan in their rear yelling and whooping like a fiend. Once fairly in the line of country we desired to follow, spurs were put to our steeds and, catching

up with Juan, all energies were devoted to separating the buck from his harem ere the dogs were loosed; hence we pressed closely from his start, the quicker to tire out and get rid of the undesirable hinds.

For some time the members of the herd held well together, going in fine style—a blanket could almost have covered the lot; but as horses and riders warmed to the work, the pace was too much for the weaker deer, who, one by one, broke away on either side, until presently only the buck and one mistress led the van. And now the dogs were slipped and the real sport began.

The pace speedily became terrific; the ground was good for galloping, and moreover winding is practically unknown among these shoeless pampa horses, accustomed, as they are, to travel at topmost speed from dawn until night without rein being once drawn, or their only rest to have the saddle shifted to the back of another, since they are forced to keep up with the cavalcade, and that, too, oftentimes over ground that would quickly pound the best ironshod thoroughbred hunter. But our steeds were both fresh and eager, and seemingly entered into the spirit of the chase.

Soon we were manifestly gaining, and the hind, which for some moments had been lagging, giving evidence of being nearly blown, (and no wonder, poor thing, for, to our subsequent regret, she proved heavy with fawn), broke away in a final endeavor to escape. Loosening the *boleadores* from saddle-bow, with an abrupt wheel of his steed, Juan shot after her; then with a few flashing circles about his head the spheres leaped from his hand straight for the mark, and entwining the fore-legs, brought the poor creature crashing, kicking, and panting to the sod. Leaping from the saddle the *Guacho* passed a knife through her throat, and then began the removal of her pelt—almost in less time than it takes to tell; and then our cavalcade

swept over a rise in the pampa, and he was lost to view. Meantime, the patriarch, with the dogs at his heels, followed steadily on; but his head was not so high or carried so jauntily, and his *single* (tail) no longer waved tantalizingly to the breeze; evidently his period of ultimate endurance and speed had passed.

Now the ground was like a shaven lawn, a circumstance upon which I congratulated myself, since *bayo blunco* (the cream) was too fiery and nervous for such high rate of speed over rough or broken country. Our host led the van, mounted on a favorite lazo horse that every now and again pricked up ears and ducked his head as if expecting the whirr of the thong. Next, crowding one another, came Auld Geordie and the Lieutenant, riding with a recklessness that spoke little for necks, should either chance to stumble in a *bizcacha* hole, the former a veritable boy in excitement, and deeming it imperative he, of all persons, should be first at the death. I followed, abreast of Enrique, who long before had taken all the conceit from me, for though he had not been remounted and his steed moreover but a raw youngster, rode with grace and ease utterly indescribable, taking less by far out of his mount than any other member of the party; indeed, his scraggy and "gothic" animal was, to all purposes, the freshest of the lot.

I vainly assayed to steady my wayward cream and hold back for the final burst, but he either would not or could not understand being refused his head. It was war to the bitter end between us, and he gave me a harder half-day's task than I ever knew before or since. My back and arms are even now given to aching twinges when the experience is recalled.

The deer was yet fleet and determined, and though manifestly weakening, the race was far from won: and soon he essayed an extra spurt, during which even the dogs found it difficult to hold their own. With the



close of the seventh or eighth mile, the ground began to dip, much to our advantage, and it looked as if we would speedily run in upon the quarry; but when the horses were fairly on the dogs, and the latter less than thirty rods behind the deer, a bit of rough lost us all that had been gained. Two miles more and we were again bounding over smooth sward, gaining at every stride, and presently went thundering up a *coulé* or hollow between two sharp ridges that headed in a broad belt of forest that marked the course of the river. At one high steep point the trees grew to the very edge of the ridge, and here the buck suddenly breasted the ascent, at which we went also, plying whip and spur utterly unmindful of our cattle, for should the game once enter the forest, we might whistle for his head.

*Bayo* now took the lead—I was no way loath he should have his own way,—and speedily put half a dozen lengths between us and all rivals. And now, for a few seconds, it was a terrific struggle; but a few yards from the top, when another dozen of leaps would have ensured his safety, the deer was overrun by the dogs, who seized him by the throat bearing him heavily to earth. Flinging myself from the saddle I rushed into the *melée*, and seizing one of the beams of the great antlers vainly endeavored to drive the blade of a pocket-knife into the buck's weasand. An instant later Mac was beside me and brought his hunting-blade into play, when with a rush of crimson and a great sigh, the patriarch yielded up the ghost. A wild waving of hats, shaking of hands and general congratulations crowned the victory; and then Enrique set to work to despoil the quarry of his skin and antlers, a procedure that caused a speedy stampede to the windward, so intensely overpowering was the musky odor.

On our way back we picked up Juan, who had secured the pelt of the doe—much the finer of the two, by

the way, and less offensive as to odor; there also hung from his *recado* a foetal fawn, esteemed a great delicacy by "men of the pampas," inasmuch as it is free from the nauseating effluvia that obtains to adults.

At dusk we rode into the courtyard of the *estancia*, well wearied, but eager for the table; and having removed the traces of the chase we sat down to a bounteous Christmas feast that offered not only the customary Anglo-Saxon delicacies, but likewise such novelties as roast *carpincho* (water hog), and *armadillo* baked in its armor—the latter especially a dish not to be despised.

Afterwards came a *bullio*, the *Gua-chos* for leagues around assembling in clean handkerchiefs and much bedollared *chirupas* and *calconicellas*, their black-eyed sweethearts with glossy braids, white and pink *chemisetas* and many-colored *rebosas*, when the great hall resounded to the scraping of violins, and twanging guitars, echoed by merry laugh, and the sound of tripping feet. Even "Senor Medico" trod a measure with such success as to convince the natives his early education had not been entirely neglected; and when he essayed a Highland Fling to the accompaniment of the bagpipe, the like of which had never been seen in Banda-Oriental—or elsewhere for that matter,—the assemblage with wondrous unanimity voted him a *buffonillo*; and little later as the result of timeworn tricks with cards, supplemented by slight of hand and ventriloquial performances, was bestowed the brevet of *mucho endemoniado* ("a good deal of a Devil"), a rank by no means to be sneezed at in such august company.

For three days the festivities persisted; dancing, card-playing and feasting at night; horse-racing and cock-fighting by day; love-making and *cana* and *maté* drinking at all hours; and it was not until the *fiesta* broke up with a grand *zama cueca* that we could again resume our hunting.



BY J. H. LONG.\*

**J**UTTING out towards the Cornish coast lies that quaint corner of France, that home of legend, the Province of Brittany. In its ruined towers, its Druid stones, its wayside crosses, it speaks to us of "Arthur and his Table Round," of simple faith, of many a fight for Church and King. A land it is of thoughtful, earnest folk, full of trust in God and of love for their ancient Celtic tongue; credulous, perchance, and untutored, but honest and fearless as their ocean waves.

Out on this storm-swept coast lies the little city of St. Malo, with its narrow streets and frowning fortress: St. Malo, whose burghers are proud of their sea-dogs, who, under Duguay Trouin and others, chased the fleets of England round her coasts.

Had we chanced to be in this quaint old town in the month of May, 1535, we should have found it all bustle and excitement; and, asking the first sailor we met what was the cause thereof, we should be told that the Captain Jacques Cartier was about to voyage for the New World. Hurrying hither and thither, the sailors are taking a long farewell of loved ones. For it was no holiday trip, this cross-

ing of the Atlantic then, as it is now. There were then no Ocean Greyhounds, no well-defined lines of travel, no light-houses on dangerous coasts. But more. "The rocks and shores had, so thought the voyagers, other tenants than the seal, the walrus, the screaming sea-fowl, and the wild natives in their seal skins." Griffins, so ran the story, infested the mountains of Labrador. Two islands north of Labrador were given over to the fiends, from whom they derived their name, "The Isles of Devils."

Not that no voyages had ere this been made to western lands. Columbus, the Cabots, Cortéreal, and others had crossed the ocean; while Spain, Portugal, and England alike were dreaming of a shorter route to India and of golden lands beyond the sea. France, however, entered late upon the scene, for her energies had been engrossed in the wars against Charles the Fifth. It is true that her fishermen had visited the Banks of Newfoundland; that Denis of Honfleur and Aubert of Dieppe had sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; that De Léry had attempted to colonize Sable Island, the sole memorial of which attempt remains in the wild cattle still roaming that "ocean graveyard." But these ventures were only transient in their re-

\*The writer must acknowledge his obligation to M. Ernest Myrand of Quebec, author of that very interesting book, "*Une fête de Noël*."

sults; and France saw her supremacy on the sea passing away from her.

Thus it was that, in 1534, Canada was still a *terra incognita*. But time is ever ready with her man; when the hour had struck, the hero appears. That man and hero was Jacques Cartier, the Captain of St. Malo. Bred to the sea, of hardy Breton stock, Cartier had, no doubt, made voyages to the Fishing Banks. In 1534, indeed, he had reached the coast of Newfoundland, and, entering the present Bay of Chaleurs, had erected on the Gaspé headland a cross with the lily shield and the words, *Vive le roi de France*. But the season was advanced; and so, having sailed up the gulf and river a little way, he returned to St. Malo, bearing with him, as willing to accompany him, the sons of a native chieftain.

The accounts of the new land so impressed the King that Cartier was enabled to fit out a second expedition. The curtain was about to rise upon the real history of Canada. Thus, could we have found ourselves in St. Malo on that spring morning, 360 years ago, we should have met throngs of sailors and their friends hurrying to the Cathedral, where, having confessed and said mass, they received the blessing of the good bishop, and then bade farewell to parent, child, and wife. Yes, as D'Arcy McGee says in his poem:

"In the seaport of St. Malo,  
'Twas a smiling morn in May,  
When the commodore, Jacques Cartier,  
To the westward sailed away.  
In the crowded old cathedral  
All the town were on their knees,  
For the safe return of kinsmen  
From the undiscovered seas."

His fleet consisted of three ships:—*La Grande Hermine* of 120 tons; *La*

*Petite Hermine* of 60 tons, and *L'Emérillon* of 40 tons; with, all told, 110 men. The little squadron, dispersed by adverse winds, did not reach the mouth of the St. Lawrence until the middle of July; and, on the 10th of August, the Feast of St. Laurent, it entered a little bay forming part of our great gulf known since by the name of that saint.

Cartier now made his way up the River toward the heart of the Continent. Who can paint his feelings as,



JACQUES CARTIER.

day by day, he saw its mighty bosom stretch ever before him? Above, the blue Canadian sky, flecked here and there with little clouds or crossed by an eagle's flight; on either side, the shores coming ever nearer and fringed with their forest trees. Past the Rocher Percé he sailed; past the mouth of the Saguenay, the gloomy portal of the abode of the lost; past Cape Tourmente, until at last he dropped anchor at the Isle of Bacchus, now the Isle of Orleans. "Indians," we read, "came



swarming from the shores, paddled their canoes about the ships, and clambered on the decks to gaze at the novel scene and to listen to the story of their comrades whom Cartier had taken home to France."



CARTIER ARRIVES AT STADACONA.

As he drew near the opening of the channel, the river again spread out before him; and then he, first of white men, gazed upon that scene of wondrous beauty. As Parkman writes, "Clothed in the mystery of solitude, breathing the stern poetry of the wilderness, rose the cliffs now rich with historic memories; where Frontenac cast defiance at his foes; where Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery fell. As yet all was a nameless barbarism; and a cluster of wigwams held the site of the rock-built city of Quebec."

Friendly visits were exchanged between Cartier and the Chief, Donnacona; and Cartier learned that Stadacona, the Indian village at this point, was not the metropolis of the region. That honor belonged to a town some days' journey farther up. From his resolve to visit that town the Indians tried in many ways to dissuade him. The god Condouagny would, they said, send storms of rain and hail if the white man persisted in travelling toward the setting sun. But Cartier made light of their fears; and, having towed his two larger vessels within

the mouth of the St. Charles, he, with the galleon, two open boats, and about 50 men, made his way toward Hochelaga. But there had been then no Lake St. Peter Channel improvements; and, as a consequence, the galleon stranded. She was left where she was, and the party proceeded in the open boats, at last reaching the spot where Montreal now stands, and finding the shore lined with Indians, who welcomed the strangers with gifts and food.

The next day at dawn the French exchanged courtesies with the chiefs, and marched, panoplied and armed, to the capital city, Hochelaga. Around it were the ripened maize fields, and enclosing it were the palisades, with ladders, magazines and weapons; for this was the Iroquois' stronghold. Within were the Indian houses, each house containing several fires and families; while, in the centre of the enclosure, was a large, open square. Into this square crowded the inhabitants, examining the faces, clothes, and arms of the bearded strangers. When the ground had been covered with mats, the chief was borne in, weak, crippled, and old. He made a feeble sign of welcome, and then implored the healing touch of the French captain. Cartier complied; and forthwith all the lame, the halt, the blind, crowded about him as if he were a god. Cartier, thus appealed to, read to them the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the Cross, and uttered a prayer, finishing with the reading of Christ's passion and death, all in French, and to all of which the natives listened with respectful attention. This was followed, of course, by an exchange of presents, and, as a finale, by a blast of the French bugles.

Cartier and his party now marched through the gate toward the height

called by him Mount Royal. With the aid of friendly guides this height was climbed; and, as Parkman says: "From the summit that noble prospect met his eye which, at this day, is the delight of tourists; but, strangely changed since, first of white men, the Breton voyageur gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire; congregated roofs, white sail, and gliding steamer now animate its vast expanse. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all; and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert; and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in the illimitable woods."

Planting a cross with the *Fleur-de-llys* on Mt. Royal, the French retraced their way to Stadacona. There they found that their comrades had built a fort, in front of which their ships lay moored. This fort stood at the junction of the Lairet and the St. Charles, the St. Charles at that time being called the Ste. Croix. Here the little company proceeded to pass the winter; and thus began one of the most touching episodes in Canadian annals: this long winter vigil. Soon the nights became cold, and the landscape white with snow. The sailors were not prepared for the rigors of the climate; and this was a season of exceptional severity. The snow fell to a depth of four feet above the level of the ships, and the ice in the Ste. Croix was ten feet thick.

This then, is what we should have seen, had we been set down at Quebec in that eventful winter. Just under the fort are two buildings of planks, like sheds, with sharp roofs, but no dormer windows. Through the roof a

chimney sends up its smoke; and, at the end of one building, there is a little belfry. Beneath these shelters lie Cartier's ships. The sailors had lowered the topmasts, and covered the decks. But even this did not keep out the cold. It was so cold that the liquors froze in the casks, and the bulwarks, spars, and cordage were one mass of ice. We can but faintly imagine the feelings of these brave men as the snow grew deeper and the cold more bitter. But they did not despair; for they had stout hearts, loyalty to their king, and trust in God. So they piled the wood into the rude Norman stoves, sang their sea-songs, and retold the ancient Breton legends.

For a time, everything went fairly well. It is true, the Indians had become somewhat suspicious: their curiosity was satisfied, and they began to show their native cupidity. Gradually they ceased their friendly visits, and guards were set against a possible attack. But this was a minor matter; a far greater calamity now appeared, a dread malady broke out among the crews. Day by day its ravages increased; and it seemed as if none



CARTIER AND THE INDIANS.

would see their native land. Thus drew nigh the birth of Christ, the first Christmas in Canada.

Let us approach the vessels on Christmas Eve. Making our way through the forest—taking care not to

alarm the Indians—we find ourselves at *La Grande Hermine*. Opening the hatchway, we are greeted by a puff of air, fragrant with incense, burning tapers, and the odor of the spruce; and there falls upon our ears the Gospel of the first of the Christmas masses in the sonorous tones of the chaplain, Dom Guillaume Le Breton.

Descending, we find ourselves in the battery-room. The guns are garlanded with green; and the sides are bright with festoons of branches, living plants, and moss. The port-holes, wreathed with evergreens, bear, on the starboard side, the word "France," on the port side "Bretagne." Aft is the altar: a table supported upon bundles of oars, and covered with linen cloth. Behind is a great panoply of the arms of the crew arranged like a fan; daggers, pistols as large as carbines, arquebuses, gauntlets, coats of mail—all the weapons of that decaying age of feudalism. Above the altar is a baldequin ingeniously wrought of the ship's rigging, with a background of sails: the word "St. Malo" in the centre, and the canvas marked by the ship's emblems, the ermine, the falcon, the curlew. At the side of the altar, is an old picture on wood, of the Virgin and her Child, a picture given to Jacques Cartier, as a safeguard of the voyage, by the Prior of the abbey of Rocamadour, and dating back to the time of Charlemagne. Ranged in the centre of the room are fifty men, all who remain safe and sound from the crew. There they stand in a body, honest Norman and Breton sailors, with a few gentlemen of France, our first pioneers, the men who opened up Canada to civilization.

At their head stands Jacques Cartier; at his right, his brother-in-law, Jalobert, captain of *La Petite Hermine*; at his left, Bastille, captain of *L'Émérillon*. Cartier, Canada's earliest hero is tall, but bends forward somewhat, as if scanning the horizon; the eye large and limpid; the nose long

and rather thin; the mouth firm and commanding; the beard black and pointed, after the fashion of the time—a man you would choose from a hundred for your leader. While our eyes are wandering from the altar to the men, and then about the room, we hear the strong, clear voice of Jean Hamel singing that grand old chant, "Adeste, fideles læti triumphantes," the sailors taking up the refrain, "Venite, adoremus; venite adoremus; venite, adoremus Dominion." And, as they sing, they see by the gleam of their burning tapers, not their lonely surroundings, but their dear Breton and Norman homes; their ships are no longer frozen in among the forests of the west, but ride safe at anchor under the walls of St. Malo.

But let us hasten to the other ships. Descending the hatchway of *La Petite Hermine*, we find ourselves in a far different scene. Three binnacle lamps suspended from the ceiling dimly light up the open space; and little trundle beds have taken the place of the guns. We are in the hospital of the expedition. Side by side lie those stricken down by the plague. As we pass, we see the convulsive movements and the distorted features, we hear the groans and cries, and we watch the approach of the stupor of death. Slowly moving up and down, the good chaplain gives his words of cheer, and catches the broken messages to loved ones at home that escape from swollen lips and parched throat. Then he steps forward and recites the prayers of the Nativity, the sailors joining in the responses. This done, their captain orders the bugle sound of the morning watch; and, as it rings o'er hill and rock and river, they rise from their cots, as best they can, these worn, weary men, and shout to their comrades the welcomes of that first Canadian Christmas morn. Yes, and turning their faces towards the East, they



almost hear the carols from the shores of France.

But we must pass on: there is another ship to visit, *L'Emerillon*. From the *La Petite Ermine* we reach the open air, so fresh and sweet; and hear the sentinels changing guard as we pass the fort: for the little ship lies at some distance from the others. Entering, we find ourselves in the fore-castle, which a lamp from the ceiling but dimly lights. Through the open port-holes comes a fitful breeze. And there, in the centre of the room, lies a rude coffin, and within it the first of the victims of the plague. Very touching was that first funeral in Canada. While we wait, the body has become hard and cold. Then enter certain officers and men, and the simple rite begins. The "De Profundis" and the "Pater Noster" are sung; and the saints are called upon; St. Philip, the patron of the dead sailor, St. Malo of the City, St. Louis of the King. The little procession now files past the coffin, each comrade kissing the dead lad, and dropping upon the body a spray of evergreen; while the last one takes the taper from his hand, to carry it to the mother across the sea. The first, I have said, of the victims of the plague; for of the 110 men of the fleet, 26 died. Jacques Cartier writes, in his quiet way, that only 10 men were sound, so that—piteous thing to see—the living could not wait upon the dead. Again he writes, "There are in the whole fleet not three well men, and in one of our ships there is no one at all able to bring a

drink of water to his dying comrades." This was why they buried the dead upon the ice of the *Lairet*; that, in case any were alive in the spring, the bodies might be laid in the ground; but, in case all were dead, they might be carried out to sea. "For," as they said, "the ocean is the home and the death-bed of the sailors of France. Better that the sea should be their grave than that they should be the



CARTIER LEARNS THE SECRET OF THE CURE.

prey of the wild beasts of the forest!"

But lo! as we look through the port-holes of the now empty ship, we see the sun just lighting up the first Canadian Christmas Day.

Week by week the malady increased. They appealed to the saints; they affixed an image of the Virgin to a tree; they knelt, worn, weary and bleeding, in the snow, and said their litanies. But all was in vain. Day by day the dead were carried

forth; day by day the strong were stricken down; until, one day, Cartier met an Indian who had himself suffered from the disease and had recovered. From him he learned the secret of the cure; it was the decoction of an evergreen, the ameda. The sick men drank eagerly of the draught, and health and strength returned.

By this time the first signs of spring had appeared; the sun had grown warmer, the air had taken in the freshness of the new year. At last the ice in the river began to move; first in the St. Lawrence, then in the St. Charles, and then in the Lairet. No time was lost in fitting out for the return voyage. Enough had been learned to fire the hearts of their countrymen at home. They had heard of lands of gems and gold, away to the West; of lands of vines and maize fields—yes, of lands where white men dwelt, it was said, like unto themselves. But who would believe them as they told these tales? "Will they take our word?" Cartier asked himself. Were it not better that the Indians should relate these marvels to the king? And were it not a goodly thing that these Indians should be civilized and Christianized? Thus he argued with himself; and at last he did that one thing which has stained his memory; he lured Donnacona and nine brother chiefs into the fort, had them seized, put upon ship-board, and taken to France. They were, it is true, treated with all kindness; they were baptized in the old Cathedral of Rouen. But none of them returned to Canada; they died in exile, far from their native land.

But we are anticipating. The cross was once more set up, with the *Fleur-de-lys*; the sails were spread to the breeze; and the two larger ships—the *Emerillon* being left behind, for she was old and infirm even when she had sailed—turned their prows towards the East. In July, 1536, they sighted

the Breton coast, and soon were moored in the harbor of St. Malo.

Thus ended the most memorable voyage in Canadian history; most memorable, not only because it opened Canada to the Old World, but also because of its almost insurmountable difficulties. For it was not merely a voyage across the Atlantic, as was that of Cabot or of Columbus. It was, added to this, the navigation, for 900 miles, of an unknown and dangerous river; it was the wintering in a new world amidst hostile Indians and in a season of unexampled severity. Well, then, might St. Malo rejoice when the ships came home. Well might the cathedral be filled with happy and reverent worshippers. Yes, and each home with eager listeners to the tales of the wonders of the Western land; of the forests, the mountains, the fertile plains; above all, of our own St. Lawrence,

"Whose mighty current gave  
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's  
briny wave;  
As he told them of the glorious scene presented to their sight,  
What time he reared the Cross and Crown on  
Hochelaga's height  
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada  
the key;  
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier  
from his perils o'er the sea."

Yes, and well it is that there stands to-day upon the banks of the old St. Charles, for all time, a memorial of that band of heroes. A granite monument it is, surrounded by a cross of masts and sails. Below are the arms of St. Malo; and, on the side, these words: "Jacques Cartier and his comrades, the sailors of *La Grand Hermine*, *La Petite Hermine* and *L'Émérillon* passed here the winter of 1535-6." This spot is, to my mind, the most historic in all our broad Dominion; for it is where one, and the first, of the two great races whence Canadians are sprung, obtained its earliest foothold on Canadian soil.

## THE LOYALISTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY A SON OF THE LOYALISTS.

WHEN the American Revolution came to an end, and England made her peace with the seceders, she was so bent on being generous to her enemies that she failed in common justice to the friends who had staked all upon her fidelity and prowess. The war, made possible by the selfish stupidity of parliament in denying to the colonists the rights of free British subjects, was a stinging humiliation to the motherland before the eyes of all peoples. But more humiliating beyond measure was the peace which abandoned the Loyalists to their fate. The treaty made no provision for them, except that it pledged congress to commend them to the kind consideration of the various States! This clause of the treaty called forth indignant protest, both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords. Wilberforce said, "When I consider the case of the Loyalists I confess I there feel myself conquered; I there see my country humiliated; I see her at the feet of America." Lord Sackville said, "A peace founded on the sacrifice of these unhappy subjects must be accursed in the sight of God and man." The worried ministry, however, pleaded necessity. In piteous tones they protested—"We had but the alternative either to accept the terms proposed, or continue the war." But the honor of England demanded that her last penny should be spent, her last sword shattered in war, before she forsook those whom she was bound by every tie to defend. The compensations which, as we shall presently see, she afterwards granted to the Loyalists, were but the tardy rendering of a partial justice.

But the destiny that governs na-

tions was working to great ends. It was decreed that of stern and well-tried stuff should be built a nation to inherit the northern half of this continent. The migration of the Loyalists will some day come to be recognized as one of those movements which have changed the course of history. It will be acknowledged as not less significant and far-reaching in its results than the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. For, without detracting from the achievement of our French fellow-citizens, who have moulded a great province, it is but truth to say that the United Empire Loyalists were the makers of Canada. They brought to the making about 30,000 people of the choicest stock the colonies could boast. They were an army of leaders, for it was the loftiest heads which attracted the wrath of the revolutionists. The most influential judges, the most distinguished lawyers, the most highly educated of the clergy, the members of council of the various colonies, the crown officials, people of culture and social distinction, these, with the faithful few whose fortunes followed theirs, were the Loyalists. Canada owes deep gratitude indeed to her southern kinsmen, who thus, from Maine to Georgia, picked out their choicest spirits and sent them forth to people her northern wilds.

For those of the Loyalists who were loyal because of the offices which they held under the Crown, trouble of course began long before the outbreak of the war. This was especially the case in Massachusetts, where indignant patriots proved their patriotism by burning Governor Hutchinson's mansion, mobbing sheriffs and judges, driving feeble old men



into the woods, and heaping foul insults upon the wives and daughters of officials. Where the violence was directed merely against crown officers in the act of enforcing obnoxious statutes, of course much allowance must be made. When collectors of the tea duty, or officers executing the Stamp Act, were tarred and feathered, such ebullitions may be regarded as merely an energetic form of protest. But the violence of protest soon deepened into the violence of persecution. On the approach of war the line between the Loyalists and Revolutionists widened to a gulf of hate. Many of the Loyalists could not have been other than loyal, because their sense of duty forbade them to rebel, although they were ready enough to seek redress of grievances in a constitutional way. Yet others again, divided in their sympathies, not certain as to the right course, or merely averse to the miseries of war, hesitated. But all these alike, in the eyes of the revolutionary party, were traitors. The word traitor was put to a novel use when it was applied to the Loyalists.

When Gage, outgeneralled by Washington at the very beginning of the war, evacuated Boston, he took with him hundreds of loyal citizens, who dared not trust their lives to the men of Massachusetts. A little later, after the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, the ladies belonging to that army were grossly insulted during their captivity in Boston. These ladies were not Loyalists, but the wives of English or German officers. With Loyalist women it was far worse. The wife and daughter of an absent Loyalist, Captain Fenton, were stripped naked, tarred and feathered, and led about the city by the chivalrous citizens of Boston. It has been well asked by a distinguished historian "Were not the Loyalists, Americans, and did not their wrongs exceed any of those done to Americans by the king?"

Where, as was the case in parts of the south, the population was fairly divided between Loyalist and Revolutionist, the fight was waged with intense ferocity, and dreadful barbarisms were practiced on both sides. Noted partizan leaders arose, like Tarleton on the loyal side, Marion on the side of the Revolutionists. Adventurous chiefs like these gathered troops of followers, who smarted to avenge either public or private, real or fancied, wrongs; and a vindictive guerilla warfare was waged. Each side did cruel outrage in the name of the cause which it held sacred.

When at length peace was declared, terrible was the case of the vanquished. Peace should sheath the sword, and bring forgetfulness of vengeance; but this peace meant the opportunity of the victors. It was followed by barbarities which put a stain on the escutcheon of the young Republic. The state governments deliberately plundered, and drove out in abject poverty men guilty of nothing but fair fight in a lawful cause. At Charleston, when the king's troops sailed away, the spectacle that greeted their backward gaze was one that English cheeks must blush to think of. The bodies of twenty-four Loyalists, abandoned to their foes by the country they had fought for, swung from a row of gibbets on the wharf. It is not civilization, but blind barbarism, that takes such vengeance upon the vanquished. Men like Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Greene, jealous for the honor of their cause, protested, but in vain. At length the cry that went up from the suffering Loyalists grew so bitter that England tardily gave ear.

Sir Guy Carleton was the chief mover in the work of rescue, but Governor Haldimand in Quebec and Governor Parr in Nova Scotia lent effective aid. It was decided that the refugees should be located in Western Canada, in Nova Scotia, and on the Island of St. John; that they should be given grants of land according to

their rank and standing, in extent from one hundred acres up to several thousand; and that they should be fed by the government till their lands should begin to make return. The Loyalists of the Atlantic coast gathered in the seaport towns, where ships were speedily provided. Others, dwelling inland, were directed to make their rendezvous at Niagara, Sackett's Harbor, Oswego, and the foot of Lake Champlain. In the year 1783, the great exodus took place, and the Loyalists flocked across the border into the land which they and their descendants have made great. They divided into two main streams, one moving eastward to the Maritime Provinces, the other flowing westward to the region north of the lakes.

From 1783 to 1790 the British Government kept commissioners at work inquiring into the claims of the Loyalists and granting them partial indemnities. The total amount paid out by Great Britain in this way was nearly \$15,000,000, which does not include the value of the general land grants, implements, and supplies of food which were issued. The sons of the Loyalists, on coming of age, were entitled to certain grants and privileges. In 1789, therefore, was compiled that roll of honor known as the United Empire List, consisting of the names of all the Loyalists who had fled out of the republic during the previous five years. These were to be known thenceforward as the United Empire Loyalists, and after their names they were entitled to place the letters U. E. L.

Among the supplies granted to the loyal immigrants, were tools for building their houses, and implements for clearing and tilling their lands. A few of the settlements were so fortunate as to receive portable mills for the grinding of their grain. The greater number of the pioneers, however, in Upper Canada at least, had no such luxuries as mills. Their grain was chiefly Indian corn and wild rice. These they

crushed between stones, or with an axe; and with the broken stuff they made a rough bread. But this clumsy process was soon superseded by the "hominy block,"—a hardwood stump with a large hollow burned in the top of it. In this hollow the grain was pounded with a great wooden rammer or "plumper." Sometimes a "hominy block" was large enough to hold a bushel or two of grain at a time; and in such a case the grinding was done by a stone with a heavily-weighted "sweep," or long pole, attached to it. Of course, as prosperity advanced these primitive contrivances were soon set aside, and grist mills took their place.

As the settlers felled the great trees which covered their domains, they used the logs to build their cabins and their barns. Such sawed lumber as they absolutely required, they got out laboriously with the "whip saw" and "cross-cut." Many of these men were quite new to the use of axe and saw. Not a few had been accustomed to life in social centres; but now they made their homes in harshest isolation. Often miles of savage forest severed them from their nearest neighbors. They had been used to snug cottages, well-stored, roomy farm-houses, or perhaps to those stately old colonial mansions wherein reigned a hospitality all but princely. Now they betook themselves to a log dwelling, often with but one room and one window. Its roof would be mere sheets of bark stretched on a layer of poles; its chinks would be stuffed with moss and clay to keep out the wind. Their chimneys at first were perilous structures of sticks and clay. As soon as possible, however, they reproduced the ample chimneys of their former dwellings, built of rough stone or coarse and ill shaped brick; and thousands of such chimneys stand to this day, occupying a hugely disproportionate space in the houses which they both serve and dominate.

Into these rude first dwellings of the Loyalists came some articles of

luxury, brought from rich homes on the Susquehannah, the Hudson, or the Connecticut. To-day the sons of the Loyalists point with pride to tall, old clocks, to time-stained chairs and "secretaries," that shared the changed fortunes of their ancient owners and withstood the rough journey from the world into the wilderness. Some of the Loyalist cabins, however, had no furniture but a bed made of four poles, with strips of bass-wood bark woven between them. The toil of clearing and planting sometimes left no time for the construction of luxuries like chairs and tables. Thesaving off actual famine took all the settlers' energies. In parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of course, where the way was already opened up by older settlers the new comers had less hardships to endure; but by far the greater portion of the country allotted to the Loyalists was remote and unbroken wilderness.

In the subduing of this wilderness, the Loyalists were not at first convincingly successful. Many of them, as we have seen, were by no means fitted for the life into which they had been so harshly thrust. In 1787, just when they were being thrown upon their own resources by the Government, the stubborn soil rebelled against its new masters and the crops failed. This was in the lake region.

Though the Government had only undertaken to feed the immigrants for three years, some of the more shiftless among them had made no provision for the time when this help would cease. Others, who had done their best, had yet been unfortunate in the battle with frost and wild beasts. The following year, 1788, was one of the bitterest privation, till a rich harvest ended the anguish. Its memory comes down to us under the name of the "Hungry Year." The people had to dig those wild, tuberous roots which children know as "ground nuts." Butternuts and beech-nuts were sought with eager pains. Men sold their

farms for a little flour, or even the coarsest bran. The early buds of the bass-wood were gathered and boiled, with the weed called "lambs-quarters," and pig weed, and the wild "Indian cabbage." Game of all sorts was fairly abundant,—deer, rabbits, turkeys, pigeons; but powder and shot were scarce. Gaunt men crept about with poles, striving to knock down the wild pigeons; or they angled all day with awkward, home-made hocks for a few chub or perch to keep their families from starvation. In one settlement a beef-bone was passed from house to house, that each household might boil it a little while and so get a flavor in the pot of unsalted bran soup. A few of the weak and aged actually died of starvation during these famine months; and others were poisoned by eating noxious roots which they had grubbed up in the woods. As the summer wore on, however, the heads of wheat, oats, and barley began to grow plump. People gathered hungrily to the fields, to pluck and devour the green heads. Boiled, these were a luxury; and hope stole back to the starving settlement.

But this year had marked the climax of their trials; and thenceforward the Loyalists of Upper Canada made swift progress. At the very beginning they had realized the value of co-operation; and instead of each man painfully levelling his own patch of forest, hauling his own logs, building his own meagre cabin, a system of "frolics" or "bees" was instituted. There were "chopping frolics," and "building bees." Later, when the cleared fields began to yield generous crops, and the frame-house little by little took the place of the log-cabin or shanty, then came "husking bees" and "framing bees." When a new homestead was to be raised, along the raw roads and "blazed" trails the men of the townships came flocking to the neighbourly task. On such occasions, (when once the first hard years were over), there was free mirth



and rough but wholesome abundance. The daring of wolves and bears made pork, mutton, and beef all too scarce; but venison and wild turkeys were on hand; with pies of wild fruit, and pyramids of smoking corn-bread or "johnny-cake." A delicacy much favored at these festivities was known as "pumpkin-cake," which consisted of a mixture of boiled pumpkin and cornmeal, sweetened with maple sugar, spiced, and baked. Or it was made without sweetening, and eaten with butter. At such festivals, as at ordinary times, the spoons and dishes used were generally of wood, the white fine-grained wood of the poplar being preferred for the purpose. Little by little these wooden utensils were replaced by pewter, which came to the pioneer's door in the packs of occasional Yankee peddlers. This pewter, under much scouring, was made to shine like silver.

Long after our Loyalist fathers had learned to satisfy their robust appetites with generous and varied backwoods fare, their dress kept its primitive simplicity. At first, of course, they had the ordinary costumes of the pre-revolution time which they brought with them. These, in the case of the wealthier classes, were quite too gorgeous and elaborate for wear in the woods. The men would outshine the most dazzling belle of our more sober day. Imagine a Robinson, a Van

Alstine, a Delancy, in the woods, dressed in a white flapping frock coat of blue damask lined with velvet, white satin waistcoat, black satin tight knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and red morroco slippers with huge silver buckles covering the whole instep; or in a pea-green coat, white silk vest, and yellow nankeen knee-breeches, with garter-bows dangling to the ankles. Perhaps for informal occasions the Loyalist gentry would be content with stockings of some dark hue, and wide-skirted coat of snuff-color, bottle green, or claret. Certain it is, however, that most of the Loyalists had small choice in the matter of clothes, after they had been a year or two in the new land. As speedily as possible flax and hemp were grown, and the clacking loom became an institution in every settlers cabin. Coarse linen was woven; and blankets of hemp mixed with hair from hides. But wool was long a scarce article, owing to the fondness of Canadian wolves for Loyalist sheep. Many a bride among the Loyalists had nothing but deerskin for her wedding garment.

But the stubborn energy of these pioneers, which had made them so obnoxious to their adversaries, in due course carved success out of misfortune. The Canada of to-day is their monument.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



## OH, MY COLLEEN !

*An Outline.*

BY "KIT."

HER limbs trembled as she stood waiting on the shabby landing outside the parlor door. There was no sound from the inside, but she knew they were there. A queer "something" rose in her throat, and she put up her hands to untie the little black muffler that lay close about her neck. She could hear the clinking of glasses in the bar below, and the loud laughter of the Mullingar jobbers as they joked with the good-natured bar-maid, Miss Roach. A waiter passed by with a steaming jug of hot water on his tray, and glasses, and sugar-basin, and the fat, black whiskey-bottle. Some one was going to make punch.

She wondered vaguely why they never put lemon-peel in the punch they make in Ireland. It was an English fashion, she once heard her father say. He wouldn't do it because he hated everything English.

At that moment, she remembered, oddly enough, how angry her father had been with "Mickeen"—the old butler, gardener and coachman rolled into one, that they had at home—when, one night that some "quality" were dining at the old house, Mickeen dared to set a couple of lemons on the punch-tray. Poor Mickeen ! how small and shrunken he looked in one of "the masher's" old evening suits as he shambled out that night with a lemon in each hand and a "flay in his ear," as he afterwards told old Betty in the kitchen, "Begob, he near kilt me wid the look he put on me."

The girl nearly laughed out as she thought of it.

Just then, the low sound of voices came from the room, piercing the closed door—Irish voices, with the

sweet, soft cadences of educated brogue, the voices she had *starved* for so long. Her heart beat shockingly for a moment. She felt as if she were dying. Then she turned the door-knob quickly and went in.

She could not see them at first. A black shadow danced before her eyes, and weights seemed to grow at her heels. She could not step quickly, to save her life. Then, as she waited—waited for the shaking in her limbs to cease, and the weights to lift from her feet, the shadow melted into the glow of the firelight and she saw them.

He—her father—stood upright before the fire, facing her as she entered. A great figure—a tall, deep-breasted, big man, with generous arms outspread waiting for his little girl, his Colleen, his *gra-chree* ! It was the attitude of Christ on the cross—all-embracing, beautiful. His face shone with a great light of joy, and longing, and expectancy—a holy light.

"Here she is," he said in a whisper to that other waiting figure. "Here she is, Mary."

He never moved a step toward the slight figure that stood just inside the door. He never changed his position. His mighty arms were still outstretched waiting for her. And she could not come. Not yet.

She turned her gaze from her father to the bent figure in the chair. She looked—after ten years—on her mother's face—the thin, delicate, blind face. Just now, it was a listening face, with that air of patient quiet upon it that makes the pathos of blind faces so heart-breaking a thing to see. The fire blazed merrily in the wide grate, and the clock on the chimney-piece

made a great-to-do in the silence. The girl walked laggingly across the room towards the wide arms stretched there for her. "Would those weights never lift?" she thought, as she dragged one foot after the other over the shabby carpet. A step more and he reached and caught her, and wrapped his great arms about her, telling her she was home. Home! His own little girl! His *gra-cheen*! His Colleen! Home! In the shelter at last!

After that came a silence. The waiting figure in the chair turned slightly towards them, but they never saw it. His head was bent above the girl's fair hair, and a great tear, like a dewdrop, rolled softly upon the shining coils. He was whispering a prayer, a strong, deep, thankful word to the God that had sent her home to him at last! And she—lost in his vast embrace was lying against the warmth of his heart, a little child again. The sad years fell from her; the hard, sorrowful, dreadful years that these two should never hear about. She crept a little closer to him as she thought about them.

"And isn't there a word or a kiss at all for me?"

The girl stirred in her father's arms, turned her face and looked at the figure in the chair. A streak of pain lined the thin, old cheeks; the blind, up-turned eyes seemed to pierce their own darkness.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the girl, slipping from her father's arms to her knees in a moment.

Then she took the warm figure into her strong, young arms, yearning over it, "My mother, my own mother!"

Softly, lightly, the mother's fingers crept over the girl's face, lingering a little about the eyes and nose and mouth, stroking the bright hair, the throat, the shoulders.

"The same little face," she said tenderly, "the same little turn-up nose, and round cheeks, and big eyes. You're more like your great-aunt Molly

Blake, than ever, me pet. I declare you are. Isn't she, Jim?"

"Motherree, motherree!" whispered the girl, kissing the faded hands passionately. "I'm not a bit changed, little motherree. I'm just the same old Irish girl I was long ago. Not a bit 'Yankee' after all those years in America. Am I father?"

She shot him a warning look as she spoke. He was still standing with his back to the fire, unconscious of the heat that almost scorched him, of the tears that were whipping his cheeks, of everything but the wreck of youth that was before him. This, his girl, his *gra-chree*, his heart's hope and love? This jaded, tired-eyed woman, with the ghost of haunting poverty in her look, her dress, her hands—with whole years of anguish in her big, brown eyes—with all those white threads in the red-gold of her hair—this? God help us—this?

But he never spoke, and the blind woman purred on like a stream gently:

"And you're never going away again, Norah. You're not going back to America any more? We"—

"I'm afraid I must, mother," broke in Norah, sadly. "You see, I'm engaged in business there, and only got three months' leave to be away in. Its a country where most people work hard, and your place is quickly filled up if you're not careful, and ——"

The strong voice of her father broke across her words.

"Stop, child! Look at your mother's face! Look at me! Haven't we been *starving* for you these ten years since you went away from us a slip of a girl, and are you going to be talking about getting back to America in the same breath with your first kiss to us?"

"Shure no," said the girl in her soft brogue, rubbing her head gently against his coat sleeve; "shure, no, father. I won't say another word about going away till after Christmas, I'm so happy, father —." Suddenly she broke into tears.



The big man gathered her up in his arms. "What is it, colleen," he asked in a passionate whisper.

"I—I was only thinking, father, how—the—dogs at home were better off than—than I was—many a time in America."

"And yet you're talking of going back," he said roughly. "And your mother an' me all alone at the old place in Meath, and Margaret married, and Shiela, your mother's white pony, dead and gone—and nothing but the dogs and old Mickeen and Betty to look after us." It heartened the girl to hear this strong, vigorous, big man talking of wanting anyone to look after him. Soon she was laughing, and the mother laughed, though her blind eyes were full of tears.

"Barney," called her father.

A frowsy waiter put his head in at the door.

"Barney, tell Mrs. O'Connor to send up the tea-tray at once. The ladies are dying with cold, and I'll have the makings of a glass of punch myself."

The tears were hardly dry upon his cheek, but he was laughing gaily in spite of the pain in his eyes when he looked at his girl. The queer Irish nature, called shallow by those who never tried to probe the depths of it, the strong, savage, most tender Irish nature, that makes an old woman cry keen tears over the grave of the babe that was dead before it was born—the first-born of her youth—showed itself in the big man's laughter, while the tears were drying stiffly upon his cheeks.

The night sped on. The girl sat between her father and mother, and told them what few brightnesses had lightened life for her through those long, sad years. Not one word did they hear of the failure of high hopes, of the poverty, of the days of actual hunger, of ghastly loneliness, of mighty yearnings for a touch from the old home. The fire grew low as they talked—the women much, the big man little. The mother grew white and

weary at last, and Norah took her to her room and helped her to bed. When she slept, the girl came back to her father. He was sitting in the same place, staring into the red embers. Nothing was left but the heart of the fire, and it was full of pictures.

Norah Blake pulled a low seat beside her father's chair, and laid his passive arm about her neck.

"Now, tell me," he said, gathering her closer, "tell me what brought these here," pointing to the white hair about her temples, "and this, and these," touching the fine lines about her worn eyes.

And then by the firelight she told him; but not all of it—not all. She spared the great, generous heart all the deeper misery of those ghastly years. He never heard of her dreadful marriage. He knew nothing at all of the little child that would inevitably draw her across the sea to the barren loneliness of that other country.

"Let us say a prayer," he said, as the night deepened, when he heard what of her story she willed that he might hear. "Let us say a prayer together. We haven't been together for a weary time, child."

And the great prayer of demand, of appeal, of resignation, the grand prayer of humanity, went up in the shabby little inn-parlor, from the full hearts of father and child, and a passing angel gathered the words and held them in his heart in his upward flight, till he laid them in the lap of God.

"Kiss me, my colleen," said her father, as they stood up. She crept to his arms. He laid his lips on hers, and kissed her as if he would draw her spirit through her lips—kissed her as we kiss our dead, in a passion of hunger, of regret.

Then they sat down again by the dying fire.

\* \* \* \*

The girl had fallen asleep on her low seat, leaning against her father

The heart of the fire had long since crumbled into gray ash. The man, too—his head forward upon his breast—was sleeping. She had been the first to doze—tired out with talking, and grieving, and rejoicing, and he would not move lest he should wake her. Once in the night, as it crept toward the dawn, she had stirred sleepily, and drawn his arm about her neck. Again—in a little while, it seemed—a cry awoke her—a great cry.

“Oh, my colleen!”

She started up, but saw that her father was sleeping heavily, with face bent above his breast, and sank down again, creeping closer to his side. She slept peaceably, until a stray beam of sun crept across from the window and played upon her closed eyes. She opened them, drew herself gently from under her father's arm, and stood erect, looking down upon him. Then she stooped with a dreadful cry—for *he was dead.*

## ODE TO SILENCE.

Thine are the inaudible harmonies that keep  
The brooding breathings of the night's glad lute,  
When in those pauses 'twixt her sleep and sleep  
All holy tunes be mute.

All beauteous seasons thou dost guard and bless,  
The tremulous dawn, hushed noon and cooling night,  
Earth, air and ocean thy dim palaces  
Filled with divine delight.

When the young flowers at eve are breathing low  
To the hushed lullabies of clouds and moon,  
Or in sea-gardens drowsed airs dream they blow,  
Tuneful to ocean's tune,

Pulsing all night about his ancient shores;  
Or languid rose-leaves rustle to the ground;  
All those mute stirrings earth feels at her pores,  
These be thy harsher sound.

All glorious chords of splendor and delight  
That rise through joys to conquering melody,  
And wake a magic lute of listening night,  
These at thy borders die.

Making melodious more the moments rare  
That tune to tune and joy to joyance wed,  
Blooming, blossoming all the slumberous air  
With petals left unshed.

The fathomless well of heaven's deeps are thine,  
Thou watchest over night's infinitudes,  
The starry vast, within whose chant divine  
No dissonant chord intrudes.

Thine are those oceans, dim, untenanted,  
 The unprescient homes of pregnancies to be,  
 Filling the lonely realms of mighty dread  
 With formless majesty.

Thou dost anticipate the bridal joy,  
 The notes of youth, the songs of festal gladness ;  
 Thou hast a sadness, yea, a weird annoy,  
 More sad than uttered sadness.

Thine are the lower, deeper tones of life,  
 The unspoken hope, the hidden dread despair ;  
 These are thine under-notes of battle strife  
 Behind the trumpet's blare.

The snarl, the taunt, the fool's unmeaning laugh,  
 The vile, the coarse, the brutal and the loud,  
 That pass, as blown of wind, the winnowed chaff,  
 Athwart the brazen crowd.

All, all alike, alien and far from thee,  
 And that soft peace wherewith thy palace teems ;  
 As some far inland tempest to the sea  
 Wrapt in his ancient dreams.

In that dread, solemn hour when loves must part  
 Upon the border realms of mystic death,  
 Angel of the infinite thou art  
 That sealest the passing breath.

When thy hushed presence fills the chambers sad,  
 How far away the sound of those who weep,  
 Thou makest earth's king, but yestermorn lust-mad,  
 A little child asleep.

A little child caught sudden in his play,  
 His broken toys a prey to all beside ;  
 Thus is it ever when thou dost pass their way  
 With human power and pride.

Thou fillest their ears with some diviner tune,  
 Their eyes with visions weird, invisible ;  
 Not all the battle-songs of night or noon  
 May rouse them from thy spell.

Thine are the love-songs of the wingéd hours,  
 Each unto each in sweet harmonious chime.  
 The hidden thoughts of bees in honied flowers,  
 Or dewdrops rhyme on rhyme,

Falling betwixt the dusk and rosy dawn,  
 The soft respiring of woods in leafy June,  
 Night's drowséd melodies when dusk is gone,  
 All blend in thy glad tune.

The song the dewdrop sings unto the leaf,  
 The shy aspirings of the greening grasses,



The silly aspen leaf that sighs its grief  
To every wind that passes ;

These all are notes within thy marvellous song,  
Unheard, unvoiced, intunable, that fills  
The waters hushed that pulse their shores along,  
The splendor of the hills.

Thou lovest those lonely avenues of light  
In the sun-kindled woods at early morn,  
Upon the rosy rim of fading night  
And cloudy meadows shorn ;

Filling the joyous airs with summer fraught,  
And morning's slopes with dewy odors bland ;  
Here with glad Fancy and s'low-wingéd Thought  
Thou wanderest hand in hand.

Thou art the spirit that broods about the lands  
Upon the middle day when airs are still,  
And hushed for noon, the herds, the brawny hands,  
The toiling of the mill.

Then even the winds fall tired in the grass,  
And drowse the kine knee-deep in shaded stream,  
Where all the world is mirrored as in a glass  
In its untroubled dream.

Thou keepest the dewy caverns of the night  
About majestic risings of the moon,  
When over the breathing woods her phosphor light  
Rises to silvern noon.

Thou holdest those intervals of peace that dwell  
About the caverned shores of ocean furled,  
When the long midnight hush or noonday swell  
Slumbers about the world.

But dearest of all thou lovest that pensive hour,  
That holy hour about the fringe of eve,  
When sunset dreams in lonely woods have power  
Imaginings to weave ;—

When all the sunset world seems ages old  
In sad romance and achings of old wrong.  
And all the beauty of life is poignant gold  
In the hermit thrush's song.

Then down the long, dim memories of old woods  
Facing forever the far-westering sun,  
I'd dream for aye through hallowed solitudes  
Where magic echoes run.

Seeking the majesty of peace wherein thou hidest,  
The golden rivers of being without alloy ;  
Knowing the infinite of peace is where thou bidest,  
Thou and that calm joy.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.



BY THOMAS SWIFT.

#### RESUME.

The following is a brief Resume of the first half of the story which appeared in the November number —

It opens with the night of the 13th Sept., 1759. The battle of the Plains of Abraham has been fought. A British captain, named Fairclough, was sent to take charge of the Quebec General Hospital. In doing so he saw a beautiful young nun who takes his fancy. Shortly afterwards, while leading a reconnoitering party, he is taken prisoner, and is sent to Three Rivers. Here he lives with a Quebec merchant, named Berthier, and during a long illness is waited on by his daughter, Adele. Struck by the resemblance between Adele and the beautiful nun, he tells about it, and Adele informs him that she was the "Sister Marie" whom his memory worshipped, she having donned a nun's garb for safety.

#### CHAPTER IV.

**I**N due time, Captain Fairclough arose from his bed of sickness, and donned the well-worn uniform of his regiment. But he was a prisoner on parole. Then, as the autumn leaves flushed into their last golden glory and began to fall, beautiful in their decay, he cast off his weakness, and the strength and beauty of his manhood came back to him. And day by day the graces of Adele's mind and person unfolded themselves before him. Her position, her early responsibilities, the stern scenes of danger, trial and suffering she had passed

through, imparted a depth and breadth of tenderness and self-reliance to her character rarely met with; and he loved her with all the pent-up energy and passion of years. And she—he knew not what to make of her. The vivacity, the buoyancy and sweetness of disposition, the gifts of sunny France, animated her and charmed his mind; the freshness and vigor of her young existence, and the freedom of body and limb which she had drawn from the broad land of Canada, won upon his senses. To him, the tried soldier, whose active life in the stirring period of the Seven Years' War had brought him but seldom into the sphere and influence of beauty, this fair, unfettered, full-souled Canadian maiden was an emanation of Nature's loveliness, and the perfect embodiment of all that was sweet and desirable in woman. But like her mother, Nature, who is proverbially shift in her moods, she was fickle, oftentimes incomprehensible, but always charming. At times she was sweet and tender and inviting; yet just as the words of love were trembling on his lips, her gaiety and coyness would make the very thought of love ridiculous, or some trifling or pretended duty would take her from his side. Her quick instinct seemed to be ever on the alert, so that neither by word nor touch was

he ever permitted to express the passion that consumed him. His eyes, however, were his own, and they revealed a story which she could not fail to read. She was, therefore, to him, in his enforced though not weary captivity, at once a sweet torture and a perpetual dream of delight.

Indian summer set in, and one day they had strolled away from the mansion towards the bank of the river, over whose burnished waters the soft, purple haze peculiar to the season rested like a mantle of love. The leaves, the yellow beech, and the golden varied-tinted maple, rustled beneath their steps, a faint breeze whispered through the pines, and all nature was steeped in a dreamy sensuousness. They stopped at the river's bank, and silence was between them. The maiden gazed at the flowing waters, but the man gazed at her.

"Adele."

The full, deep voice thrilled through her, an overpowering sense of mingled pleasure and fear possessed her, and she felt and knew there was no escape. She turned and stood before him. The softened radiance of the setting sun was around her, and the music of her name seemed to linger in the air.

The officer made one step towards her, and would have clasped her in his arms, but with a gesture she stayed him. To him that one word, "Adele," seemed to tell all—the love, the devotion, the strong, tender passion that had grown until it had become part of his life. She had seen it a hundred times, and must know it all.

"Let me speak this once, Adele," he continued, with hands clasped. "Let me tell you how I love you."

She strove to interrupt him, but the flood-gates had yielded and the mighty rush of feeling would have way.

"I have loved you since my eyes first beheld you in the dim light of the Hospital hall. You were with me all through the dreary night of delirium, which was made bright by your pres-

ence. I have loved you since,—how could I help it? And my love has grown and deepened as the strength of my manhood returned. I love you now, Adele, as I never have and never can love woman again."

The first rush of passionate feeling was over, but it had, in all its intensity, swept around and over and through the maiden's soul, and she trembled where she stood. Her face paled, a piteous expression swept over her features and a mistiness veiled her eyes.

"Monsieur, it cannot be," was all she could murmur.

"Say not so, Adele," and this time he took her unresisting hand, and drew her towards him, all trembling as she was. He raised her downcast face until he could look into her eyes.

"By heavens, Adele, I could swear you love me."

The girl's head fell upon his breast, and he clasped her in his arms. The sun and trees and running stream were blotted from his gaze as his lips pressed the dark tresses resting near his cheek. At the caress she raised her head and fixed her eyes, misty with love, upon his, and her arms stole tenderly around his neck.

"Yes, Monsieur, I love you wholly, fondly, and as you would be loved," she said, and his impatient lips were bent passionately on hers, even as she spoke, "but I cannot marry you."

With a swift, lithe movement, she released herself from his embrace and stood apart, her face hidden in her hands. The gleaming waters murmured, the pines sighed and sighed, and the dead leaves fluttered to the ground around the silent figures, as if in bitter mockery of brightness gone, of love that was blighted, of hopes decayed.

The man felt like one athirst. The delicious, long-desired cup was at his lips, when the hand that offered it had pitilessly dashed it to the earth, even as the draught was sweetest. "Oh my love—Adele," he cried, "You



are cruel. I do not understand your words. Speak, dearest, and explain their meaning."

"I cannot marry you, because—I am pledged to another," she returned, and would have fled had Fairclough not gently detained her.

"Is that all, Adele?" he enquired with a smile, feeling greatly relieved.

"All, Monsieur? Is it not enough? Ah, you will despise me if I tell you more. Let it be," she entreated.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "You have said that you love me,"—the expressive eyes told him how truly she had spoken—"and I will never give you up."

"Do you love this other man, Adele?" he enquired, with a suspicion of jealousy.

"How can you ask, Monsieur?" she exclaimed. "We were pledged to one another, Etienne and I, years ago; and we should have been married last year, but for the dreadful coming of your countrymen. I thought I loved him, but now—I know,"—and she shook her head sadly.

"I loved you from the first, Monsieur, and it was—oh! so different," she said, and piteously clasped her hands.

"A Canadian girl betrothed is as good as married; and I must keep faith with Etienne. It has all come about so strangely. I should not have listened to you—I should not, indeed," she insisted, as Fairclough showed signs of impatience and again approached her. "But I loved you so, and it was sweet to be loved. But you will not speak of this again—it will be better so, and bye-and-bye you will go away—and"—she could go no further, and fell sobbing on his breast.

He soothed her as love only knows how, and in the end said quietly but decisively, "I will never give you up, Adele, never."

#### CHAPTER V.

Etienne Durand and Adele Berthier had been brought up together, and

their childish liking had ripened on his part into a warmer and deeper sentiment, and he loved the beautiful girl with all the ardor of a passionate nature.

Of Adele it is scarcely necessary to speak further.

In those days, Canadians married very young and frequently with little affection on either side. It was the well-known policy of Louis XIV. to put a premium upon early marriages, and the mandate "Increase and multiply," was faithfully inculcated and even rigidly enforced. Often, indeed, wives were mere children, as in the case of Madame de Varennes, mother of La Verendrye, the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains, who was married when she was only twelve years, six months and eighteen days old—too young to know the meaning of love, but old enough to become the bearer of a numerous offspring.

Adele Berthier had been coldly and carelessly promised in marriage, all unsuspecting of the depth and intensity of the passions that lay dormant in her soul, only waiting for the fated knight to come and rouse them into life and activity. But with the spring of 1759, came the expedition from Louisburg, and English guns began to thunder against Quebec's walls; and Etienne, along with Adele's brother Louis, joined the ranks of the Canadian Militia, and had taken a not inglorious part in the spirited events that followed.

M. Berthier, wise in his generation, a peaceful merchant, whose interests were centred in Quebec, appreciating the generosity and forbearance of General Murray's administration of affairs and foreseeing the ultimate triumph of the English cause, was, in spite of his son's untimely death, disposed to join the number of his countrymen who had given in their allegiance to his Britannic Majesty.

Consequently, the lot of Captain Fairclough, a prisoner on *parole* and at the beck of M. Dumas, was and had been far from an unhappy one.



Drawn by F. H. Bridgen.

"She turned and stood before him." (p. 139).

Such then was the state of affairs, when Etienne Durand appeared at Three Rivers. The mass of the French forces had been withdrawn to Montreal, the militia disbanded and M. Dumas left with six hundred regular

troops to watch and harass the English throughout the winter.

Etienne, too, had been seriously wounded in a skirmish and had been confined to the camp for several weeks. Young, ardent, patriotic and brave,

possessed of a strong, athletic figure and a handsome countenance, with his hatred of the English intensified by misfortune and defeat, it may be readily conjectured that his attitude towards Fairclough in the home of his betrothed would be anything but friendly.

When they met, Etienne started, grew pale, and gazed at Fairclough as at one risen from the dead. The one word "Ah!" escaped from his lips, whilst a subtle smile, in which was a strange commingling of surprise, pleasure, hatred and triumph, passed over his mobile features and lurked about the corners of his mouth. The stiff courtliness of manner and the calm, disdainful look of the English officer, too, augured but ill for their future bearing towards each other; but Adele was quick to grasp the situation. She, therefore, put forth all her powers of self-control, tact and judgment to preserve the peace between them. But it was like living between the craters of two fretful volcanoes whose wrathful fires might break forth at any moment and overwhelm her.

Fairclough, the older and more experienced, out of gratitude and consideration for Adele as his benefactress, aided her efforts as far as he could; though at times his ill-concealed feelings towards her, and the jealousy of Etienne brought matters to the verge of an eruption. The part of the young hostess was a doubly difficult one to play, for the eye of love is keen. And Etienne soon came to feel that the broad land of Canada was not wide enough to hold him and his rival.

The trouble came, finally, through the old attendant, Elise, whose sympathies were wholly with the young Canadian. Elise, one day, was busy with some household work, in the large room which served for kitchen and dining-room, and Etienne was standing at the door, moodily looking down the road which led to the little church, whither Adele, escorted by Captain Fairclough, not altogether

with her consent, had gone. "Etienne, my boy," said Elise, "thou art blind. Seest thou not how things are going? Thou wilt lose Adele. But perhaps, it is that thou hast seen in thy wanderings some fairer demoiselle whom thou likest better. She loves the Englishman."

The young man turned and faced her. "Thou art foolish, Elise," he said, but the pallor was on his cheeks and his voice was hard and strained.

"Adele has promised to marry me,—we have loved each other since we were children,—she will keep her troth with me."

"Oh! well, Etienne," persisted the woman, "she may give thee her hand, for the child is faithful, but a body without a heart is but a poor thing. I tell thee she loves this English officer, and were it not for her promise to thee, would wed him to-morrow. I saw her in his arms down by the river and he kissed her."

"What? Adele!—kissed Adele!" exclaimed Etienne, "surely thy old eyes deceived thee, Elise!" He laughed, but there was the bitterness of death in the laugh.

"No, it is even as I say, my poor boy. It was a sad day when they brought him here, this heretic; and if he depart not soon, he will depart not alone. Adele will go with him."

"Never!" burst forth from the set lips of the young man, "I will kill him first." And he flung himself out of the door, leaving Elise stupefied with fright at the storm of passion she had excited.

She went to the door, only to see Etienne striding away in the direction of the church. Round a sudden bend in the road, he came face to face with Captain Fairclough, who would have passed him by with a distant salute.

"Captain Fairclough, I have come to seek you, and you must answer some questions which I have to put to you before we part." Etienne was fairly calm, but his voice gave evidence of feelings suppressed.



Fairclough, though taken by surprise answered quietly.

"A great deal, Monsieur, will depend on the nature of the questions asked. I am at your service."

"Do you love her?"

"That is scarcely a fair question, Monsieur, but I will answer, I do love her."

"Have you told her of your love,



Drawn by F. H. Bridgen.

"Etienne started."

"First, do you know that Mademoiselle Berthier is pledged to me in marriage?"

"I know it, Monsieur," replied the Captain curtly, and with a slight bow.

Captain Fairclough?" There was a dangerous gleam in the eyes of the questioner.

"I have told her, Monsieur."

"Did you then know of her engagement to me."

"I did not."

So far the utmost coolness and self-control had characterized this catechizing.

"What encouragement, may I ask, did the lady give to your suit?"

The question was a daring one, and there was a pause. An ominous frown and a stern compression of the lips were visible on the face of the officer.

"Monsieur," he said, in low, decisive tones, "I have truthfully answered your questions concerning my own feelings in this matter. The last question you have no right to put to me, and I have no right to answer."

"By heaven! Monsieur," returned Etienne, with startling vehemence, "I require no further answer in words. Old Elise spake the truth. You have come between me and my promised wife, and have pressed your suit under my very eyes. You shall answer for it with your heart's blood, or shed mine. Draw, Monsieur." His sword flashed out in the watery light of the November sun, and his face was distorted with irrepressible hate and the greed for vengeance.

Fairclough stirred not a muscle, and a look of something very like pity shone in his eyes, as he replied:

"Put up your sword, Monsieur. You forget that I am a prisoner, and pledged to peace. Or, if fight you must, wait until I am once more free, and I will meet you where you will."

The calm words goaded his opponent into madness.

"Coward!" he hissed, "must I strike you? Draw, and keep me from stabbing you where you stand."

"Your blood be upon your head," was the passionless rejoinder, but the coldness of the tone was deathly.

Fairclough placed his hand on his sword, and led the way through the denuded trees apart from the road; and, coming to an open space that promised sufficient play for their weapons, flung his cloak aside, and drawing his sword, stood upon his guard, saying simply,

"Now, Monsieur, once more at your service."

Their blades crossed. In size, strength and agility they were not unequally matched, and, in the first encounter the terrible earnestness and impetuosity of the younger man gave him the advantage. With a sudden lunge straight for his antagonist's heart, Etienne nearly brought the conflict to a fatal close. Fairclough parried it, but the weapon, turned aside, slightly wounded him in the right shoulder; but he saw the deadly intent of his adversary, and his face hardened and his eyes grew cold as the steel that gleamed in his hand. Now, in nine cases out of ten, in fencing, when a man strikes his opponent, he springs back to recover his guard, and rarely follows up his advantage. And so it was with Etienne. Like a flash of lightning Fairclough was upon him, and he was pressed back step by step until his eyes were dazed by the terrific play of the deadly weapons. With a last effort he sprang to the left and made a desperate thrust. His blade was dashed aside, and, ere he could recover himself, Fairclough's sword had pierced his right side. He fell, the blood gushing forth as the blade was withdrawn.

A wild shriek rang out, and the woods gave back the sound.

A female figure, with 'frighted eyes and tresses all astray, staggered from the trees, and kneeling by the side of the fallen man, strove to staunch the flowing blood. It was Adele. From the road, as she was returning from the church, she had caught the flash of steel, and hastened to the spot, but had come too late.

"Touch me not," cried Etienne, sternly. "Let me die. Go to your lover," pointing at Fairclough, "and marry the man who slew your brother."

"My God! cried Adele." "He is mad," and she wrung her hands in distress.

"Traitor," he went on wildly,

"Traitor to your name, your love and your country."

"Etienne!" exclaimed the poor girl, in accents of intense pain, which struck a chill to Fairclough's heart.

"I know all," continued Etienne, pitilessly, "Elise told me all. But I am avenged even if I die. False as you have been to me; perfidious as you are in loving an enemy of your country, you will never marry the slayer of your brother. Poor Louis!

him to me, Etienne; he is brave." The words came back to him. They were the brave words of a brave man, and that man was Adele's brother. He knew it all now, and wondered that he had not before recognized the young man whose life's blood was ebbing away before his eyes. He met Adele's look of appeal, and answered like one waking from a horrible dream,

"Yes, Adele, I slew your brother;



Drawn by F. H. Brigden.

"He fell."

I thought to avenge thy death, too." Adele gazed in agony at the man she loved, even now, as he stood mute like a statue, with features scarcely less anguished than her own.

"Speak, Monsieur," she moaned. "Etienne mistakes. Tell him it is false—this dreadful thing he says."

The officer's eyes were fixed on the face of the wounded man, as though it had been that of a basilisk. A light had burst upon him. "Leave

but it was in fair and open fight, and I knew not until now that it was your brother."

"Oh, my God, have pity upon me," cried the afflicted girl, and the proud, beautiful head bent to the ground, and the wealth of dark tresses lay in a shaking, dishevelled mass upon the withered grass.

Etienne fell back with a gasp, and this roused Fairclough from his stupor. He knelt by his late adversary's



side, and placed his hand over his heart. It was beating, though faintly, and he managed to staunch the blood. Then wrapping his cloak around the insensible form, he turned to the distracted girl, who had risen, and was mutely watching his actions, and said,

"Stay here, Ad—Mademoiselle," he corrected himself, "whilst I summon assistance. He is not dead; and all may yet be well for him—and for you. Only forgive me," he implored, "the suffering and anguish which I have unwittingly caused you—I, who would die to save you a tear." The girl looked at him with sad, tearless eyes, but said nothing. And he was gone.

#### CHAPTER IV.

So Etienne Durand was laid on the bed which the English captain, under similar circumstances, had occupied, and was tended and nursed by old Elise; for he could not bear Adele to enter his presence.

Then Fairclough's life at Three Rivers became unendurable. He was, as he said to himself, nothing but a source of grief to everybody around; for Etienne, whose desire for vengeance continued unabated, after he regained consciousness, had told M. Berthier and Elise the dreadful truth. Avoided by Adele, looked at with horror by Elise, treated with but barely distant courtesy by M. Berthier, and hated still by his late antagonist, he felt his position keenly, and could do little towards effecting a change. Finally he despatched a letter to M. Dumas, detailing the painful circumstances in which he stood, and earnestly beseeching him to make some other disposal of his prisoner. That gallant officer courteously and generously acceded to the request, and to Fairclough's great relief, informed him that an escort would be sent to conduct him to Montreal.

In silence, and with unspeakable sadness, he left the hospitable roof which had sheltered him through so

much suffering, happiness and bitter grief. He uttered no adieus; he spoke to nobody. It was better so, he thought; and would save a world of pain. As to Adele, they met in suffering; they parted in sadness. But he left a letter for her, which has been preserved in the Berthier family and is here reproduced:

THREE RIVERS, CANADA, NOV. 26th, 1759.  
To Mademoiselle Marie Adele Berthier,  
—Dearest Adele,

By the kindness of M. Dumas, commandant of the French forces at Jacques Cartier river, I leave your hospitable roof for Montreal. Fortune, under desperate conditions, placed me in your gentle hands, and in giving me your love gave me a great blessing and happiness. The same fickle mistress, having bereft me of everything save the remembrance of what has been, compels me to leave you. I dare not offer you the hand that unwittingly slew your brother; and yet, in justice to myself, I may say that, morally, I am guiltless of his blood. He fell in noble, honorable fight, as a brave soldier would like to fall, in the discharge of a duty, and as I, a little more or less fortunately, in my turn, fell. That Providence chose me as the instrument by which he met his death has proved my terrible misfortune. I shall never cease to cherish you in my heart. For any dearer privilege I may not ask.

My gratitude is to you and your honored father for received favors that can never be repaid.

The fortunes of war are uncertain, and I cannot predict which nation will win in the present struggle here in Canada. But in victory or defeat, at all times,

I beg to remain yours to command,

REGINALD FAIRCLOUGH.

Capt. 47th Reg., in His Britannic Majesty's service.

In December an exchange of prisoners was effected; and, to his great joy, Captain Fairclough found himself once more among his comrades within the walls of Quebec. After his long period of idleness, the life of activity which he had there to lead was very welcome. During the winter skirmishing continued. Provisions were scarce and sickness came upon them, and the British forces, locked up in their ice-bound fortress, suffered dreadfully. Scurvy alone, from their long continued diet of salt meat, carried off

eight hundred men; and it looked at one time as if the city in the spring would be without defenders. All through the dreary time Fairclough labored and watched and suffered; but he never forgot Adele Berthier. Nor did she become a mere tender remembrance. His love for the beautiful vivacious girl he had met at Three Rivers, his tender devotion for the sad-eyed, desolate maiden he had left, were rooted in his soul as a strong and living thing which only death could kill.

Meanwhile, Adele, at Three Rivers lived her life as best she could. Etienne recovered, but she saw little of him and thought less. He had condemned her unheard, and attributed that to her which even she had hardly allowed herself to contemplate as a possibility, namely, her union with Reginald Fairclough; for Reginald he was to her since the perusal of his epistle. When she knelt in pity by his side, he had wounded and insulted her, and his bitter words had rankled in her breast. He had forfeited all claim to her hand, when he so ruthlessly cast her from him. She contrasted his narrowness of soul, jealousy, and uncompromising hatred with the generous forbearance and uniform delicacy of the English officer, and Etienne lost terribly in the comparison.

On the other hand Reginald Fairclough's manly and courteous letter appealed to all that was best and noble within her, and she loved him with a love intensified by a two-fold pity,—longing and absence.

One thing now, and one only, separated them; but it stood between her and happiness, as the Red Sea stood between Israel and the promised land; and how it might be crossed, save by a miracle, was more than she could determine. That obstacle was her brother's blood. Nationality, country, friends, home, father,—in her love and desolation she was ready to relinquish all—but grasp the hand,—guiltless yet guilty as it was,—that in mortal

combat had stricken down her only brother—she shuddered at the thought. It seemed to her that the spirit of the dead would come from the grave to tear their hands asunder, even at the altar itself. And yet there were times, when the rush of tenderness was so great, and pity for her suffering and ill-fated lover so overwhelming, that her soul was shaken to its very depths, and she would sink to the floor of her chamber and cry her weak piteous cry, "Oh God, have pity upon me!" And as the winter deepened and the great river became bound in its icy fetters, and all the land was clad in its snowy mantle, so that nature seemed clasped in a weird, frozen sleep, her life at Three Rivers became so burthensome that she besought her father to go back to her aunt at the General Hospital. There she would find work for her willing hands, rest in activity for her wearied brain, and solace for her own suffering spirit, in alleviating the sorrows of others. So once more she donned the religious garb and joined the little band of weary workers; and the good sisters marvelled at the untiring energy, the sweet self-sacrifice and the loving care she manifested towards the poor patients. The sick came and were healed, or died, and their place was taken by hundreds of others during that dreadful winter—the most dreadful of all the winters in the history of the fair young land.

Then in April, as soon as the first warm rains had melted the snow, and the mighty rush of waters had caused the St. Lawrence to burst its crystal bonds, immense blocks of ice came floating in endless procession past the citadel and walls of Quebec, and a strange thing occurred. On one of these huge ice-cakes, the English sentinels descried a solitary human figure. A boat was despatched to the rescue. It was a French artilleryman who had fallen overboard at Point-aux-Trembles, on to the piece of floating ice and had thus been carried down the river. Out of gratitude for

his escape or through fear of his life, or for both reasons combined, he informed the English commander that the French army was within two leagues of the city ramparts.

The next morning found, in God's awful providence, the Plains of Abraham once more occupied by the French and English armies. The blood, shed thereon in the previous summer, mingled with the melting snow and rain; and the slush was turned to a deeper crimson by the streams of warm blood spilled that day. On the 28th April, 1760, was fought the deadliest and most sanguinary battle recorded in the history of Canada; and the French, after routing their enemies with great slaughter and driving them into the city, in their turn, remained masters of the doubly-dyed field.

On that fatal morning, the inmates of the General Hospital watched the English march past, and from one of the dormitory windows, Adele Berthier gazed on the dreadful but animated scene. Her keen eye sought, amidst the serried ranks nearest to her, for the soldierly figure of Reginald Fairclough; but in vain. The lines swept by to attack the French who were rapidly forming into line of battle at the western end of the plain. It was a gallant sight. The English artillery opened fire and the action began, and all through those two hours of conflict and carnage, Adele stood, with pallid features set and straining eyes, striving to pierce the clouds of smoke and surging masses of men in the vain endeavor to single out the one beloved form. At first the English guns did great havoc and thinned the ranks of the French; but the rapid and deadly firing of the latter and the superiority of numbers at length prevailed. The English left near the precipitous banks of the river, from whose edge a body of Indians poured a galling fire, broke and fled; whilst the right, fiercely attacked by the French Grenadiers and a body of Canadian

Militia, was thrown into confusion; and the English General was forced to retreat. The retreat almost became a rout. Hundreds fell, many never to rise again. In the centre and on the left, where the fighting continued at longer range, the English picked up many of their wounded, and carried them back into the city. But on the right every inch of ground was stubbornly disputed, and a hand to hand conflict raged. Time and again the English, through the bravery of their officers, rallied, only again to be broken; and the tide of battle rolled along under the very walls of the hospital.

Many a time, Adele, unable to endure the sight of the carnage, buried her face in her hands only to look out again when the sickening sensation had passed. And now from the place where she stood, she could have thrown a pebble and hit the nearest combatants, whose very faces were distinguishable. All at once, where the fight was keenest, her fascinated eyes became riveted on the movements of one tall, familiar figure, and amidst the scene of blood, she recognized Captain Fairclough. His men, animated by his example, stood firm around him. Now they were pressed back a few paces by the sheer weight of numbers, and then bayonet and clubbed musket and Fairclough's good sword did their work, and a ghastly ring of writhing bodies almost separated them from their foes. It was horrible. But the girl's eyes shone with a new light as she watched the deadly sweep and flash of her gallant lover's sword, only to be dimmed again by the awful certainty of his approaching doom, as, from her height, she beheld him and the little band of heroes cut off from their comrades and hopelessly hemmed in. To her in her agony, the defeat of the English and the triumph of her countrymen meant nothing. Her soul and body were by the side of the man she loved, whom she saw in such deadly



imminent peril. Her eyes never left him. A young soldier, in the uniform of the militia, sprang like lightning over the prostrate men and aimed a terrific blow at Fairclough. She saw the act and a shriek of warning involuntarily left her lips. It was unheard; but the blow was intercepted by a friendly bayonet, and ere it could be repeated, Fairclough's sword had crashed into the skull of his enemy, who fell dead.

But such a contest could not continue long. Hemmed in on all sides, thrust back upon themselves until they had hardly room for the play of their weapons, they fell, one by one, game to the last. Their gallant captain, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, gathered together his remaining strength, and flung himself fiercely into the midst of his enemies. For a few yards, he left a clear path behind him, and, thus fighting, fell,—the finest swordsman and the bravest soldier in Wolfe's gallant army. And up in the whitened dormitory of the hospital, whose sad gray walls looked down in pity on the dreadful scene, lay the unconscious figure of a young girl, clad in the garments of a nun. They carried her to a couch near by, where life and remembrance came back to her. She started up and, with a calmness that seemed like madness, said, "I must go to him," and the good nuns thought that her brain was turned. Near by stood a little group of sisters, and two priests; one was the Grand-Vicar and the other the Hospital Chaplain. The Vicar was asserting his determination to go out into the battle-field to minister to the wants of the dying, and his hands were raised in parting benediction over the prostrate nuns.

Adele heard his words and was by his side in a moment.

"Father," she said, "let me go too."

"I must go," she continued, as she saw the priest hesitate to grant her request. "I saw him fall. He is wounded—perhaps, dead. Come, father,

come quickly," and she seized the good man's gown and almost led him perforce. So they two, followed by the Chaplain, went out through the main portals and wended their steps to the field of battle, reeking with the warm blood of the fallen. Around them lay the dead and the wounded, singly, and in groups and heaps, in every conceivable shape and form. Away in the east, the citadel and ramparts were belching forth smoke and iron hail. The French forces, which had pursued the enemy almost to the guns, were retreating to a safer distance. But across the centre of the field, where the carnage had been great,—just Heaven! could such things be!—the Indians were killing and scalping the wounded English. Through the blood-stained slush and mud, the brave girl pursued her way alone, leaving her companions, the two priests, to minister to the spiritual needs of the dying. Eagerly scanning the faces of the stricken soldiers as she neared the place where she had seen Fairclough fall, her eyes alighted on one that roused her from her torpor and one-ideaed search. Lying amidst the dead, his face all clotted with gore, she recognized the distorted features of Etienne. She shuddered, but paused not. She reached the spot where the dead lay thickest, and there, with his shattered sword in his hand, and his calm, brave face, smiling even in death, upturned to the leaden sky, she found him whom she sought. With a great sob, she fell on her knees on the wet ground and raised his head on her arm, whilst she gazed distractedly at the still pale features.

"Reginald," she cried, "Look at me."

She gently shook him as she would one who slept.

"It is I,—Adele," she cried, "Reginald,—Reginald!" The tones were enough to call him back from the very grave; but he stirred not.

"My God, he is dead—dead—my love," she moaned, as she flung herself

wildly on his lifeless form, and kissed his cold lips and face.

A short time afterwards she was found half unconscious by a relief party of French soldiers, who would have raised her but that she clung so desperately to Fairclough's body. They examined him more carefully, at the sight of her distress, and found that life was not extinct. They lifted the wounded man and following the direction of the girl's pointing finger, bore him to the Hospital. In a stony silence Adele walked by their side, never relinquishing the hand which she once thought could never again be clasped in hers.

In the hospital he recovered consciousness, and for a time seemed to rally, but his wounds were many and one of them too dangerous to allow any hope of recovery. The sisters withdrew Adele from the presence of Captain Fairclough, whilst they attended to his wounds and administered restoratives, and the overwrought girl with many sobs and tears, told them briefly her unhappy story. Word was whispered to them that the man must die, and with the utmost sympathy they prepared Adele for the worst. Captain Fairclough lay in the great dormitory, which was again filled with the wounded and the dying. The calm, beautiful light that often betokens the near approach of death, smiled in his eyes and rested on his pale, worn face. He had not yet seen Adele, but she was, even then, uppermost in his thoughts. She came at last, leaning upon the arm of a sister, and clad in the habit in which he had first beheld her. At the foot of the bed the sister silently withdrew, and left them together. Adele's face was calm but pathetic; her eyes bright and tearless. She had no more tears to shed—not one.

At the sight of her the dying man's face grew suddenly transfigured, and his great undying love shone out upon her and seemed to enfold her whole being.

"Adele," he said, with a little touch of his old grace and tenderness, "you come to me like an angel once more. You will take my hand now, dearest."

There was no doubt or hesitancy in his manner. He weakly stretched out towards her his uninjured right hand. In a moment, with a little cry, the



poor girl, sliding between the beds, clasped it and covered it with kisses. With it he drew her face fondly to his own, and their lips met in one long, lingering kiss, as they had met only once before.

"You love me still, my sweet one?" he tenderly inquired, as he strove gently to remove from her head the closely-fitting religious cap. She understood his wish, and her quick hands deftly removed the coif and veil. The rich loosened tresses fell around her

neck and over the breast of the dying man.

"Love you, Reginald!" she replied, "you are my life. I cannot live without you. After you left me my eyes thirsted for the sight of your face; my ears hungered for the sound of your voice. Then I beheld you all in the dreadful battle, until you fell, my brave love," and she stroked his cheek that faintly flushed for the last time. "Then I went out and found you, and I thought you dead—and the kind soldiers brought you here."

"You did all this, Adele?" he inquired. "Now, God bless and reward you, dearest, for thus giving me this great happiness. I shall die content now that I have seen your face once more."

"No, no," she cried, "You will live

Reginald,—live for me. I cannot believe that God will let you die."

"Your dear presence, Adele," he replied, "has strengthened me and made life seem very sweet, but I am dying,—I know it, and, perhaps, it is better so."

She clung to him in silent agony, bravely borne for his sake.

"When I am dead," he continued faintly, yet firmly, "put me where you can sometimes visit my grave, and—kiss me once again—my love."

The dying voice ceased, and some fifteen minutes later, one of the nuns, passing by, found the desolate girl crouched beside the bed, her head resting against his breast, and his dead hand clasped closely within her own.

Adele Berthier became Sister Marie. She never left the General Hospital.

#### A CHINA WEDDING.

THESE twenty years,  
Of hopes and fears,  
Of smiles and tears,  
We've lived together,  
As man and wife,  
A happy life,  
With little strife,  
To mar its weather.

And still we stand,  
Hand fast in hand,  
As when we planned  
To live united,  
With each to share  
Joy, grief, and care,  
Fulfilling fair  
The vows we plighted.

If sorrow's pall,  
That hangs o'er all,  
Has come to fall,  
At times, around us,  
Or long or brief,  
'Twas mutual grief,  
And this belief  
The closer bound us.

Experience learned  
Has been well earned,  
We have not spurned  
Life's many a lesson;  
If kindlier known,  
Or wiser grown,  
That Love we own,  
To which we press on.

Yet well I wot  
Our earthly lot  
In favored spot  
Has been appointed,  
Free from turmoil,  
Our daily toil,  
Has been with oil  
Of joy anointed.

And God we praise,  
That our best days,  
And works and ways,  
Poor past confessing,  
For His own sake,  
He deigns to take,  
And useful make  
For others blessing.

For children given  
Here, and in heaven,  
From evil leaven  
Of earth defended.  
Grace to adore  
God grant us more,  
Ere our next score  
Of years be ended.

Words cannot tell,  
Affection's spell,  
Hearts know so well,  
Can never sever  
Love from true love,  
Time does but prove,  
As Heaven above,  
Constant forever.

J. CAWDOR BELL.



## A GENTLEMAN-ADVENTURER OF THE OLD REGIME.

BY DR. BOURINOT, C. M. G., F. R. S. C.

"Baron Castine of Saint Castine  
Has left his Chateau in the Pyrenees  
And sailed across the Western Seas."  
LONGFELLOW.

### I.

THE first chapters of the history of Acadia and Canada contain many features of dramatic interest. The men who crossed the Atlantic, centuries ago, and laid the foundations of Empires on this continent, possessed those qualities of manly fortitude and indomitable perseverance, which alone could have enabled them to make a footing in the New World. Some were religious enthusiasts; others sought relief from personal cares and misfortunes; many were soldiers who loved adventure and sought it wherever it could be found. The days of chivalry had long passed away when the pioneers of American civilization braved the perils of the sea and forest. Knights no longer broke lances in tilts and tourneys, or mustered to fight the Paynim in the Holy Land. But though the times had become more practical, the opportunities for men of brave hearts and resolute courage to win for themselves fame and fortune had never before been so great. The discovery of the Western continent opened up a boundless field of exertion to the adventurer whose talents and energies were cramped in the comparatively narrow arena of Europe. In Mexico and Peru, the Spaniard could fight his way to rank and wealth; and it mattered little to him if the poor natives were crushed relentlessly beneath his iron heel, as long as he satisfied the ambition with which he burned.

The achievements of the French and English pioneers in the North, may not afford as dazzling a theme

for the pen of the poet or the historian as those achievements in the South which have been recorded in the matchless prose of Prescott and the glowing verse of Southey; and yet the history of their lives is an epic of world-wide interest. If we could but follow them in their career step by step, gauge their thoughts, see their self-denial, their patience, their energy, their perseverance, we would recognize in them the heroes the world most wants. But it is from the results of their work especially, that we can best estimate the value of the debt that the world owes them. Champlain and his compatriots toiling to build their little town by the side of the St. Lawrence, bearing its wealth of waters to the great ocean far beyond, and designed by nature as the great highway of nations; the Puritans struggling with the difficulties of a rigorous climate and a sterile soil, within sight of the ever restless Atlantic;—were performing a work, the grandest in its results the world has ever seen.

As we look down the vista of the past, a few figures stand out prominently in view. We see the soldier, ever prompt to obey the call to duty, or to yield to the seductions and pleasures of the moment. Then comes the black-robed priest, ever zealous in behalf of his religion and his country, with a tongue as persuasive in the councils of his countrymen as in the cabins and wigwams of the Indians. By his side, eyeing him with deadly animosity, stands the stern-faced Puritan, loving and professing liberty of opinion and thought, yet sometimes

forgetful to concede that liberty to others. We see representatives of the nobility of France, the seigneurs and their fair ladies who danced and flirted, and even gambled, within the French towns. Here stalks the Indian, looking askance at these intruders, and though too often treacherous and cruel, yet at times displaying generous and noble qualities. And there, close by, is the *coureur des bois*, the reckless, daring rover of the forest and the river.

## II.

During the times of which we are about to speak,—the latter half of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth century, or a period of nearly seventy-five years in all,—the spirit of adventure was especially prevalent. France and England had now fairly entered into the contest for supremacy in the New World, and the colonies of these two great rivals were making steady progress, though it was much slower in the case of French Canada. As we open the pages of the history of those times, we follow with the deepest interest the footsteps of those intrepid pioneers who first lifted the veil of mystery that had so long enveloped the illimitable West, with its wilderness of forest and its mighty rivers. No pages of romance can equal in interest the story of the adventures of Joliet, of Marquette, or of La Salle, who gave to the world the knowledge of the great "Father of Waters," the Mississippi.

But we may not now dwell on so attractive a theme as the opening up of the Great West and the revelation of its secrets. The man whose life we intend to relate in the course of the following pages may not be put in the same rank with Champlain, De Poutreincourt, or La Salle, but inasmuch as he represented an important element in the colonization of this continent, his career is replete with undoubted attraction to those who take an interest in our country's history. He

played no leading part,—he was but a subordinate figure in the drama of the past; but yet such as he were necessary for the establishment of French dominion on this continent. If he had not the genius of a founder of new states, yet he represented the spirit of the men who ventured into the wilderness in those distant days, and exercised that remarkable influence among the Indian nations which served the purposes of France in her war for dominion in America.

The materials we have at hand for a history of this "gentleman adventurer" are not as satisfactory as we would wish them to be; but still they are sufficient to enable us to follow the principal incidents of his career with tolerable accuracy. The scene of his birth possesses many characteristics not only interesting to the antiquarian, but to the lover of the picturesque in nature. The country of Bearn, now included in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, derived its name from that ancient town of *Beneharnum* which is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, although its particular position cannot now be given. Its "gaves,"—the Basque term for mountain rivers—pass rapidly through many wild gorges and sequestered valleys, and form not a few cascades of unrivalled beauty. On the summit and slope of a hill, at the confluence of the Aspé and Ossau, which form the most picturesque of these "gaves," lies the ancient town of Oloron, whose origin can be traced to the days when the Roman Empire was in the height of its grandeur, for it is said to occupy the sight of Iluro or Elorensium Civitas. On the opposite side is the little sister-town of Ste. Marie d'Oloron, where the traveller tells of a street famous as that set apart for the Cagots, who were identical with the Kakous of Bretagne—the Pariahs, the Helots, the very lepers of the French.

It was in the quaint town of Olo-

ron,\* within sight of the Pyrenees, among a brave, stalwart race, that Jean Vincent d'Abbadie, otherwise Baron de Saint Castin,† was born and educated. His family was one of rank and influence in the country. It was a branch of the house of Abbadie de Maslaq, which dates back to the second half of the sixteenth century. Saint Castin, at an early age, was placed in the army like most young men of condition in those times. He first served in the King's body-guard, and subsequently in the famous Carignan regiment, which probably derived its name from one of the princes of the Duchy of Savoy, the Prince of Carignano. In the civil war of the Fronde, the memorable struggle between the liberty of the people and the despotism of the court, the Carignan regiment fought with distinction on the King's side. The most memorable service in which it was engaged was the expedition which was sent out by the French King in 1664, under the command of Counts de Coligny and de la Feuillade, to assist Leopold, Emperor of Germany, against the Turks, who were over-running Hungary and had entered Moravia. At the battle near St. Gotthard, the Italian Montecuculi (Prince of Melfi, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Generalissimo of the royal armies), defeated the Turks and forced them to a truce which lasted for twenty years. The success of the Germans on this occasion, it is stated, was owing in a large measure to the gallantry displayed by the French regiment in question.

### III.

We next hear of Saint Castin accompanying the same regiment when it was ordered to New France, immediately after the Hungarian campaign.

\*Some claim he was born at Escont, but not on sufficiently trustworthy data. The home of his family and their chateau was Oloron.

†Castin and not Castine is the correct name; American poets and historians give the latter.

At that time the French government had commenced to take a greater interest in its American possessions in the North, and was anxious to see the number of the colonists increased. One of the governors, M. d'Avaugour, had drawn up an able report to the government, in which he showed how wise it would be for France to strengthen herself in Canada, and recommended not only the erection of additional fortifications, but the distribution of some three thousand soldiers throughout the colony; and the emigration of the Carignan regiment may be considered as the first fruit of this sagacious counsel. The people of the colony were constantly attacked by the brave and warlike Iroquois, who seemed resolved on preventing, if they could, the establishment of the French by the border of the St. Lawrence. In the "Relations des Jesuits," we find a graphic description of the results of the Indian raids upon the French settlements. "The war with the Iroquois," the writer is referring to the year 1653, "has dried up all sources of prosperity. The beavers may now build their dams in peace, for none are able or willing to disturb them. The Hurons no longer come down from their country to barter their furs. The country of the Algonquins is tenantless; and the tribes beyond it, fearful of the guns of the Iroquois, are disappearing in the forest fastnesses. At Montreal, the keeper of the company's store has not been able to purchase a single beaver skin for a whole year. At Three Rivers, so apprehensive have they been of a raid, that they have expended all their means in increasing their fortifications. At Quebec the storehouse is quite empty. Under such circumstances, is it surprising that everybody is dissatisfied and disheartened?"

It was, therefore, a wise policy, as urged by M. d'Avaugour, to settle the country with men inured to arms, who could be summoned at any mo-



ment to defend the towns against the savage enemy. At the time of the arrival of the Carignan regiment in 1655, the total population of the country did not exceed 25,000 souls, scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, from Tadousac to Montreal. The country was divided into a few seigneuries, which had been granted to men of noble birth, as well as to merchants and military officers. In this way did the French government think they could reproduce in the American wilderness that system which had its origin a long while before in a relatively rude state of society in Europe, but was altogether unsuited to the requirements of a colonial community in a new world. To the historical student and to the philosophical mind, this attempt of the despotism of Europe to establish its principles in the New World is fraught with the deepest interest. We see, growing up side by side in America, the feudal system of Canada, with its countless restrictions upon the popular liberties, and the more generous and liberal system of New England, with its town meetings and deliberative assemblies; and when we contrast the workings of the two, we cannot wonder that the French colonies should have been so sluggish in their growth. Yet in the character of the men who were the leading spirits in New France there is much to attract our sympathy and awaken our interest. If they were not always statesmen, if they did not sympathize with the masses, it was the fault chiefly of the autocratic principles in which they had been educated; and although they were often arrogant and unbending, yet they more frequently displayed the generosity, the fidelity, and the chivalry which are among the soldier's virtues.

In the year 1665, M. de Tracy was appointed to act as governor in the place of M. de Mézy, who had got into disgrace with the home govern-

ment, and had been consequently recalled. In the course of the same year, the Carignan regiment, under the command of M. de Salières, arrived in Canada, together with a number of mechanics and other immigrants. The new viceroy set vigorously to work, immediately on his arrival, to strengthen the colony, and among the first measures he took was to erect additional posts at Chambly and Sorel, on the Richelieu river, which led from the Iroquois country directly into Canada, and was the route generally pursued by those indomitable Indians. His next step was to march into the country of the Agniers or Mohawks, the most formidable member of the famous Confederation of the Six Nations, at the head of the Carignan regiment. The time was well chosen for such an expedition. It was in the winter, when the warriors of the tribe were mostly absent on the hunting or war-path, and the French succeeded in inflicting a blow on their enemies which gave them a peace of some eighteen years' duration. In this expedition Saint Castin distinguished himself, although the mode of warfare must have struck him as in strange contrast with what he had been familiar with in Europe.

Some time after the events just referred to, permission was given to the regiment to disband and settle in the country, or to return to France. A number of the officers and men returned home with M. de Tracy, but the majority accepted the offers made them by the government. Saint Castin and other officers received several valuable tracts of land, and the soldiers who had been under them cheerfully agreed to settle on their seigneuries as the *censitaires*. Nearly all of the regiment who remained in the colony settled on that fertile district which lies to the southward of Montreal, between the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence, and in this way formed a military colony which could operate at any time against the aggres-

sive Iroquois. So anxious was the government to make these men comfortable and domesticated, that they imported a number of French women, who married among the new settlers.

#### IV.

Saint Castin does not appear to have remained long in his new seigneurie by the Richelieu, for we find him living in the year 1667, in Acadia,\* on the peninsula at the mouth of the Pentagoet, now the Penobscot, in a house which he had erected close to the fort built some time previously by M. D'Aulnay de Charnisey, the rival of La Tour—both well-known names in the early history of Nova Scotia. This fort is described as comprising a small chapel, and a magazine of stone, besides some small buildings, little better than log-huts, for the use of the inmates. In 1670, when the fort was given up by the Chevalier de Grand Fontaine, the governor of Acadia, it was defended by 3 six pounders, 2 four-pounders and culverins, 2 three-pounders, and on a small platform close to the water, outside of the fort, 2 eight-pounders,—in all twelve iron guns, weighing 21,122 pounds. The fort, however, was never at any time a very formidable affair, although its position was such as to make it an important base of operation against the English colonists. At a very short notice the Indians could come down the Penobscot, and from other parts of Acadia, and attack the New Englanders, who had settled in the adjoining country or on the seacoast.

Saint Castin fraternized immediately with the Indians of the surrounding country—chiefly Abenakis†—a

branch of the Algonquin family—and married about 1688, Matholde, the daughter of Matacowando, chief Sachem of the Eastern tribes. These Abenakis appear to have been always the firm friends of the French, and to have been always ready to carry the scalping-knife into the British settlements. Saint Castin carried on a very profitable trade with his Indian neighbours, and exercised such influence over them, in the course of time, that they would rise at his summons, and march wherever he chose to lead them. The Baron Lahontan, an intelligent but sometimes prejudiced writer, who visited the colonies during the time that Saint Castin was living at Pentagoet—gives a few particulars of his mode of living: "He married among them according to their fashion, and preferred the forests of Acadia to the Pyrenean Mountains that surround the place of his nativity. For the first year of his abode with the savages he behaved so as to draw an inexpressible esteem from them. They made him their great chief or leader, who is in a manner the Sovereign of a nation; and by degrees he has worked himself into such a fortune, which any man but he would have made such use of, as to draw out of that country above two or three hundred thousand crowns which he has now in his pocket in good dry gold. But all the use of it is to buy up goods for presents to his fellow savages, who, upon their return from hunting present him with beaver and skins to a treble value. The Governors-General of Canada keep in with him, and the Governors of New England are afraid of him. He has several daughters, who are all of them married very handsomely to Frenchmen, and who had good dowries. He has never changed his wife,\* by which means he would give the savages to understand that God does not love inconsistent folks."

\* "In February, 1668, an article was annexed to the treaty of Breda, and all Acadia, without any specification of boundaries, including by name, St. John's, Port Royal, La Heve, Cape Sable and Pentagoet or Penobscot, as parts of the province (of Nova Scotia), was ordered into the possession of the French." Williamson's Maine, I., 428.

† Williamson claims the Indians on the Penobscot as Tanatinas, a branch of the Etchemins, who were found on the St. Clair and St. John and other parts of New Brunswick; but I think, with Parkman, they were Abenakis.

\* In this respect the people of Maine and other States, have not imitated Saint Castin since divorces are so common there.

## V.

I can only briefly sketch the leading incidents in Saint Castin's life at Pentagoet, where he remained over thirty years. As the extract I have given shows, he was much feared by the New Englanders, for he was one of those impetuous, daring spirits, always ready to resist anything like an insult or an injury—always willing to take up the sword when a favourable opportunity for harrassing his English neighbors offered. As the English had settled and erected a fort at Pemaquid, not far from Pentagoet, difficulties were constantly arising between the rival settlements, even in the time of peace.

Saint Castin appears to have carried on a considerable illicit trade with the Indians, as well as with the New England colonies, and to have consequently incurred the displeasure of his own government, who sent out orders in 1687 to M. de Menneval, then governor of Acadia, to remonstrate with him on his mode of life. Indeed, at that time he appears to have sunk into a mere trader, and to have forgotten all his old associations. Some years later, however, he awoke from his apathy and showed himself once more the brave soldier and loyal Frenchman.

The first blow Saint Castin received was directed against his traffic by the New England Government. In the year 1687 Sir Edmund Andros, governor-in-chief, determined to make an effort to drive off the French from the settlements they had made in Acadia from the St. Croix to the Pentagoet—a country now claimed by the English, under the influence of the settlers of Massachusetts. At Pemaquid he embarked on the "Rose," a British frigate, and proceeded to the Penobscot for the purpose of intimidating Saint Castin. Sir Edmund caused his ship to be anchored "before Saint Castin's door," and sent an officer to announce his arrival; but the French,

instead of conferring with the English, fled into the woods. "The Governor landed with other gentlemen, and went into the house, and found a small altar in the common room," but they did not interfere with the altar or the pictures or the ornaments. They "took away all the arms, powder, shot, iron kettles, and some trucking-cloth, and his chairs; all of which were put aboard the "Rose," and laid up in order to a condemnation of trading." Andros had intended to repair the fort, and had taken with him working materials for the purpose, but finding the old work gone to ruins "was resolved to spare that charge till a more proper time offered." He then returned to Pemaquid, having informed Saint Castin, through some Indian messengers, that his property should be restored as soon as he would come to that place and profess allegiance to the King of England. Apprehensive that Saint Castin would arouse the Indians, Andros summoned the Indian chiefs of the neighborhood of Pemaquid, were they were "well treated with shirts, rum and trucking cloth (probably some of Saint Castin's), and His Excellency, in a short speech by an interpreter, acquainted them that they should not fear the French, that he would defend them, and ordered them to call home all their young men and they should live quietly and undisturbed." This truce, however, was not of long duration, for Saint Castin's influence among the Indians was not to be weakened by any promises of the New Englanders. It was not long before he had an opportunity of revenging himself upon the British for the injury they had done him.

## VI.

In the course of 1689 war was declared between France and England, and the continent of America again became the arena of active hostilities. In the struggle that ensued Saint Castin buckled on his sword once more,



and assisted his compatriots in their attacks upon the British colonies. In 1690, the governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac, organized three expeditions for a simultaneous onslaught on three important points. The first party, led by d'Ailleboust de Hertel and Lemoine de St. Hélène, and comprising among the volunteers the famous d'Iberville, marched in the depth of winter on Corlaer, now Schenectady, and surprising the inhabitants at night-time, destroyed the settlement and a considerable number of the unfortunate people, besides taking many prisoners. The second party, under the command of Hertel, destroyed the small fort of Salmon Falls, on the Piscataqua river, and then succeeded in evading the force that mustered against them from the surrounding country. The third party, mostly made up of Abenakis and other Indians, under the command of Saint Castin, formed a junction with Hertel after his attack on Salmon Falls, and then fell upon Falmouth, on Casco Bay, where the garrison of Fort Loyal surrendered prisoners of war after a short struggle, and were treated with great inhumanity.\* The cruelties practised by the Indian allies of the French during these raids were of a very aggravated character, and invested the war with additional terrors. The life of the white settler in those days was one of daily peril. We can picture him ever on the alert as he turns the sod and plants the crop in his little clearing; from time to time hastily seizing his gun, which is never absent from his side, as he mistakes the cry of some forest animal for the yell of the savages as they fall upon his humble cabin.

#### VII.

The next affair of importance in which Saint Castin was engaged was the attack made by the French, in the year 1696, upon the fort which had been built not long before by the Brit-

ish colonists at Pemaquid. This fort—the strongest work of the kind then possessed by the English in America—was situated at the mouth of a small river on the sea-board, and had cost the province of Massachusetts a very considerable sum of money. It was built of stone in the form of a quadrangle 108 feet in breadth by 747 feet in length; there was a fine parade ground in the middle, and a strong gunpowder magazine, nearly all hollowed out of the solid rock. The walls were six feet thick, and varied from ten to twenty feet in height—the highest point being seaward—and were all cemented in lime-mortar of a superior quality. At the south-west corner was a round tower twenty-four feet in height. The fort was defended by fifteen cannon at the time of the attack, nearly all twelve pounders—and at high tide was almost entirely surrounded by the sea.

M. d'Iberville, one of the most distinguished men whom Canada can claim as her own, was given charge of the expedition sent out by the French to operate against the British forts in Hudson's Bay, Acadia and Newfoundland, and set sail from Rochefort in the spring of 1696. He first anchored on this side of the Atlantic in the noble harbor of Sydney—then known as Baie, or Rivière des Espagnols—in Cape Breton, where he found a messenger from M. de Villebon, the governor of Acadia, with the intelligence that three British vessels of war were cruising off the River St. John in expectation of his arrival. The French ships "La Profonde," and the "L'Envieux," took on board a number of Indians at Spanish Bay, and then set sail for the Bay of Fundy, where M. d'Iberville hoped to surprise the English ships.

The French met the British vessels in the bay, and succeeded in capturing the "Newport," a brig of 24 guns; but the others escaped in a fog. After a few days' delay at St. John, for the purpose of landing supplies

\*See Williamson, I., 621.



"THEIR GUARDIAN ANGEL."

for the use of M. de Villebon, d'Iberville sailed for Pentagoet, where Saint Castin, with a large number of Indians, was awaiting his arrival. The French entertained the Indians at a great feast, and distributed a large quantity of presents amongst them; and then having made all their preparations, they proceeded against Fort William Henry, which was defended by Captain Chubb, who had 15 guns well mounted, and 95 men well armed. When the commandant was called upon to surrender, he replied that: "Though the sea was covered with French vessels, and the land with Indians, he should not surrender unless forced to do so." Then the siege commenced in earnest—several batteries were erected, and the French commenced to throw bombs into the fort. Thereupon the garrison were thrown into much confusion; which was considerably increased when Saint Castin again called on them to surrender, and told them that if they continued the defence much longer, the Indians would become so exasperated as to massacre all who might remain in the fort when it fell, as it must sooner or later. The defenders became so intimidated at last, that they forced Captain Chubb to offer to surrender the fort, provided the lives of all were guaranteed against the Indians, and they were taken to Boston to be exchanged for French prisoners at that time in the hands of the British. The terms were accepted; and then the French entered the fort, which was well supplied with food and military stores, and could have stood out for a long time, if the garrison had not taken fright at the threats of the French. In the fort, says Charlevoix, was found a Canibet Indian, in irons, and at the point of death. An order was also found from the governor of Massachusetts, for the death of the poor creature. His fetters were soon struck off; but the facts of his imprisonment and contemplated death were kept

from the Indian allies, who would probably have sought to revenge him on the British soldiers.\* A few days later the prisoners were sent to Boston, and the fort was razed to the ground.

### VIII.

Saint Castin appears to have remained for several years at Pentagoet, carrying on his lucrative trade with the Indians, after the treaty of peace signed at Ryswick, in 1697, when Acadia was again declared to be French territory, though its actual limits were not defined. War broke out in the commencement of the next century: and this continent again became the scene of the most cruel and relentless warfare. The Abenakis were incited by the French of Canada to join a number of Canadians; and the combined forces then ravaged that part of New England, which lies between Casco and Wells. The atrocities that were committed during these raids are beyond description. "Cruelty," said Bancroft, "became an art; and honor was awarded to the most skilful contriver of tortures. The prowling Indian seemed near every farmhouse; many an individual was suddenly snatched away into captivity. If armed men rousing for the attack, penetrated to the fastnesses of their roving enemy, they found nothing but solitudes." These atrocities were continued for years, and all New England was in mourning. "Children, as they gamboled on the beach; reapers, as they gathered the harvest; mowers, as they rested from using the scythe; mothers, as they busied themselves about the household, were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment a blow was struck; and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance."

The people of New England promptly retaliated by forming expeditions

\* Chubb was, in 1698, killed by the Indians at his home in Andover, in revenge for his cruelty to these Indians, Williamson, 1, 644 N.



against the French posts in different parts of Acadia, from Pentagoet to Port Royal. One Colonel Church was very active in these raids, which were conducted with much energy, and inflicted a great deal of damage on the French settlements. Among the places visited was the house of Saint Castin, which was plundered, though he was absent in France at the time, and his son, Anselme, was in charge. The historian of Maine censures this act, as Castin the younger was "in policy and sentiment the friend of tranquillity," and no doubt this act was mainly responsible for the active part he thereafter took in the war.

The elder Saint Castin, after his return to France, in 1701, does not appear to have again visited the scenes of his rude forest life in Acadia, but died at Oloron in 1717. Whittier, however, with allowable poetic license, has described the aged Baron as drawn back to the banks of the Kennebec, to pay a last tribute to those who fell on that "fearful day" at Norridgewock, when the old faithful Jesuit missionary, Father Kale, fell beneath the bullets of his English foes at the foot of the cross he had himself planted—

"A band is marching through the wood  
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,  
The warriors of the wilderness,  
Painted, and in their battle dress;  
And with them one whose bearded cheek  
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
A wanderer from the shores of France.  
A few long locks of scattered snow  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
The slanted sunbeams glance.  
In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin grey hair,  
No signs of weary age are there.  
His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine."

## IX.

In the spring of 1707, an expedition was organized in New England,

for an attack upon Port Royal, which was then held by M. de Subercase. The expedition was commanded by Colonel March, and consisted of 200 infantry, in 23 transports under the convoy of two men-of-war. They arrived off Port Royal on the 6th June, to the great surprise of the French, who, however, were soon rallied to the defence by the governor. Bodies of men were sent out to harass the enemy in the woods, and to retard their approach to the fort as long as possible. In this way the English were arrested for some days in their progress; but at last, on the third day of their arrival, they came within a short distance of the fort, which was then defended by the inhabitants, who had been called in from the surrounding country. M. de Subercase was obliged, however, to burn down a number of buildings in the vicinity of the fort, as he was unable to hold them and was afraid of them falling into possession of the enemy. The English then commenced to lay a regular siege to the fort, but the French opposed them with great bravery and success. Bernard Anselme, the eldest son of the Baron of Saint Castin, who had been educated at the Quebec Seminary, was among the French at the head of a small body of Indians, and took a very conspicuous part in defending the fort. On one occasion he made a sortie with a number of Indians and French, and forced the British to retire from their camp with considerable loss. On the 16th June, the French had intimation from their scouts that the enemy was preparing for a combined movement on the fort, and they were, therefore, fully prepared on the same night when they heard the muffled sound of a large body of men moving towards the walls. When the British came within gun-shot, the cannon of the fort commenced to play briskly, to the great consternation of the attacking force who had thought to surprise the French. The knowledge that the

French were prepared for them appears to have disconcerted them, for after burning a frigate and some smaller vessels which were lying at anchor close to the fort, they retired to their trenches. Next day they re-embarked on board their vessels, having lost nearly a hundred of their men, and set sail for New England. M. de Subercase, in a letter subsequently written to the French government, attributed the success of the French, in a great measure, to the opportune arrival of Anselme de Saint Castin.

The failure of this expedition caused much astonishment and indignation throughout New England, where its success had been confidently expected, and it was at once determined to make another effort to reduce the fort. Colonel March, on the plea of ill-health, gave up the command to Major Wainwright, and the expedition arrived in the basin of Port Royal on the 20th August; but the French were very little better prepared for this second visit, though they had been reinforced by the crew of a frigate commanded by M. de Bonaventure. The English, fortunately for the French, were very dilatory in their movements, and gave the governor sufficient time to re-assemble all the inhabitants for the defence of the works.

On the evening of the 21st of August, the English landed on the side opposite to the fort, and marched at once through the woods until they reached a favorable position, about a mile from the French, where they encamped. A party of over a hundred Indians and *habitants* were immediately sent out by Governor Subercase, to some points on the river above the English, with the view of protecting the French property, and, if possible, surprising the enemy. On the evening of the 23rd, a party of the English was sent from the main body for a reconnoissance, but the officer commanding the advanced guard failed to take the proper precautions, and was caught in an ambuscade and killed,

together with a number of his men. Several prisoners were also taken and brought to the fort, and from one of these it was ascertained that the English proposed landing their artillery in the course of the night. Therefore the governor ordered fires to be lighted along the river as soon as the tide commenced to rise, and this precaution having been taken, the English could not succeed in landing their artillery.

The English appear to have been out-generalled in every direction, and to have been placed in an awkward predicament. They were unable to reach the position they required in order to operate effectually against the fort, and had, moreover, the mortification of seeing the French making trenches in the very place where it had been proposed to draw up the attacking forces. The Indians and the French kept up a constant fire, and were worrying the British on every side. On the afternoon of August, 24th, forty or fifty men were sent down to the river for the purpose of securing some thatch for the covering of the tents, but nine of the party wandered into an ambuscade, and were all killed. Colonel Wainwright, writing about this time to his friends in Boston, confesses that his forces were in a very awkward strait: "If we had the transports with us, it would be impossible without a miracle to recover the ground on the other side, and I believe the French have additional strength every day. In fine, most of the forces are in a distressed state, some in body and some in mind, and the longer they are kept here on the cold ground, the longer it will grow upon them; and I fear the further we proceed the worse the event. God help us!"

The next day, the 25th, the English were obliged to take up another position, and commenced to erect batteries for cannons and mortars, but Subercase forced them to retire to another place, half a league lower down. Even

here, however, they were so harassed by the French and Indians, that they were compelled to make another move, to a point where they were out of the reach of the cannon of the fort. On the 29th the English re-embarked, with the intention of making an effort to reach the other side of the river, but Subercase suspected their design, and made his preparations accordingly. At sunrise on the last day of the month, the English troops landed under the protection of the guns of the fleet, and commenced their march in the direction of a point of land thickly covered with wood. Here Anselme de Saint Castin was awaiting their arrival with a force of a hundred and fifty men, and the moment they came within pistol-shot, he ordered his men to open on them. For a few minutes the English were disposed to force their way forward, but as the fire of the French did not appear to slacken, and they were ignorant of the number of the enemy in ambush, they began to retreat towards the shallows on the shore. Chevalier de la Boularderie whose name still remains on a pretty island at the entrance of the Bras d'or lake in Cape Breton,\* was detailed by Subercase to attack the retreating forces, but he was getting rather the worst of the encounter—having received several severe wounds himself—when Anselme Saint Castin and Saillant came to the rescue. A hot contest then ensued, and the two last-mentioned officers were both wounded, the latter mortally. Finally the English succeeded in embarking after having suffered very severe losses, and in the course of the next day left the basin. The New Englanders were naturally much dejected at the second failure of an expedition which had cost them so much money, and they did not attempt a third attack till three years afterwards, when they were finally rewarded with success, and Port Royal fell into the possession

of England, and was renamed Annapolis—now a sleepy old town in Western Nova Scotia, where the bells of ox-teams are still heard on the streets.

## X.

In the defence of Port Royal when it was successfully attacked in 1710 by the New England forces under Colonel Nicholson, Anselme de Saint Castin took an active part. Three years before he had been married to Marie Charlotte d'Amours, daughter of Louis d'Amours, Seigneur of Jemsek, in the peninsula of Acadia. After the capture of Port Royal he appears to have returned to the Penobscot, and was appointed in 1711 by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then governor of Canada, the King's lieutenant in Acadia. Impartial English historians describe him as "although a half-breed, entirely free from the bigoted malevolence of the French, or the barbarous revengeful spirit of the savages; by his sweetness of temper, magnanimity and other valuable properties, he was holden in high estimation by both people."\*

According to the records of Béarn he must have been in France in 1717, since he was admitted on the 28th of April to the order of nobility, and permitted to assume the title and estates of his father, who had died a few weeks previously. Longfellow refers to this interesting event in his well known verses, though he speaks of Saint Castin and his wife as a bridegroom and bride—another poetic license. Saint Castin, however, had his birthright at last acknowledged by the highest authority, in his father's old home.†

"The choir is singing the matin song;  
The doors of the church are opened wide;  
The people crowd, and press, and throng  
To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
They enter and pass along the nave,  
They stand upon the farthest grave.

\*See Williamson II., 70.

†At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, an interesting paper was presented from M. Dufau de Malaquer, Judge at Folx in the department of Ariège, France, from which I gather these and other particulars which correct many inaccuracies in previous accounts of young Saint Castin's life.

\* See Bourinot's "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Regime," p. 92.



The bells are ringing soft and slow,  
 The living above and the dead below  
 Give their blessing on one and twain:  
 The warm wind blows from the hills of  
 Spain,  
 The birds are building, the leaves are  
 green,  
 The Baron Castine of Saint Castine  
 Hath come at last to his own again."

In 1721, during what was known as Lovewell's war, in which Mather intimates, with many nods and winks set down in print, the English were the aggressors, Castin the younger was kidnapped and carried to Boston a prisoner. His offence was in attending a council of the Abenakis in his capacity of chief. He was brought before the council and interrogated. His mien was frank and fearless. In his uniform of a French officer, he stood with true Indian *sang froid* in the presence of men who he knew were able to deal heavy blows.

"I am," said he, "an Abenaki by my mother. All my life has been passed among the nation that has made me chief and commander over it. I could not be absent from a council where the interests of my brethren were to be discussed. The governor of Canada sent me no orders. The dress I now wear is one becoming my rank and birth as an officer in the troops of the most Christian King, my master."

The young baron was placed in the custody of the sheriff of Middlesex. He was kept seven months a prisoner, and then released before his friends, the Abenakis, could strike a blow for his deliverance. This once formidable tribe was such no longer. In 1689 it scarcely numbered a hundred warriors. Saint Castin's arrest was considered to have been most ill-advised, as he had committed no offence, but on the contrary was anxious to maintain most friendly relations with the English. After this unfortunate episode we do not again hear of him in Acadian history. The records of Béarn prove that he must have again returned to Oloron, for he died there

before the 16th of June, 1728. His wife died at Pau, six years later. He had three children: Marie Anselme, Brigitte who studied at the Ursulines in Quebec, and Louise born at Pau. Marie Anselme, the eldest, baroness of Saint Castin, and heiress of the estates, was born at Quebec in 1711, and married in the church of Faget d'Oloron, on the 23rd of June, 1730, the noble Pierre de Bourbon, a lawyer, who was admitted as lord of Saint Castin by the Estates of Béarn. His wife died in 1778, and the title and estates fell to one of her daughters. Her eldest son died without heirs, and the family had then no place in Canadian history.

## XI.

On the coast of "hundred-harbored Maine," formerly a part of Acadia, there is a sleepy old town, built on the sunny slope of a peninsula whose history goes back to the days of the French occupation of Canada. For many years it was neglected and forgotten, until one day it, too, was reached by the tide of travel which had inundated even the heights of Mount Désert. The picturesque surroundings and historic traditions of this "Sleepy Hollow" of Maine will fully account for the crowd of inquisitive tourists who, during the summer months, take possession of every available corner in the old houses, whose owners can hardly yet understand the reason of this abrupt invasion of their quiet homes. Nowhere in Acadia is there a spot more interesting to the student of the old annals of this continent than this quaint town, embowered in foliage, and resting by the side of the beautiful Penobscot Bay, gemmed with fir-clad islands. Somewhere in the neighborhood of this bay was supposed to stand the fabulous city of Norumbega, in quest of which many a Frenchman ventured into the wilderness, just as Raleigh, in his old age,

sought El Dorado in the wilds of Guiana. Champlain, La Tour, de Poutrincourt, Phipps, D'Iberville, and many famous Frenchmen and Englishmen, knew Pentagoet well in the early days of the struggle between France and England for the supremacy of this continent. It was Champlain who gave a name to the craggy summits of the picturesque island, which has been well described as one of the wardens of the bay.

"There gloomily against the sky  
The dark isles rear their summits high ;  
And Desert Rock abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its grey turrets in the air."

But Champlain's name has not been perpetuated among the scenes of his adventurous voyage around the shores of the bay. One name alone has persistently clung to the historic peninsula, and it is that of Saint Castin, which would have been probably for-

gotten ere this had not a kindly fate kept the memory of the old baron and his son green in this pleasant nook of the old Acadian land.

Though the name has disappeared from the old town among the Pyrenees, and no one bears it now by the banks of the St. Lawrence or in the Annapolis valley, yet we can see that the Saint Castins have, after all, been more fortunate than many of their compeers who have a far better claim to be remembered in the countries where they were the pioneers. As long as that old town slumbers by the side of bright Penobscot Bay ; as long as the poems of Longfellow and Whittier continue to charm thousands of homes,—there will always be some one to turn to the pages of history and recall the adventurous career of the two barons of Oloron amid the forests of Acadia.

### A CANADIENNE.

SWEET changing face, where light and shade  
Pass, as varying moods pervade,  
As the shadows come and pass  
O'er a field of waving grass,  
Changeful, varying as the sky  
When swift clouds are fleeting by,  
But with nature pure and true  
As that sky of sapphire hue,  
Or the soul that hidden lies,  
Deep within her wondrous eyes.

She can make an old maid sour  
Quite a lamb in half an hour ;  
She can make a sage sublime  
Quite a fool in half that time ;  
She can make a sinner sigh  
For his sins when she is by ;  
Or when teasing is her care  
She can make a bishop swear.  
She has faults, like all her sex,  
Faults that puzzle and perplex,  
But no woman "nobler planned"  
Lives in all this northern land.

REGINALD GOURLAY.



"MR. HALL CAINE, I believe?"

"Mr. Sherwood?"

"Yes."

Simultaneously these terms of civility were exchanged, as the bell-boy with the silver card-plate went skipping down the long west corridor of that famous Toronto hostelry, "The Queen's."

"Beautiful weather, this of yours; close on November, too. I believe that these bright days are not exceptional in Canada—just my luck! I have mislaid my matches. Gentlemen, a cigarette?"

"Thank you, thank you," resounded, as the little flame-lit strip of pine when round the party, and "beautiful weather" again went on its second reading.

"This is your first visit to Canada, Mr. Caine?"

"And to America, you might add. It is a wonderful country, this of yours, with untold possibilities; what glorious opportunities for the development of a magnificent manhood. Gentlemen, you should live to guard this fair land as you would your own family."

Thus in a free and happy conversational tone, Mr. Caine chatted on, until the period usually allotted to afternoon receptions was far beyond recall.

After accepting a kind invitation to a little reunion, and tendering in turn our kindest hospitalities to more than one event, we retired from what was most undoubtedly a well-spent hour. We remembered, as we strolled homeward, not a few of the clever things which Mr. Caine said, and most of all the unassumed simplicity of the world-famed novelist.

Scores of invitations lay upon the mantel-piece and table, many of which had been awaiting him in his hotel in New York, whilst he was as yet upon the great ocean. Literary and Art Clubs in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Toronto, were all vying with each other in an honorable rivalry to entertain Mr. Hall Caine. It must have been no easy task to arrange for all these trying though pleasant receptions, and to prepare those brilliant and thoughtful after-dinner addresses.

As a conversationalist, or as an orator, Mr. Hall Caine was almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic before his present visit. The mantle that was upon him was woven in the Isle of Man, and the weird splendor of that robe was seen in the guise of the thrilling character of "The Manxman." His presence, however has added a fresh lustre to the star of his fame, that seems, with constantly in-



creasing brilliancy, fixed in its orbit over that lonely, storm-wreathed island in the Irish Sea; yet over every continent the oblique ascending rays are piercing and illumining.

Mr. Hall Caine is a gentleman easy of approach. That spirit of self-consciousness which usually harasses a visitor in the presence of distinguished men is little felt; you are so completely at home while you join in the pleasant pastime of smoking an Oriental cigarette, that all your nervous hesitancy seems to float away in the circling columns of smoke.

At the mention of his best known work, "*The Manxman*," the author evinces an interest almost enthusiastic, which primarily centres in the Isle of Man wherein the plot is laid. The slightest reference to the little shore-stretching City of Douglas seems to awaken the fondest recollections, and this is evidenced by a momentary pause or a tenderly accentuated word. The traditions of the Isle of Man go back to the Danish invasion, and beyond that period. The dwellers upon that little dot in the Irish Sea point with pride to their Danish and Celtic progenitors. The warm auburn hair of the Norseman is exemplified in the waving locks and pointed reddish beard, the characteristics of the Celt, in the dark brown eye and varying inflection of the voice. The very name of our hero, Hall Caine, a family name, sets aside all that might be raised in opposition to this ethnological conclusion.

The true portrait of Mr. Hall Caine, however, must not illustrate too faithfully the native islander. The resemblance should, in the silhouette, possess the features of the sixteenth century Englishmen—faces like the refined gentlemen painted by Vandyke, say ten or fifteen years previous to the Commonwealth, or even when the earliest traces of impending gloom graced the portraits of that master. Mr. Hall Caine holds to the peculiar theory that in any nation's life, by

some periodicity or order of encyclical development, the form and features of the men of any particular age re-appear in the course of two hundred years. How fanciful all this seems, and with even a shadow of data, it is historically and ethnologically an interesting theory. With apologies to Mr. Caine, an illustration may be given here. Having had the honor of making a sketch of Mr. Hall Caine in oil, I was struck with the wonderful similarity of his face to the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. This is shown in the dome-like brow, the distance between the eyes, the lines of concentration between the eyebrows, the high bridge of the nose, the delicately drawn lines of the mouth; but more than all, in the large, dreamy, liquid brown eyes, glowing with an amber light, that give even in moments of mirth a pensive sadness. This, with a strangely contemplative calmness, suggests convincingly the similarity with the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare.

Mr. Caine, like all whose spirits are finely touched, is all aglow with patriotism. He quotes with fervor the well-known lines:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said  
'This is my own, my native land.'"

When he heard our national song, "*The Maple Leaf Forever*," sung at his first Toronto reception, and again in the assembly room of the Canadian Club in Hamilton, he enthusiastically exclaimed: "That is a patriotic song, that '*Maple Leaf*.'" Pausing for a few moments, on one of these occasions, he said: "I would rather write a song like this, a song that goes to the hearts of the people, than the greatest novel ever penned."

The fondness for children, which is often a characteristic of genius, is possessed by Mr. Hall Caine in an almost phenomenal degree. When addressed by a little newsboy, he turned towards the poor waif with affectionate con-

sideration, purchased a paper, and thanked him for offering his wares. On Sunday morning, in St. James' Cathedral Church (Toronto), at the close of an impressive service, when the Rev. Canon Dumoulin had concluded an eloquent and effective appeal to young men, the vast congregation interested Mr. Caine less than the little group of orphans who sat beneath the pulpit, and on whom he looked with the spirit of a pitying parent.

During his visit to the President of the United States at Buzzard Bay, little baby Ruth climbed upon his knees, ran her chubby fingers through his auburn locks, and stroked the beard of our great novelist.

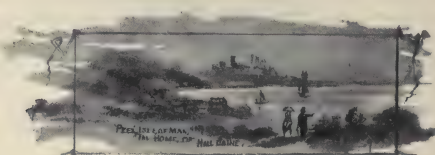
It is with no attention of unduly lauding the author, when it is said that to his worth is due all the flattering and honorable mention which has been accorded him in America. Since the days of Charles Dickens, no other novelist has affected so profoundly the thoughts and feelings of the English-speaking people as has Hall Caine. His methods of teaching may differ from the cult of the average writer of fiction, but, in the end, its tendency will be to eradicate evil by the exposure of oppressive and dishonest social conditions. The difference between fashionable pretence and a true nobility of character is so strongly presented in all the scenes of social and political life which Hall Caine depicts, that one feels for a time, after reading his work, that much of it would be better unsaid; that disclosure may

ruffle the surface of our social waters; that many may shrink from a discussion of the subjects regarding which we too often avow a superlative modesty.

If there exists in the warp and woof of national life an unsound thread, and that thread is being more and more woven into the fabric, it is surely no evidence of a high-minded modesty to close one's eyes to the portion affected. Nay, it is the duty of some one to cry aloud, even to cry, with the prophetic, fiery eloquence of an Isaiah; that all men may know the evil and where it is to be found. The duty devolving upon any author who would undertake so great a task, is a most arduous one.

Mr. Caine is in his happiest vein when engaged in work of this character. Possessed of an acute and active mental nature, he is free from every taint of miasmatic cynicism or lethargic melancholy.

The mission upon which Mr. Hall Caine has come to America, *viz.*, to unravel the entanglement existing between English authors and Canadian publishers, is one of extreme delicacy. As to the success of his mission it would be difficult to prophecy. The subject will be open for discussion until the interested parties will have placed their respective claims in the clearest light. As the representative of the society of British authors, none better than Mr. Hall Caine could have been chosen to advance its claims in this country. If he fails, none other could succeed.



## MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

*A Study of the New Colonial Secretary.*

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN possesses a personality of the most interesting nature and the most pronounced power. As the political Lord of the Midlands, the representative of virile Radicalism, the exponent of democracy, the pillar of municipal Birmingham, the organizer of party success, the constructor of political platforms, the embodiment of creative social legislation, the vigorous champion of Imperialism, the bitter opponent of Mr. Gladstone in later years, and the present ally of the Tory party, he has been ever alert, always clever and generally forceful. Aggressive in policy, caustic in spirit, brilliant in style, he may be said to have resembled Clemenceau in his devotion to Radicalism, Disraeli in his power of witty and effective debate, Mr. Gladstone in his changes of political environment, and Lord Lansdowne in his personal bearing and stamp of style.

Joseph Chamberlain was born in London in 1836, and was educated partly at a private school and partly at University College, London, where he certainly was not noted for devotion to study. His forte has always been practical work and not scholarship, although his speeches of a later date are neither devoid of culture nor in any way indicative of aversion to books. Before coming of age he joined his father in the business of making wood-screws at Birmingham, and as the industry grew in volume and the firm in wealth, he became more and more identified with the capital of the Midlands. In 1865, Messrs. Nettleford & Chamberlain manufactured 90,000 gross per week, or more than one-half the total production of the town. In

1874, when the son retired from the business with a large fortune, and the intention of devoting himself to public life, nearly the whole of the wood-screw trade of Birmingham had passed into the hands of the firm.

One success leads to another and Mr. Chamberlain's appearance and performance in municipal politics was literally a triumph of local reform and executive ability. In 1870, he had been elected a member of the School Board, and three years later, became its chairman, at the same time that the citizens chose him for Mayor. To this latter post he was twice re-elected. As a shrewd and successful business man he had already become well-known; as a speaker and debater, his fluency of speech, justness of thought, and ready wit were becoming distinct factors in the local situation; as an educationist he fought for the general application of Mr. Forster's Act, and as far as was possible aimed to make the Birmingham school system compulsory, secular and free. The municipal schemes which he carried out may be briefly summarized as the result of managing the city upon a bold and comprehensive business basis. He turned the corporation into a huge firm, of which he was himself the directing head and the controlling impulse. Under this plan of operations, the town bought up the gas-works and reduced the price to the people by over a shilling. The capital value of the concern is now \$11,000,000, and the annual profit \$150,000. Then the town bought up the waterworks, paid the shareholders \$160,000 per annum, and created a property now supposed to be worth \$11,000,000, while improving



the supply and reducing the rates by nearly \$80,000 a year. The next step was to purchase what were termed the "central slums," by means of \$8,000,000 of borrowed money. Corporation street was then constructed within the improved area, and when the leases fall in some fifty years hence, Birmingham will be the richest civic corporation in the world. Finally a drainage union with neighbouring towns was formed and a model sewage farm of 1,200 acres and costing \$2,000,000 was established.

Although these and other great changes raised the debt of the city from five to fifty millions of dollars, Mr. Chamberlain has recently pointed out that apart from the new service for elementary education, "the rates of Birmingham are less than they were thirty years ago and the total charge is rather more than twenty shillings per head of the population, or about one-fifth of the charge of local administration in the city of Boston." Such success in municipal government naturally attracted more than local attention and together with his addresses upon Education in various parts of the country, lent some public interest to his Parliamentary candidature for Sheffield in 1874. Another feature at this period was his reputation for advanced Radicalism. He was popularly looked upon as a Republican and has never denied having had theoretical sympathy with the principle. So rife were these stories at the time, that when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Birmingham in 1874 there was much speculation as to how the Mayor would entertain his Royal guests and what he would say to them upon the occasion. The *Times* even repeated a story to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain had been given an audience by the Prince and had "endeavored to explain to him, with only partial success, the advantage of surrendering to the people his rights of succession." But as might have been expected, "his reception of the

Prince and Princess was simple, dignified and becoming, and his speeches as distinguished for loyal courtesy as for self-respect."

This was however an unfortunate time for Radical candidates even in such hot-beds of that political persuasion as Birmingham. Sir Charles Dilke's misguided and silly attacks upon the Queen and the monarchy had not only brought intense popular odium upon himself, but had re-acted upon his friends and those who were even suspected of adhesion to Republicanism. And combined with the Conservative wave sweeping over the country, this proved too much for Mr. Chamberlain; and for the first and last time he was defeated in a contest for the House of Commons. A few months afterwards a clear and comprehensive article from his pen appeared in the *Fortnightly* and constituted the first of those political "programmes" which he has proved so successful in proposing and so effective in transforming into legislation. He took the extreme Radical view, denounced his leaders under a thin veil of politeness, and demanded a complete system of national education, the multiplication of small holdings, the abolition of the Game Laws, reform of the representation and the separation of Church and State. Free land, free labor, free church and free schools, was his condensed summary of this very advanced platform. With such opinions and a reputation even more startling than he deserved, it was little wonder that Mr. Chamberlain should attract some attention on being returned to the Commons by acclamation at a bye-election in 1876. Birmingham expressed itself clearly and strongly and now it is probable that, no matter what course he might take, his constituency would support him with conspicuous devotion. The old Tory members of the House expected to find in the great Birmingham Radical some fearsome sight, and rather expected that his appearance and first



THE RT.-HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

speech would prove a shock to Parliamentary taste and prestige, a blow to precedent and the constitution. Shirt-sleeves and a short clay pipe were amongst the minor things anticipated. When he did rise to address the House on February 17th, 1877, its expectant members saw a slimly built, youthful-looking man with a regulation black coat and waist-coat, an appearance of quiet dignity and self-possession and—an eye glass! The sight was too much for veteran Con-

servatives such as Sir Walter Barttelot. The “barbarian from the Black Country” had actually proved a man of quiet and aristocratic bearing, and the speech which followed upon the Prisons Bill was listened to with attention and was delivered in a low, clear, and well controlled voice.

From this time Mr. Chamberlain’s rise was as rapid as his municipal experience had been phenomenal. With Sir Charles Dilke he assumed the lead of the Advanced Radical and Liberal

element in the country. In pressing his platform of Social Reform during the elections of 1885, he enunciated what was popularly known as "the three acres and a cow policy," and described his general political objects in the following words:

"I am confident in the capacity of a wise Government resting upon the representation of the whole people to do something to add to the sum of human happiness, to smooth the way for misfortune and poverty. We are told that this country is the paradise of the rich. It should be our duty to see that it does not become the purgatory of the poor. What I say is that the community as a whole, co-operating for the benefit of all, may do something to add to the sum of human happiness,—do something to make the life of all its citizens, especially the poorest of them, somewhat better, somewhat nobler, somewhat greater and somewhat happier."

During these elections, the last for many years in which Ireland and Home Rule were not the chief topics, Mr. Chamberlain pressed this "unauthorized programme" of Social Reform. The result, despite cold water thrown upon it by his leaders, was that the Liberal defeat in the towns was changed into a victory in the counties, where, as some one has put it, "the three acres and a cow romped in." He had already held the Presidency of the Board of Trade between 1880 and 1885, and, during the brief interregnum from office which had followed the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government in the House, he obtained a position in the country which made him almost a necessary part of any future Liberal cabinet. His political tour of Scotland was especially noteworthy as having raised a storm upon the question of church disestablishment. When, therefore, amid rumors of party disintegration and the wildest stories of his proposed policy regarding Ireland, Mr. Gladstone tried to form his third ministry in January, 1886, much depended upon the attitude assumed by Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Hartington held aloof, and refused to join any minis-

try which even dallied with Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain, after prolonged negotiations, accepted the post of President of the Local Government Board, but only held it until the Premier's Irish proposals had taken definite form, when he resigned office, and utterly repudiated his leader's policy.

In view of the subsequent discussions and its own historic and intrinsic interest, I quote the following letter written by him on January 30th, 1886:—

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE:

"I have availed myself of the opportunity you have kindly afforded me to consider further your offer of a seat in your Government. I recognize the justice of your view that the question of Ireland is paramount to all others and must first engage your attention. The statement of your intention to examine whether it is practicable to comply with the wishes of the majority of the Irish people, as testified by the return of eighty five representatives of the Nationalist party, does not go beyond your previous public declarations, while the conditions which you attach to the possibility of such compliance seem to me adequate, and are also in accordance with your repeated public utterances. But I have already thought it due to you to say that, according to my present judgment, it will not be found possible to reconcile those conditions with the establishment of a national legislative body sitting in Dublin, and I have explained my own preference for an attempt to come to terms with the Irish members on the basis of a more limited scheme of local government, coupled with proposals for a settlement of the land, and, perhaps, also of the education question. You have been kind enough, after hearing these opinions, to repeat your request that I should join your Government, and you have explained that in this case I shall retain 'unlimited liberty of judgment and rejection' on any scheme that may hereafter be proposed, and that the full consideration of such minor proposals as I have referred to as an alternative to any larger arrangement will not be excluded by you. On the other hand, I have no difficulty in assuring you of my readiness to give an unprejudiced examination to any more extensive proposals that may be made, with an anxious desire that the results may be more favorable than I am at present able to anticipate. In the circumstances and with the most earnest hope that I may be able in any way to assist you in your most difficult work, I beg to accept the offer you have



made to submit my name to Her Majesty for a post in the new Government.

"I am, my dear Mr. Gladstone,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

This exhibits Mr. Chamberlain's view, and explains his unwillingness to accept the vast and sweeping proposals afterwards presented to the Cabinet and the Commons, in Mr. Gladstone's characteristically independent and masterful way. Then came his retirement from the Government, and the consequent formation of the Liberal Unionist party. Mr. Chamberlain has since proved perhaps the most brilliant and bitter opponent of Home Rule, and the most caustic critic of the veteran Liberal leader. The breach has grown until re-union has become impossible, and the old-time Liberals of what may be termed the Chamberlain wing, have drifted from an occasional alliance with the Conservatives into a pronounced union, and what now looks like a permanent assimilation. To the Birmingham leader, more than to any other single man, the defeat of Home Rule is due, and for this reason we in Canada should take the American cable reports concerning him with more than the traditional grain of salt. Some of our newspapers provide us through this system with so much perverted British news, that it is difficult to form in an ordinary way a just judgment of much that transpires in England. It is not altogether their fault, though more care in culling out evidently false and coloured statements from the despatches would be desirable, and is indeed a duty. Some day perhaps we shall have our own cable service instead of an anti-British and Americanized system. Meanwhile it may be generally accepted that the motives imputed to British leaders—if Conservative in belief, or aristocratic in position and view—are far from accurate. Hence the "dead set" made during recent months upon Lord Rosebery—the Peer

Premier—and the absurdly exaggerated place given Mr. Labouchere. But this in passing.

Whatever our views on Home Rule may be, it should be remembered that British statesmen are, almost without exception, honourable men, and are entitled to consideration in any personal change of belief or political affiliation. And despite the much-quoted and very partisan opinions of able publicists such as Justin McCarthy or W. T. Stead, it seems to me that Mr. Chamberlain was justified from his point of view in his political course and political sacrifices. He is no more a "political chameleon" than was Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, Lord Derby or Sir Robert Peel, in their now historic changes of opinion or line of action. Certainly, his social and reform platform has been as consistent as it was persistent. In 1892, through the columns of the *Nineteenth Century* he outlined a second programme—his first having been in some measure achieved. Summarized briefly, it is as follows:—

I. Legislation for shortening the hours of work for miners.

II. Regulations for the earlier closing of shops.

III. Establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes.

IV. Compensation for injuries to workmen by employers, and to the widows and children in case of death.

V. Old age pensions for deserving poor.

VI. Restriction and control of pauper immigration.

VII. Increased facilities and powers to local authorities to make town improvements, and prepare for the better housing of the poor.

VIII. Power to local authorities to advance money and otherwise aid workingmen in becoming house-owners.

Such is the platform which Mr. Chamberlain has now as a Unionist given to the Conservative party. Just as he once forced a still more compre-

hensive and sweeping array of schemes upon the Liberal leaders, and stood amongst them as an advanced and advancing Radical, so he now stands amongst the Peers and leaders of Toryism as a progressive and progressing Reformer. In this respect he is but little changed. His watchword twenty years ago was the amelioration of popular conditions; it is still the central principle in his political code. And it is surely a good thing to improve the social state of the nation, whether it be done through the common processes of Radical fire and fury, or the more sedate and cautious aid of aristocratic intelligence and affiliation.

And now a word as to his Colonial principles and schemes. Mr. Chamberlain is intensely ambitious, and it is therefore all the more gratifying to see, that like Lord Rosebery, and all the men of the future in Great Britain, he realizes the mighty potency of the Imperial principle of unity and expansion. It is, in fact, the most popular idea now underlying and controlling British politics. It is not a new sentiment with Mr. Chamberlain, though it does not apparently date back further than the ministry of 1880-1885. Up to that time he seems to have been a passive, though not an active, member of that school of "drift," which once threatened the Empire with disintegration, but which has now practically disappeared. The active principle, it is true, remains here and there in the utterances of a few isolated survivals of the political past, such as Mr. Goldwin Smith or Mr. John Morley, but speaking generally, the Colonial theories of the Manchester School have vanished as completely as the New Zealand Dodo. No one is quicker at recognizing such changes than Mr. Chamberlain, and it was only natural that his development in political life and influence should run side by side with a similar development in his own breadth of view and Imperial sentiment. Speaking at the Devonshire Club on April 9th, 1888, he referred

fully to his opinions and position in this connection:

"In the case of the United States of America I hope for amity and peace, and I ask for nothing more. Our course has been marked out for us as separate and independent, but I hope as friendly nations. But is it necessary, is it desirable, that our relations with Canada, with our great colonies in Australasia and South Africa, should follow the same course, should result in a similar absolute independence. I am willing to submit to the charge of being a sentimentalist, when I say to you that I will never willingly admit of any policy that will tend to weaken the ties between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race which form the British Empire, the vast Dominions of the Queen. I feel myself a natural pride in the restless energy and dauntless courage which have created this great Empire. I feel a satisfaction in the constant evidence which is given us of the affectionate attachment of our fellow-subjects throughout the world to their old home. It seems to me that it would be unpatriotic to do anything which would discourage this sentiment—that it would be cowardly and unworthy to repudiate the obligations and responsibilities which the situation entails upon us."

And speaking in Toronto shortly before this, he had expressed the hope that "the Confederation of Canada might be the lamp to light our pathway to the Confederation of the British Empire." With these views he has now assumed, by his own express wish, the Colonial portfolio in a powerful British Government, and we may well hope and believe that such expressions precede the way to a practical, though probably not complete development of the policy outlined. There is much to do. The federation of Australia is slowly approaching. That of South Africa, under the guiding genius of Mr. Rhodes, is a certainty. The development of our vast Canadian North-West, the settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries question, the laying of a cable between Canada and Australia, the growth of Imperial trade and commerce, all come within his purview. We may therefore trust and expect that he will rise to the full level of his great abilities and noble opportunities.

Mr. Chamberlain lives in a beautiful country house called "Highbury," near Birmingham, and there it was that he brought his charming American bride some half-dozen years ago. Miss Endicott was the daughter of a very old and respected family of Massachusetts—one of the few "governing families" of the great Republic. Mr. Chamberlain met her in Washington while negotiating the Fisheries Treaty of 1888, and though unsuccessful in getting the Treaty through the Senate, he was certainly successful in winning a wife. Mrs. Chamberlain is very popular in Birmingham, but takes no active part in public life, and probably shares her husband's aversion to "woman's rights," and all the fantastic fads included under that generic name.

But I must stop here and only add in conclusion that the future of the Conservative or Unionist party lies in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. No abler leader could be found than Lord Salisbury, but he is not personally fond of politics, and when the time comes for a successor to be chosen, it will be interesting to note which of these two powerful personalities will first come to the front. The chances, and indeed the best of party claims are now with Mr. Balfour, but if his colleague should inaugurate and carry into effect a great Imperial policy, his prestige would be enhanced to a degree which might make the issue uncertain. Meantime Canada is almost certain to benefit by his genius for organization, for detail, and for execution.

## AULD DONALD'S LAMENT.

ON New Year's e'en, when folk are auld,  
And bluid is thin and winter cauld,  
Ah, this is but a weary world  
Gin we no' get our whiskey.

Our friends they sit so dour and black,  
A' waitin' round to hae a snack,  
They'll no' gie out a single crack  
Until they hae their whiskey.

There's naething lightsome in their heels,  
The bluid aboot their heart congeals,  
They canna dance their foursome-reels  
For wantin' o' their whiskey.

How weel a body feels when fou,  
It makes him fain to pree a mou',  
One daurna' kiss his dearie noo,  
And a' for want o' whiskey.

Counfound this silly Temp'rance craze,  
That keeps ane drougthty a' his days;  
I'd rather ha'e my drink than claes,  
O wae is me, for whiskey.

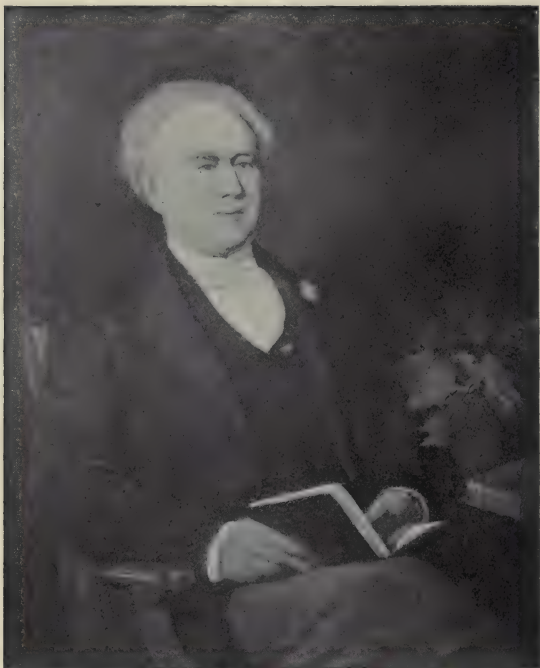
Could I but gang to Parliament,  
The last bawbee I had were spent  
To brake up a' their divilment,  
And gie me back my whiskey.

'Cause ane puir chiel takes mair'n enoo'  
They rin like sheep, that skelter through  
An open yet; to stay the brew  
And stop the flow of whiskey.

The daftit fules are no' like men,  
What's a' about I dinna ken,  
But I'd be gawin' young again  
Could I but get my whiskey.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.





ALEXANDER MUIR, B.A.

Painted from Life by W. A. Sherwood.

## CANADA'S NATIONAL SONG;

ITS AUTHOR AND ITS ORIGIN.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

A WAY back in the "forties," in one of the humble homes of a Canadian village, there might have been seen, one summer day, a kindly Scotch "meenister," holding between his knees a curly-headed youth. The minister was catechising him as to his Sunday school attendance and his knowledge of the Bible, and found him very proficient.

"And he has made a poem, too," said his Sunday-school teacher, the

resident minister, who was also present. "He has put it to the music of 'Scots wa ha'!"

"Let us hear you sing it, Alexander," said the visiting minister.

And the youthful poet sang it with his boyish simplicity and power, as if touched with Divine inspiration.

The minister put his hands on the boy's curly pate, and spake the prophetic words:

"Ye'll be weel ken'd yet afore ye dee."

And the mother, after the manner of Scotch folk, treasured the saying in her heart, and encouraged little Alexander in his poetical and musical creations.

That minister was the celebrated Scotch Divine, Dr. Norman McLeod, then on a visit to this country, and that youth was afterwards the author of Canada's national song.

In October, 1867, two men were walking in a Toronto garden, a nursery. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, to be trodden under foot in spite of all their glory of crimson and gold coloring. A leaf fluttered down to the coat sleeve of one of the men, and was detained by the roughness of the cloth of which the garment was made. He tried to brush it off and thought he had succeeded, but as he was leaving he discovered that it was still hanging there, and its tenacity impressed itself upon his mind.

He remarked the occurrence to his companion, who was bidding him "good afternoon," and the latter said: "You have been writing verses, why not write a song about the maple leaf?"

This was about four o'clock in the day, and in less than two hours afterwards the poem was written that has made the name of Alexander Muir a household word in every part of Canada.

Next day he was playing with his children and repeating the words of the poem aloud. His wife suggested that he set the words to music, so that he might sing them; for he had a pleasant, sonorous voice. He thereupon tried several tunes, but could find nothing to suit him.

"I'll have to compose one myself," he said, and in a few hours afterwards the beautiful tune that has gladdened the hearts and refreshed the souls of thousands of Canadian patriots, that has reached the ears of thousands of

English-speaking people in the United States and Great Britain, was on paper.

The following is the poem as corrected by the author:

### THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore the hero Wolfe,  
Britain's glory did maintain,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain,  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
And, joined in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

### CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf forever!  
God save our Queen, and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever!

On many hard-fought battle-fields,  
Our brave fathers, side by side,  
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear  
Firmly stood, and nobly died:  
And those dear rights which they maintained,  
We swear to yield them never!  
We'll rally round the Union Jack,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

In autumn time, our emblem dear  
Dons its tints of crimson hue;  
Our blood would dye a deeper red,  
Shed, dear Canada for you!  
Ere sacred right our fathers won  
To foemen we deliver,  
We'll fighting die—our battle-cry,  
"The Maple Leaf forever!"

God bless our loved Canadian homes,  
Our Dominion's vast domain;  
May plenty ever be our lot,  
And peace hold an endless reign;  
Our Union, bound by ties of love,  
That discord cannot sever,  
And flourish green, o'er Freedom's home,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land,  
May kind heaven sweetly smile;  
God bless old Scotland evermore,  
And Ireland's emerald isle!  
Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
Till rocks and forests quiver;  
God save our Queen, and heaven bless,  
The Maple Leaf forever.

Soon after its composition Mr. Muir sang the song for a party of friends, among whom was the late Edward Lawson, a gentleman then prominent in the musical circles of Ontario's Cap-

ital city. Mr. Lawson recognized its merit, and insisted that it should be published. He accompanied Mr. Muir one day to the *Guardian* office, where arrangements were made for publication. The first edition of one thousand copies was struck off and placed on sale.

The cost of this edition was \$30, and this Mr. Muir paid out of his own pocket, although he had not expected to be compelled to do so. The total receipts from the sale of this edition—that found their way to Mr. Muir's pocket—were \$4. Thus his profits were \$26 less than nothing.

Year by year the song grew more popular. Music dealers found it increasingly in demand, and one enterprising publishing house thought it worth securing—mark the word—and of their own accord, copyrighted it, and issued another edition. Since then the sale has been enormous and the profits considerable, but not a penny of the latter has found its way to Mr. Muir. Such has been its financial success for the author. He is still \$26 behind in his publishing venture.

But if "The Maple Leaf Forever" did not bring him a monetary profit, it has brought him the profound gratitude, sincere respect, and imperishable love of a nation. His name is enrolled in the list of Canada's heroes—with Cartier, Champlain, Montcalm, Wolfe, McGee, Howe, Macdonald, and many others, who, though they have passed beyond the ken of mortal man, are still loved and revered. To-day Alexander Muir holds an enviable position in the hearts of the Canadian people, and it will be ever so. In Toronto, where he lives, being Principal of one of the Queen City's large public schools, he is a welcome and respected guest at all political and social gatherings, and possesses a host of friends and admirers who are always willing and pleased to do him honor. Perhaps in no place is he more at home or more lionized than in the Sergeant's Mess of that regiment with

which he was long connected, and which bears the Maple Leaf as its emblem, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

Although Alexander Muir has lived in this country since the time when his limbs were first learning their strength, Canada has not the honor of containing his birth-place. His father, John Muir, taught school in Lesmanhagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, and there Alexander was born. His early education was received at a school in the township of Scarboro (near Toronto), and at Queen's University, Kingston, from which he graduated in 1851. His whole life has been spent teaching in and around Toronto.

The photograph which heads this article shows Mr. Muir as he is to-day. It is taken from a painting by Mr. W. A. Sherwood, and reproduces, in a remarkably accurate manner, the open and noble countenance of the man whom Canada delights to honor. On his coat lapel is a small silver maple leaf, the gift of a lady who is the leader of Canadian women, a lover of everything which is good and noble and true, and Canadian.

Personally, Mr. Muir does not despise fame, but he has not courted it. He loves Canada, he loves her British freedom, her British-born institutions, and her British connections. Out of the fulness of his intense patriotism, he has given the country that he loves a song as enthusiastic, as patriotic, and as noble as he is himself. By so doing, he has done as much as any other of our national heroes to create and mould that national life which is now surging within her veins, and developing her into a Queen among the nations.

His simple frankness, his cheerful contentedness, his open nobility and kindly good-humor have made him a universal favorite among those who have been honored with his acquaintance. His high integrity, his love of truth and right, have made him a



noble husband, a loving father, and an admirable model for the Canadian youth among whom he has spent his life.

In 1890, Mr. Muir wrote another beautiful song, "Canada, Land of the Maple Tree," of which the first verse and chorus are :

No foreign power shall o'er us rule,  
Our liberties enthrall;  
Fair British play shall hold the sway,  
With equal rights for all.  
No other race shall e'er displace  
The sons from Britain sprung;  
Our school shall teach our noble speech,  
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

CHORUS.

We're Britons born, are Britons still,  
And Britons aye shall be,  
The Union Jack, the flag we love,  
Shall guard our Maple tree.

A copy of this was sent by the author to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and he replied that he would adopt the chorus as his life motto. Although he lived only a short time afterwards, it was long enough to make famous his well-known phrase (suggested by the chorus):

"A British subject I was born,  
A British subject I will die."

## MOUNT ROYAL—TWO SONNETS.

### I.

#### THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

SENESCENCE reigneth over all supreme,  
Save where, in these vast desolated halls  
The lowly moss clings to the granite walls,  
And a lone weed dispels a barren dream;  
The golden-rod hath spent its latest gleam  
On the sere grass; the yellow bramble sprawls  
Where the last petal of the aster falls,  
And where the crisp fern rustles by a stream.  
  
No more the joyous bird-notes trill and flow;  
A silence reigns—as in a city old,  
Buried and still; the glory of the leaf  
Hath passed away; life lies in overthrow,  
Benumbed with the nepenthe of the cold;  
The winds proclaim the bare world's silent grief.

### II.

#### WINTER—THE FIRST SNOW.

How tenderly this white-winged silence flies  
From grove to grove; upon this couch of down  
A multitude of tired things are strown,  
And some but rest and some no more shall rise;  
Where the wan maple boughs beseech the skies  
A dead leaf shivers; and the sun's last frown  
Is purple in the distant woods of brown;  
The shadows lengthen and the daylight dies.  
  
The silver billows and the silver moon,  
The silver stars, the shimmering silver shore,  
Have charmed the winds and they forget to blow.  
It is a peace that passeth all too soon;  
These voices threaten, skies are darkling, o'er  
Yon upland strides the storm; come, let us go!

Montreal, Que.

KEPPEL STRANGE.

## THE HOME LIFE OF EUGENE FIELD.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

WHAT a strangely empty place that big house in Buena Park, North Chicago, must seem now that the "good, gay poet" goes no more in and out of its doors, and through its rooms!

In a way, there was a likeness between the house and the man, a tall and rather uncouth structure in the midst of others more graceful and pretentious, but with an individuality about it which no one could fail to notice. Once inside it and you were in an atmosphere foreign to the great busy, money-getting city—an atmosphere of intellectuality, of good comradeship, and of restfulness. There was a mustiness in it, maybe, a reminder from the old parchments and worm-eaten works of hands long dead, the tid-bits which are the meat and drink of the biblomaniac, find him where you will.

"Gene spends too much on his treasures," Mrs. Field would say. "And worse still, he will sit up till morning gloating over them, foolish fellow! I tell him he makes idols out of the queer old mouldy things, and worships at unseemly hours."

"And I tell her that I've been an idolator and worshipped at unseemly hours ever since I came across a little brown-eyed girl, and being young and foolish at the time, set up an altar before I knew it," he would answer. And the woman who was once the little brown-eyed girl would laugh and listen with complacency while he told quaint stories of their early days of housekeeping, of his chronic habit of asking people to dinner on wash-days, of his forgetfulness of all commonplace but quite necessary things, of trials he fell into through following the advice of "the boys" who,

being bachelors, knew no more about advising a married man than an old maid knew of baby talk. They were always "the boys" to him. It made no difference that time was getting pretty well acquainted with them.

"My wife ought to look old—if worry made wrinkles she would have them in plenty, for she took a great task on herself when she married me." And he would sink his voice, and tell of a dream he had once upon a time. How he dreamed that he went to heaven, and meeting a venerable looking man, asked him his name.

"I am Job," was the answer.

"Oh, you're that patient man! I'm proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Job."

"Yes, I was the most patient mortal the world knew at one time, but I've heard since that there is a woman now living who has beaten my record all to pieces."

"And the old reportorial instinct springing up within him, he grasped his note book, and asked the name of this woman, her place of residence, etc., etc."

"She lives in a wicked place called Chicago, and her name is Mrs. Eugene Field."

"Now, think of that," Mr. Field would say, "and all because I sometimes lose myself in my riches like any other miser."

His riches were of the kind he loved—books—books—books; everywhere in all that house they were piled; beautifully bound books, books with queer old leather binding, books without any binding of any kind! Then his cabinets of curios! It was like losing one's self in queer old-world places to go through them. Is there a charm in it? Well, take up a

portrait painted in ivory when painting was a new gift from the gods, or a cup fashioned by an old and long-forgotten master in colors, the tiny cross of gold which once lay on the broken heart of a queen, and see for yourself. Riches! If the canvasses and the statues which abound could speak, they could tell a tale of how and when and where the genial poet's fortune went when he spent those months in Europe.

He loved the blazing grate and an easy chair, and to have about him the people he liked. Just opposite his favorite seat hung the portrait of a youthful woman with wide apart grey eyes and hair combed low in the manner of other days.

"The sweetest woman that ever lived—no wonder God wanted her home early," he said one day, and I saw the mist in his eyes and heard the heart-love pulsing in his voice, "My little mother who left me when I was but six years old. I talk to the picture sometimes—and yet I am no sentimentalist as you know. But I have a strange yearning on me when I think over the motherless years of my childhood. It was not long ago that a fresh-voiced Scotch laddie made a baby of me with singing "My ain bonnie Mither," to a sad old air. Such queer mixtures we are!"

One day a friend was congratulating him on his success.

"It seems to me," said the friend, "that there can be no might-have-beens hanging around you. You have everything, home, wife, your bright children, your brilliant career—there seems nothing wanting."

"I have a thousand-fold more than my deserts, and yet, if my mother had but lived to feel a little, just a little, proud of her boy!" This from the man who a moment before had had his guests, one and all, convulsed with laughter. His fun was genuine, his humor irresistible. He was one

And this was the secret of his success with the young—he was in touch with them, his stories and poems were written for them, and now that he is dead they grieve for him deeply and sincerely.

He was the idol of his own bright boys and of his tall slender daughter, so like himself. His home life was a most beautiful poem in itself. I can see him now in homely dressing-gown, and slippers a world too big, the gift of an oriental admirer, with the smallest of the flock on his knee rocking and singing softly to a measure of his own the lullabies which brought him fame and praise. Such simple songs!

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,  
Comes stealing, comes creeping;  
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet.  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping!

Would you dream all those dreams  
That are tiny and fleet?  
They'll find you sleeping;  
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

Or perhaps it would be that little song which so many children the world over have heard—

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;

"Whose heart God kept from growing old."



The little stars were the herring fish  
 That lived in the beautiful sea.  
 "Now cast your net, wherever you wish,  
 But never afeard are we!"  
 So cried the stars of the fishermen three,  
     Wynken,  
     Blynken,  
     And Nod.

By-and-by some one importunes for a story.

"The one you wrote the day we had to keep so quiet, papa?"

"Oh, you had to keep quiet, did you? 'Tis too bad. You shouldn't have come to this house. Why didn't you petition to have a millionaire pork man for a father instead of a scribbler, you poor little wretches? Well, you shall have a story anyway."

The laughter and tears are close together in many of his stories and his songs. These were written in the hush and silence of sorrow, which fell when the "gayest laddie of all the group" slipped out of the home. He is hearing the echo of a laugh, the sound of a step, feeling the strong little hands, perhaps, as his deep voice goes on with the story of Barbara and the Prince.

"Barbara, my little one," said the Prince, "awaken and come with me," and the Prince took Barbara in his arms and blessed her, and returned with the child unto His home, while the forest and the sky and the angels sang a wondrous song.

What was his creed? some one asked but yesterday. Nay, never mind the creed. He loved children and birds and flowers; he had sympathy for all sorrow, and reverence for all good. A man like Eugene Field says little about his creed. He acts it day by day.

In his little book of profitable tales, he tells the story of Bill the editor, who would get drunk but who wrote poetry with heart in it; we quote from it:

"He had a piece in the paper about our little girl," said old man Baker, "we cut it out and put it in the big Bible in the front room. Sometimes when we get to fussing Martha gets that bit of paper and reads it to me; then us two cry to ourselves, and make up for the dead child's sake. Bil's dead, and the folks is wonderin' whether his immortal soul is all right, but I ain't worryin' over him. Why just imagine Bill a-standing up for judgment; just imagine that poor, sorrowful, shiverin' critter, waitin' for his turn to c me. Picture, if you can, how full of penitence he is, and how full of poetry, and gentleness, and misery. Of course we can't comprehend Divine mercy; we only know that it is full of compassion—a compassion infinitely tenderer and sweeter than ours. And Bill will stand up miserable and tremblin', and unworthy perhaps, but twined about all over, with singin' and pleadin' little children—an' that is pleasin' in God's sight, I know. What would you—what would I—say, if we wuz settin' in judgment then?"

Why, we'd just kind of brush the moisture from our eyes and say: Mistur Recordin' Angel, you may *nolly* *pros* this case 'nd perseed with the docket."

Not so orthodox as might be, but with a strong grip on the love and mercy of the Father.

And as I said in beginning, the big house in Buena Park must seem strangely empty now. It was good to know that he died at home. Death was courteous. Instead of tapping him on the shoulder in a strange place, he came slipping in through the home door, came quietly and swiftly in the deep stillness of the autumn night. At dawn the poet knew the secret he had longed to know—the secret of eternal rest.

## FAITH HEALING, MIND CURING, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D.

THE three phrases: Faith Healing, Mind Curing, Christian Science, do not mean the same thing. There is a wide difference in the teachings of the respective advocates of the above methods of curing our many maladies. By Faith Healing we understand that the effect is immediate. The disease is cured at once, or the attempt is a failure. The sufferer must have faith. In Mind Cure this faith is not a postulate. The mind is centred upon the object sought—the cure: and the stimulus so obtained brings about the desired result. In Christian Science there is the belief that mind is everything and governs everything, and that all sickness is the direct result of sin. The only means of cure is faith in the power of mind over matter, and that if the mind is whole there can be no disease. Sickness is an illusion to be annihilated by mind.

It will readily be seen that there is a great deal of difference in theory in these forms of healing. In Faith Healing the result must be immediate, hence the number of pretended cures have been very few. There are few conditions that yield immediately to any form of treatment. An ordinary "nervous spell," or hysterical fit is the best example of an attack of illness that passes off suddenly. Not so in Mind Curing or Christian Science. Here we have slower processes. There are a great many diseases that are self-limited in time; and, in many cases, a recovery will take place without the aid of any form of treatment. It is in such cases as these that Christian Science claims its most brilliant examples.

This practice of Christian Science is not new. In all ages and conditions there have been those who resorted to

divination, astrology or withcraft, healing the sick by some mysterious power. This power was once supposed to rest in the person of the King. He could cure diseases by the laying on of his hands. The belief in a supernatural agency in the curing of diseases is widespread. It is found in all countries and among all tribes. Some of the idols of India have a great reputation for the curing of the diseased persons who are brought to them. The views held by the Christian Scientists that mind governs everything, that it is the only sentient thing, that the origin of all disease is mental, are merely re-statements of former beliefs of the pantheistic type that God is in everything; and that all diseases are cured by Him in some way, or through some incantation or invocation of His favor. When the Christian Scientists say that all diseases are wholly from the mind, and that all these are cured by the mind, they are changing the terms, but the fundamental beliefs are the same.

Christian Science by name dates back to 1866. It owes its origin to Mary Baker Glover, now Mrs. Eddy. For some time before this, she had been meditating upon and studying the Scriptures. As the result of these meditations and studies, we now have Christian Science, as explained in her book, "Science and Health." Throughout this work the writer strives to elaborate her opinions and beliefs that matter possesses neither sensation nor life; that experience shows the falsity of all material things; that mind is all in all; that the only realities are the divine mind and idea, and that matter is naught. According to Christian Science, "all cause and effect is mental, not physical; and what is

termed matter is the subjective state of what is here termed mortal mind." Mrs. Eddy, in contrasting Christian Science with physical science, makes use of the language: "Christian Science is pre-eminently scientific, being based on Truth, the principle of all science. Physical science (so-called), is human knowledge—a law of mortal mind, a blind belief, a Samson shorn of his strength." "Adhesion, cohesion and attraction are properties of mind. Spirit is the life, substance, and continuity of all things." "Matter will be finally proven to be nothing but a mortal illusion, wholly inadequate to affect man through its supposed organic action or existence." "There is no physical science, inasmuch as all true science proceeds from Divine Intelligence. Science cannot therefore be human, and is not a law of matter; for matter is not a law-giver." "Obedience to the so-called physical laws of health has not checked sickness." "I have discerned disease in the human mind, and recognized the patient's fear of it, many weeks before the so-called disease made its appearance in the body." "There can be no healing except by mind, however much we trust the drug, or any other means towards which human faith is directed." "Man is spiritual, individual and eternal; material structure would make man mortal." "All disease is the result of education, and can carry its ill effects no further than mortal mind maps out the way." "Human mind produces what is termed organic diseases as certainly as it produces hysteria." "To reduce inflammation, dissolve a tumor, or cure organic disease, I have found mind more potent than all lower remedies." "The dream of disease is like the dream we have in sleep, wherein every one recognizes suffering to be wholly in mortal mind." "Mind has no affinity with matter, and therefore Truth is able to cast out the ills of the flesh." "Every sort of sickness is a degree of insanity; that is, sickness is always

hallucination." "Treat a belief in sickness as you would sin, with sudden dismissal."

The above quotations, taken at random from Mrs. Eddy's work on "Science and Health," must prove a revelation to those who have not looked into the claims of Christian Science. It would be difficult indeed to conceive of how anyone could gather so much nonsense into such a limited space. Surely it is time this so-called science received some serious consideration, since those who hold such opinions are taking it upon themselves to treat diseases along the lines of the above teachings. When such teachings become the basis for the treatment of dangerous diseases, then it is time to call a halt. When an adult of mature years and sound mind elects to be treated by such a system, he must to some extent take the consequences of his own choice; but when children and those less able to judge for themselves, fall into the hands of those who teach such folly as that a case of small-pox is caused by some mental state, then it is time for the State to take action, and for every right minded person to raise a vigorous protest.

"The three great verities of spirit—Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience,—spirit possessing all power, filling all space, constituting all science,—these three verities contradict forever the belief that matter can be actual." One would think that any system, founded upon teachings so absurd as the above could not possibly meet with sufficient favor to maintain even a brief existence. Nor does it at the hands of the thoughtful. There may be some who have given it their countenance, but who have not taken the trouble to look into its real teachings. It is to be hoped that these will soon give the matter such consideration as will enable them to form correct notions of Christian Science; and, if this be done, it may safely be assumed that they will no longer lend their names to a sys-



tem that stultifies reason and mocks religion.

Christian Science holds that sin and sickness are identical. To say that when any devout Christian is sick, it is the direct result of sin, is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. Or, that if he continues ill, there is a want of faith. When this teaching is applied to actual cases, its contradictions appear manifest. Think of all the earnest workers in good causes, and the terrible sufferings they have endured, and at once we have a complete refutation of the dogma that sin and sickness are the same. Health is not an evidence of piety. Some desperately bad people which most of us can readily recall from history and from among our acquaintances, have enjoyed throughout life remarkably good health.

We reach the acme of absurdity in the following sentence: "Man is never sick, for mind is not sick and matter cannot be. A false belief is both the tempter and the tempted, the sin and the sinner, the disease and its cause. It is well to understand that sickness is a delusion." Mind is not sick according to Christian Science, but is the seat of a false belief and this delusion is sickness. It does seem strange that mind should be considered to be so perfect as not to be sick, and yet be the home of false beliefs and delusions which pass for sickness by this system, which is a mixture of follies and impossibilities.

No physician, or person of good observation and experience doubts the influence of the mind on the body, both in health and disease. But on the other hand, the condition of the body has a great influence on the mind. This the Christian Scientists deny; but those who have any experience with the insane, know vastly better than any deluded Scientist who contends that man is not structural, that disease is a dream, and that belief is what enables a drug to cure. The body has an influence on the mind,

and the mind has an influence on the body.

Grant this influence of mind on body, is there any foundation for the opinion that it ever influences the course of disease? Before answering this question it may be well to give a simple classification of diseases for the purpose of this article.

There are diseases, or conditions, that are known as functional. Such conditions include many attacks of fits, hysteria, some forms of pain and paralysis. Strong mental impressions often relieve these. This impression may be made upon the patient by the teachings of a Christian Scientist, the worshipping an East Indian idol, the resort to some charm, the touch of the seventh son, some fright, good or bad news, and many other circumstances which may operate strongly upon the person's mind. Many of these cases seem to the public to be very severe, or, indeed, hopeless. Hysteria will stimulate a great variety of diseases, even tumor, joint disease, paralysis, chronic vomiting, blindness, and so on. There is nothing wonderful in Christian Science or Faith Healing exerting an influence over such cases. It has been the general experience that such cases usually relapse, or assume some new form. Every reputable physician has occasion, from time to time, to call forth the power of mind on body, in these cases.

There is another group of diseases that run a certain course, and may end in the recovery or in the death of the sufferer. Such cases are typhoid fever, inflammation of the lungs, small-pox, scarlet fever, most eruptions of the skin, many injuries, and so on. Without the slightest treatment some of these cases would recover. When the Christian Scientist sees such cases from day to day no claim can be advanced of having worked a cure. All physicians know that judicious treatment aids Nature in these cases, and lessens the suffering, the duration of the illness, the mortality, and secures

better results. Christian Science looks idly on and mocks religion by trying to bring about perfect harmony of mind at so much a visit, or treatment. But under such treatment opportunities may be lost, and the patient fall a sacrifice to the lack of timely aid at the proper moment. Many a person now fills an untimely grave through the treatment of the various schools of Faith Healing, Mind Curing and Christian Science. Take the case of a broken bone. When left alone, or under the management of a scientist, the bone in time unites. The time, however, is lengthened because the parts are not kept so well in position, and there is almost certain to be much deformity. Under the hands of the surgeon the bone unites sooner, and there is less deformity—in most cases, none at all.

Now, coming to the last class of diseases, or those with some organic and incurable change in the affected organ of the body, we meet with conditions that can only be relieved. Here the Christian Scientist has completely failed. There is not on record a single well-attested case of a true, usually incurable, organic disease removed by this treatment. There are many who think that they have been cured of cancer by this method; but the cases will not stand the test of investigation. They thought they had cancer, but it had been some simple tumor that disappeared after a time. Many think they have been cured of heart disease, but there never was any true organic disease, but only some functional trouble evidenced by attacks of palpitation. In these cases the difference between the physician and the scientist is this: that the former understands the abnormal conditions present, and can do most for their relief; whereas the scientist regards the whole thing as a dream, a delusion, and only appeases the sufferer for a time by a make-belief that he is better. This can be done with almost all persons by telling them that

they can be cured, and that the reason they are not better is because they have not been properly treated. This for a time creates hope, and the drowning man will catch at straws.

Tested by the above classification of disease, and by experience, Christian Science has failed utterly to establish its claim to recognition. Nor could it be otherwise.

"The scientist knows there can be no hereditary disease, since matter cannot transmit good or evil intelligence to man, and Mind produces no pain." So says Mrs. Eddy. What a travesty on science this! And yet it comes from the founder of the whole system.

"If half the attention given to hygiene were given to the study of Christian Science and its elevation of thought, this alone would usher in the millenium," and again "he who is ignorant of what is termed hygienic law, is more receptive of spiritual power, and faith in one God." These statements taken from Mrs. Eddy's book on "Science and Health" are enough to make the color come to our faces in shame for our common humanity. To cast aside all laws of hygiene; to breathe impure air; to drink impure water; to have open drains in our houses; to never wash or bathe our bodies; and to wear our clothes until they fall off our backs, without the contact of soap and water, are what we are taught in this book.

But, stop! we have not exhausted the wonders of Mrs. Eddy's book. "We never read that Jesus made a diagnoses of a disease in order to discover some means of healing it. He never asked if it were acute or chronic." What a wise provision in all this! The Christian Scientists could not make diagnoses of their cases, and so they do not deem it necessary. Any happy-go-lucky plan will do. It makes no matter if the case should be one of diphtheria, or scarlet fever, that might spread in the neighborhood and cause many deaths. Accord-

ing to this new school of treatment all that is necessary is to take chances. Do nothing, but look on and let the patient lie in dirt, or infect his brothers and sisters, or neighbors.

"Fevers are fears of various types. The quickened pulse, coated tongue, febrile heat, dry skin, pain in the head and limbs, are pictures depicted by mortal mind on the body. The images, held in the unconscious mind, frighten conscious thought." The above quotation, taken from "Science and Health," page 378, is nothing short of the quintessence of ignorance. A child, a mere infant, a few weeks old, is taken ill with measles, diphtheria, or scarlet fever, and all this only amounts to a fear. The images in unconscious mind frighten conscious thought, and the infant becomes feverish, has an eruption on the body, or membrane on the throat, and may die of some of the complications of these diseases. *And all because of a fear.* The fever-picture that has been drawn by millions rests on some individual, and the result is a fever. This fear often rests on mere infants who know absolutely nothing of thought regarding fever-pictures of older people. Here we reach a *reductio ad absurdum*.

With regard to food, we are told, "the fact is, food does not affect the existence of man, but it would be foolish to stop eating until we gain more goodness, and a clearer comprehension of the living God. In that perfect day of understanding, we shall neither eat to live, nor live to eat." When the Christian Scientists have attained to this perfection, and have taught their fellow men how to live without eating, what will become of the poor farmer? Will we also be able to do without clothing? Would it not be well for some scientist to try the experiment of doing without food? It would be interesting to know whether it ended as did a similar experiment on a certain animal mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in one of his stories, where the animal died just

when it was reduced to the last straw.

"Belief is all that ever enables a drug to cure mortal ailments," and again, "According to my understanding, the sick are never really healed by drugs, hygiene, or any material method. These merely evade the question." Here we have a very positive opinion as to the value of medicines and surgical appliances. When the surgeon removes a large tumor, and dresses the wound with such care that the patient makes a rapid recovery; or, when he meets with some distressing deformity and corrects the defect; or, when he operates, so as to give sight to the blind, he has done really nothing. These "material methods" have accomplished naught. So with the use of drugs. When a drug is administered, it is only the belief that does good. But what of the many patients who are not in a condition to exercise belief? What about the infants and those in a condition of stupor? Yet in these cases the drugs do good. If Christian Scientists hold that hygiene does not "really heal," it can be said for their information that the want of it has many a time killed. It is to be hoped that, as a class, they will, ere long, do as the dying Goethe did, pray for more light.

Throughout this paper I have aimed to be perfectly fair. The statements commented upon have been taken *verbatim et literatim* from Mrs. Eddy's treatise on Christian Science. The whole subject may be left with an intelligent people to decide for themselves whether or not the teachings of this sect are a mass of gross ignorance. These teachings are a blot on religion, as its principles are converted into a mercenary purpose; they are a danger to the public, as diseases of a serious nature, or contagious character, may escape detection, or receive improper treatment; and they are a coarse and repulsive superstition, flaunted before the public.



## NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

THE spirit of Christmas has been almost exiled from our modern gift-bestowing and gift-receiving holiday season. The element of barter has come into the custom of making Christmas presents, and the shrewdness of good bargaining is death to the tender little sentiment which was the first inspiration.

Christmas gifts should have no money value in the eyes of the bestower or in the eyes of the recipient. A basket of apples at thirty cents should mean as much as a basket of roses at five dollars. It does to honest-minded women, to whom gifts are only indications of good will, good wishes and regard. The clumsy hands of the old-fashioned wooden clocks indicate the time of day quite as accurately as the gleaming ones that move to the musical tick-tick-tack of the ormolu clocks of to-day. And some of us love the old ones best.

If the spirit of Christmas were an avenging spirit, if it had the tiniest bit of spleen, or the least bit of humor in its little celestial make-up, it might surely feel revenged, as it saw the mockery of the masquerading gift-givers, the misfit presents, the misapplied energy, the scoffing, the thanklessness of the modern Christmas, with its hurriedly gathered together gifts.

It is an old story that it is hard to select presents for men. It isn't, if you know them well—if you don't know them well, don't bother. Some unfortunate men come out of the Christmas-tide, misanthropes, disbelievers in the theory that women have brains, and—the unhappy possessors of six pairs of slippers each. It's rather much to ask them to take the will for the deed. Women often

spend their money and waste their energy, not to mention their time in making regular white elephants of presents for men, when the poor people in the narrow streets back of their houses are pinched with cold and starved for food. The spirit of Christmas hovers in benediction over those who turn their hearts to the suffering of the poor.

It often happens, too, that the new gown which is to fit my lady for the Christmas feast is unpaid for. The dressmaker, the laundress, the sewing girl have often to lessen the cheer of their Christmas that their richer debtors may buy Christmas gifts with money not their own.

What a fine time we would all have, if this year everyone paid their debts before they bought their Christmas presents.

The wrong side of the tapestried splendor of Christmas is rough and unpleasant. The brightness of the best side is a glory of gaiety and good. Gift-making is a wholesome pleasure, if it be from the heart, and wisdom guides the heart. Rich presents to poor people, who have the barter instinct, are irritations. They lead them into extravagance, or they make them shame-faced at accepting what they feel they cannot, and foolishly think they should, return. Most of all Christmas is the children's day. The homes where little stockings are hung up on Christmas eve, where the clamor about good Saint Nicholas fills the house for weeks before his coming, and the riotous glee at his arrival makes merry the joyous day itself, are the ones where most surely dwells the spirit of the day. Gifts to little ones are real. All return is in the blessed reflex of their pure joy.

Yet among the older ones real gift-giving is a good thing. The little remembrance from an absent friend is a bit of happiness. The gift from one of the same household carries its symbolized regard straight to our souls, for we are greatly sign-readers with all our prating and pretence to philosophy.

In mercy God has held from women's hearts  
The depth of mother-love, until it starts  
Into quick life, with the first child's first cries,  
And lasts till death shall close the mother's  
eyes.

Women who have no love for little children are women to beware of. It must be admitted that those who are not mothers cannot understand mother-love. In the mercy of the Good Father it was made so. They have lived only a part of their women's lives, and sometimes they do not even understand that.

A childless man will show more deference to a woman who is caring for a little one than a childless woman. It does not seem to be a matter of training. He instinctively honors motherhood. Perhaps it is that only by paying respect to mothers everywhere, he can pay the debt he owes his own mother. The wailing of a cross, or, as it more often is, a sick baby, has usually much more effect upon women than upon men. Why it is true, is one thing. That it is quite true, is another. It is not the opinion of one person. It can be substantiated by enquiry amongst women.

When life is gay and hopes are young, and the promises of the future are fat with the things desired of it, child-life does not so powerfully appeal to men and women. But later on, when a fuller acquaintance with life shows that all dreams cannot become realities, hope builds anew in the future of the little ones around the hearth. Men live their lives over, all the glamor and gladness of their

own childhood comes again in the lives of their boys.

Women live their girlhood as their daughters grow to womanhood. The power for good in the leaning of the young life against the old, cannot be over-estimated; its want cannot be too deeply deplored.

The gospel of pretty things like other gospels is perfect only in its entirety. You can pick phrases from it, which standing up alone will discredit all the rest.

There are few exceptions to the rule, that women like pretty things. The one who doesn't, is one to keep at a distance. I suspect she leaves her hair in curl papers, wears red wrappers and baggy shoes, giving evidence to the world in general, and her unfortunate world in particular, that she doesn't care how she looks. She is past hope, and as flat and uninteresting as a glass of soda water with the pin-pricks all gone.

Some women draw themselves away from pretty things, and deem that most poetic part of their being—the taste for beauty in form and color, a something to be guarded against. That is all wrong. Woman was created that way. Finding fault with the way you're made is very unremunerative work.

It isn't the liking for pretty things that ought to be rinsed out of women's souls—its wanting them and not wanting other people to have them. The complaint is often lodged that women like pretty things too well. Jewels are a passion with them, laces and furs their religion, a fine dress their golden calf, while luxurious house appointments are things they sell their souls for. But that is away from the liking of beautiful things—it is the mania for possessing them.

When women admire lovely gowns and fine gems, and fairy woven laces so well and so truly that they can admire them on other people, they are

surely living the gospel of pretty things.

We should grow glad as we see beauty and its possessor together. If we can admire beautiful dresses, handsome draperies, artistic bonnets, and all the lovely things with which women deck themselves, without any desire for possession or any disposition to compare them with our meagre havings, we can then be quite sure they appeal by their actual beauty to our artistic sense and not to our vanity.

It is often argued, with a good deal of foundation, too, that women, when once married, give up trying to be attractive, and very often verge on the untidy. Sometimes it is the woman's coarse nature coming to light from beneath the little vanities which were only a part of her coquetry. Sometimes it is mistaken economy grown chronic. Men may adore ugly women, worship sick ones, idolize plainly dressed ones, but the man doesn't live who can even moderately love a mussy, untidy woman.

Sometimes the young married woman has a very large trousseau. She thinks her pretty new clothes will last a long time. Her unsophisticated husband thinks they will last forever, and says something of the sort. He does not notice when they grow fashion-shabby. She does, but she wants to buy pretty things for her house, and thinks that if the nicest man on earth considers her dowdy clothes will do, she mustn't be over-particular. Things go on. She has no income of her own, perhaps, and she can't say that she wants some money to buy a gown or a hat or a mantle.

Some day the pattern husband wakes up to find that his wife isn't nearly so good-looking as she was. Little Miss Slip, or Mrs. Rattle-debang are such fine, handsome, stylish women.

It is to be hoped that the little woman gives up her economy and gets her pretty, new clothes before the young man's waking.

"What do women want anyway," said a testy and slightly old-fashioned man the other day. "They've got to riding bicycles and practising law—they'll be voting next, sure."

I think perhaps they will—at least some of them. The rest won't want to. No code of law can make dentists of all women, or doctors, or artists. For the same reason all were not intended for seamstresses or cooks.

They are the descendants of their fathers as well as their mothers. It must be believed they have inherited their father's tastes and abilities sometimes. A woman is fitted by nature for some calling in life, and nature does not always follow the same model, which is very often forgotten. A woman has the same intellectual needs, the same intellectual tastes as a man. They vary in kind and degree; so do men's.

Men lead in many avenues of thought. That is to be expected. Woman has never quite made up that extra time to which man fell heir in the Garden of Eden.

Men have found that they cannot be gardeners, carpenters, musicians, doctors and artists all in one. The man who dabbles in many professions or trades is spoken of with a shrug and two lifted eyebrows. But a woman must be a cook, a housemaid, a laundress, a seamstress and nurse. She may be more, if she has time, poor thing, but her world does not usually encourage it. She is a dabbler—she cannot help it if she tries. No woman ever lived who was fitted by natural endowment to fill all these departments. But good women will be where they should be. The upholders of the conservative woman may be quite sure of that.

Most of all the progressive woman of to-day should want to be good; not to be thought good, but to be it. Next she should want men to be as good as they hold their women, sisters should.



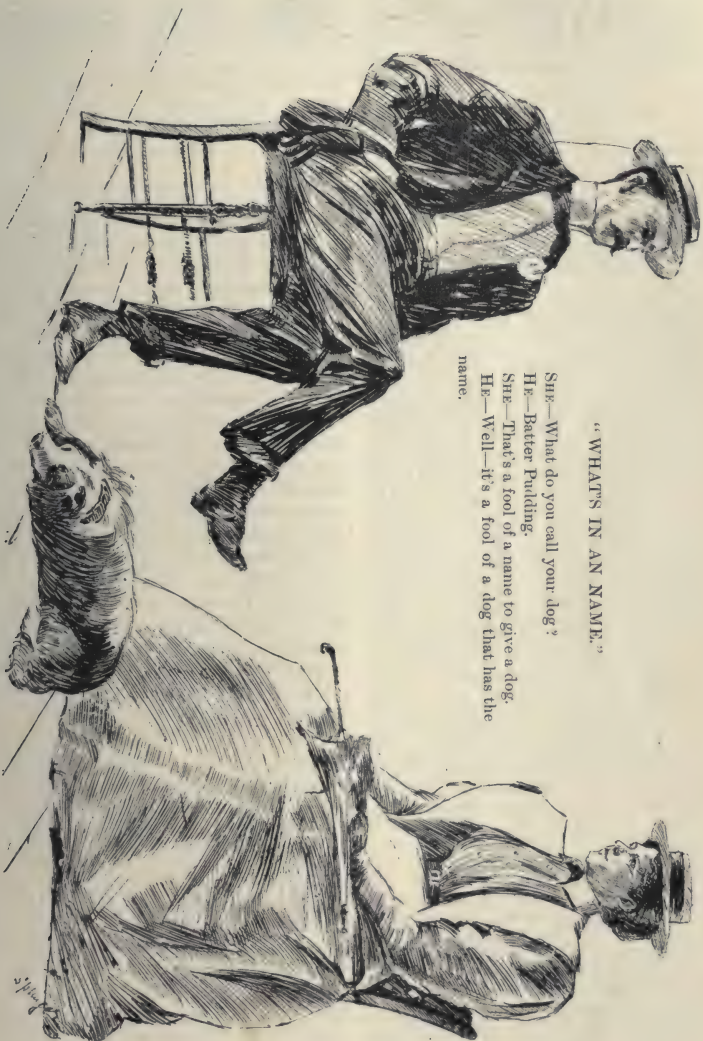
"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

SHE—What do you call your dog?

HE—Batter Pudding.

SHE—That's a fool of a name to give a dog.

HE—Well—it's a fool of a dog that has the name.





## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE COMING STRUGGLE.

Canada is on the eve of another great political struggle. The five year life of the present Parliament is fast ebbing away, and the Government of the day must shortly appeal to the people for a new lease of existence.

Before it does so, there will be a session and the issues of the campaign may be more thoroughly defined. These, if there are any, will undoubtedly be The Manitoba School Question and Tariff Reform. But, as in the United States, the issues will not be very clearly cut, and thus it will be more a struggle of parties than of principles. Whichever side records a victory, it will be unable to effect any great change in the protective tariff policy which is at present so characteristic of the two great North American nations. The Conservatives will go into battle with a long record of victories to encourage them; the Liberals will fight with the enthusiasm of hope, not the desperateness of despair. It will be purely a game of the "ins" and the "outs."

### UNITED STATES POLITICS.

Some elections have taken place in the United States. The Republicans have won in New York State and will elect a Republican Senator to succeed Senator Hill. New York city, conquered by organization, discipline and generalship of a clever order, has again fallen into the hands of Tammany. The Republicans won in Brooklyn, New England, Kentucky, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsyl-

vania, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Utah. The Democrats won in Mississippi, and Virginia. The general result is that the U. S. Senate will be more Republican in 1897 than in 1895; that Populism is going to pieces as proved in Nebraska, Kansas and Kentucky; that the Democrats are losing ground to the Republicans; that Free Silver will not be the winning plank in the Presidential campaign of 1896; and that tariff reform in the United States is a long distance off. The noted Democrats, Hill (N.Y.), Gorman, (Md.) and Brice (Ohio), have apparently lost their hold. Two Republicans have made long strides to the fore; these are Foraker of Ohio and Bradley of Kentucky. For President the Democrats seem to have only Cleveland, while the Republicans have Harrison, Morton and McKinley.

### THE DEEP WATERWAY.

While President Cleveland has appointed a commission of three persons—Dr. James B. Angell of Michigan, Dr. John E. Russell, of Massachusetts, and Lyman G. Cooley of Chicago—to report on the practicability of a deep waterway from Lake Huron to the Atlantic, Canadians have been discussing the probability of a deep waterway entirely in Canadian territory. The proposed route is from the Sault Ste. Marie to Montreal *via* the French River, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River. The project, whichever route be chosen, is an enormous one and too much wisdom cannot be applied to the making of a decision. The Canadian

gentlemen who will act with the United States contingent mentioned above are J. C. Keefer, C.E., Thomas Monroe, C.E., and O. A. Howland, M.P.P. These names are a guarantee that the matter will be treated with the highest consideration and only that will be recommended which would be consonant with this country's commercial welfare.

#### CANADA, UNITED STATES, ENGLAND.

In a recent issue of the *Week*, Principal Grant says: "I believe that the child is born who will see a moral reunion of the English-speaking race, commercial union based on free trade, a common tribunal and a common citizenship, if not more."

Place opposite to this the recent declaration by U. S. Senator Chandler in the *Concord Monitor* that "war between the United States and England is inevitable, that it will arise on account of British disregard for our dearest interest, and that one sure result will be the capture and permanent acquisition of Canada by the United States."

Principal Grant is one of Canada's representative men and his dictum can be taken, not as expressing the expected, but as denoting the direction of the hopes of many Canadians. Senator Chandler has been Secretary of the Navy and is still on the Naval Committee, hence he occupies a prominent place in the Councils of the United States people. That his views are those of at least a section of the public is confirmed by the applause of many of the United States papers. That it is not the sentiment of all the people is proved by the criticism of a still larger number of papers.

The *Richmond Dispatch* says: "We have no fears that there ever will be another war between Great Britain and the United States, and we read all predictions of such a war with a feeling of total incredulity."

The *Chicago Journal* says: "Our combined exports and imports with

Great Britain and its dependencies in 1893 amounted to over \$781,000,000. Our combined imports and exports with Russia in the same year amounted to barely \$8,000,000, with which country are we the most likely to go to war?"

The New York *Herald* says: "England, after all, is England, whether in British Guiana or in the China Seas. Her policy is directed by the same ideas and the same men. And blood is thicker than water, and our kin beyond the sea are closer to us than any Tartars or Romanoffs can ever be."

The ultra-Irish element in the United States is continually instigating attacks on Great Britain, but the majority of the people of the United States are guided by reason as well as sentiment. So long as this obtains, Canada will be Canada, and Great Britain and the United States will be co-defenders of a language, a blood, and a civilization which will in the twentieth century be the great factors making for refinement, advancement, and progress. Political demagogues, may come and newspaper demagogues may go, but the good sense of the people remains for ever.

#### DIVORCE AND CHURCH.

The Protestant Episcopal church of the United States has adopted the following Canon at a recent convention in Minneapolis:—

"No minister of this church shall solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife still living, but this proposition shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce, which the court shall have granted for the cause of adultery, or to parties once divorced from each other, seeking to be united again.

"If any minister of this church knows or has reasonable cause to believe that a person has been married otherwise than as the discipline of this church doth allow, he shall not minister Holy baptism or the Holy communion to such person without the written consent of the bishop of the diocese; provided, however, that no minister shall in any case refuse the sacraments to a penitent person in imminent danger of death."



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To those who, like myself, have never seen Japan, a description of life and living in that land of paper houses, paper lanterns, fragrant flowers, and loose marital relations, will be exceedingly interesting. "My Japanese Wife," by Clive Holland, is a charming little sketch, and contains a great deal about the social and domestic relations of that island nation. The *Mousmès* with their butterfly dresses of flimsy silks, their bright, large-bowed sashes, their Dresden-Chinatinted cheeks, their dainty graces and charming manners are pleasingly painted for the reader's benefit. The quaint cover and quainter illustrations of the book add to the charm of the descriptions.\*

When one turns from such a picture to that of Isabel in "The Charlatan," the contrast is great. She was calm, proud, queenly and above all beautifully womanly, full of the capacity of gentle and sincere affection. Or take the fresh, round, plump Lady Charlotta. She was a blonde of the brightest type, fair-haired, fair-complexioned and blue-eyed, with a face all happiness and sunshine. What a contrast to the *Mousmès*! These English girls held their fate in their own hands and married men because they loved them and because they hoped to make their lives great and good and successful. The *Mousmès* married men—if such a ceremony were decided necessary—to be the toys of a few idle hours and to be thrown aside when the passing fancy has surfeited itself.

"The Charlatan"† by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray is a wonderful story, founded on the drama of the same name. It deals with the career of two impostors who professed to having hypnotic and occult powers. Remarkably original, possessing a well-laid plot, and decidedly masterly in execution, it is at once a tale to fascinate and to instruct. The subject of hypnotism is the *motif* of the book, and demonstrates the marvellous possibilities which lie in the combination of such a power as that possessed by Professor Charcott, of Paris, and the lack of principle such as is ascribed to Madame Blavatsky. It is full of present vital interest.

A little volume from Macmillan's contains an essay by Matthew Arnold, entitled "The

Function of Criticism," and another essay on "Style," by Walter Pater. Both monographs are scholarly and instructive.

Those who admire Professor Goldwin Smith's scholarly productions will be pleased to learn that Macmillan's\* have issued a new edition of "Oxford and Her Colleges." It is handsomely bound in cloth and gold and contains a number of well executed illustrations. As a holiday issue it is exceedingly opportune.

I often wonder why so many poets take great pleasure in producing sonnets. If I were writing I would not like to be confined to fourteen lines—and know that I was so confined. But a beautiful sonnet is a joy forever, and a very scarce article. There are a great many in a recent volume entitled, "Philoctetes and other Poems and Sonnets," by J. C. Nesmith, a United States poet, but the thought and action in many of them is labored, they seem to be manufactured rather than created. Still, throughout the whole book there is an evidence of deep thought, wide reading and scholarly skill.

One of the greatest books of the month, in fiction, is S. R. Crockett's "The Men of the Moss-Hags."† J. M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren and S. R. Crockett are three Scotsmen who are just now giving to English literature much that is fresh and wholesome and powerful. Crockett seem to be most familiar with that section of Scotland which lies just between the lowlands and the highlands, in and around Galloway. His new story deals with life as it was in that particular section in the time when Charles II., John Lauderdale and John Graham of Claverhouse were persecuting the Covenanters. The tales of heroism, gallantry, martyrdom and oppression of that period are thrilling and stirring, and under Crockett's facile pen they lose nothing of their power. The description of "The Great Conventicle by the Dee Water," is one of the most realistic pen pictures I have ever read and is fit almost to rank with General Lew Wallace's "Chariot Race." But besides his realism, Crockett has a broad sympathy which draws out all that is human in the tale and in the reader.

\*New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Company.

†New York, T. F. Neely, cloth, \$1.25. Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

\*Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

†New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, the Copp, Clark Company.

Science will appreciate the latest issue in Longman's Colonial Library.\* It is called "Pleasant Ways in Science," and is by the well known author and scientist, Richard A. Proctor. Each chapter deals with a different topic, such as Oxygen, the Sun, Drifting Light Waves, Strange Sea Creatures, the Use and Abuse of Food, Dew, Ancient Babylonian Astrology, Mallet's Theory of Volcanoes, etc.

"On the Summit, and Other Poems" is the title of a small book of poetry by B. G. Ambler, a London Poet (Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.). Some of the poems show much skill and thought, yet none are very remarkable for brilliancy.

A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, has published a *Primer of Assyriology*.† It is an exceedingly concise and interesting book and gives the ordinary reader a splendid view of the social, industrial and educational conditions of ancient Babylonia and Assyria.

Hodder and Stoughton,‡ the English publishers seem to have a monopoly of the literature on that section of Africa known as Uganda and which is under British protection. Alexander Mackay, the intrepid young Scotch missionary, has done much to bring that region to the attention of the English-speaking public. His sister's two books have helped to make the events of his self-sacrificing life well-known. The Rev. R. P. Ashe, a brother missionary, has now written a book called the "Chronicles of Uganda" with further accounts of the strange religions, industries and social usages of that interesting quarter in "Darkest Africa." Some twenty-six illustrations add to the interest of this valuable volume.

William Briggs has arranged for the Canadian market for Miss Wetherald's book, "The House of Trees and Other Poems," now in the press at Samson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston. Miss Wetherald has many admirers, and there is none among our Canadian poets whose work bears the stamp of more finish and polish than that of this clever young lady. The publishers are issuing the book in very dainty form. It will make a choice Christmas gift.

The same publisher intends to issue shortly "Cot and Cradle Stories," by Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, edited by Mary Agnes FitzGibbon, the talented author of "A Veteran of 1812." The book will contain a new

portrait of the author and a number of illustrations by Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, R.C. A., and will sell at one dollar. He will also issue "Canadian Wildflowers," by the same author, who has already written "Studies of Plant Life in Canada" and "Notes of an Old Naturalist." This book will cost \$6.00.

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is a new book by Ian Maclaren.\* From readers of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush" this further instalment of quaint Scotch character sketches will receive a warm welcome. The same personages figure in this as in its predecessor. Their hearty appreciation of dry humor and manly unselfish devotion to friend and neighbor, both humor and devotion almost always disguised under a blunt and undemonstrative exterior, ashamed to be caught lapsing into an expression of feeling, make spicy reading for anyone whether he is familiar with the



PHILEAS GAGNON.

author's early production or not. There is perhaps less humor and more pathos in these stories but no one can read of Jamie Soutar's nipping tongue and underhand charities without having sufficient of both, and "A Servant Lass" is no unworthy successor to "A Country Doctor."

The last five chapters of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush" have been illustrated and issued in a separate volume,\* under the title of "A Doctor of the Old School." This holiday edition is opportune and will no doubt find a ready sale among the numerous Canadian admirers of Ian Maclaren. The cover of the book is most artistically done in

\*Toronto, The Copp Clark Co.

†Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, Toronto.

‡Toronto Agents, Fleming H. Revell Co.

\*Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

gold on a light drab linen and the full gilt edges enhance the rich effect. The work in the interior is of as high a class as the exterior and speaks well for the mechanical expertness of Canadian printing. The artist, a Mr. Gordon, has done his work well and added much of force to the well told tales of this noble specimen of the medical profession.

Chas. G. D. Roberts' Canadian History is to appear next year. Samson, Wolfe & Co. of Boston, will publish it in the United States. The same firm will shortly publish a volume of short stories from Mr. Roberts' pen, to be called the "Earth's Enigmas." T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, will shortly bring out a volume of his juvenile adventure stories to be called, "Told around the Camp Fire."

Two of Canada's best known lady newspaper writers will shortly publish a novel each. They are Jean Blewett and "Kit." The public will await them eagerly and yet regretfully, for the result may be the same as in the case of Sara Jeanette Duncan, whose first book's success drew her from Canada to larger literary fields.

Students of early and of modern Canadian annals, will find in Mr. Phileas Gagnon's robust volume of 550 pages, entitled "Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne," a most useful cyclopedia of the rare publications relating to Canadian history. Mr. Gagnon is a city alderman of Quebec who has devoted, for the last twenty years, his leisure hours to literary pursuits, with the zeal of an antiquarian. His collection of *Canadians* acquired by purchase, gift and exchange, is one of the most extensive in the country, comprising old rare books, and historical engravings and autographs, photographs, maps, and heraldic devices, etc., and gathered after much trouble and at considerable expense, in Canada, England, France and the United States. His bulky volume is more than an analytical index of his literary treasures, some 5,000 in number, as it also purports to give succinctly, the history and origin of the most remarkable among these publications. Mr. Gagnon has compiled his work with the patience and research of a Benedictine monk and every public library ought to own a copy. A picture of Mr. Gagnon, who is about forty years of age, is to be found in this department. J. A. C.

"London Idylls,"\* by W. J. Dawson, contains ten sketches of every-day life, pleasantly and interestingly told. In the first of them, that entitled "Jim and his Cane," we have the story of Jim, a London street

waif, and Annie, a lame flower girl. Jim becomes a telegraph messenger, while Annie continues her work in the crowded thoroughfares of the mighty metropolis. On one memorable occasion Jim went to Dorking, and his description to Annie of the woodland scenery thereabouts, and of the wealth of buttercups and daisies, is vivid and realistic. "There was a wood there, and I looked into it," said Jim. "'Twas flowers everywhere, 'twas burstin' with 'em. I looked just to see if no one saw me, an' then I went in and I rolled in 'em. \* \* \* \* 'Twas the 'eartiest roll I ever had. I could smell those flowers in my clothes for a week arter. I'm goin' to save up, an' next Bank 'Oliday you and me 'll go there and roll."

The next Bank Holiday came, and Jim and Annie went—not to Dorking—but to some seaside resort; we are left to imagine where. They spend the day together, and are lost in amazement at the ocean and its surroundings. At the railway station at night, as they are preparing to return to London, there is a surging, noisy multitude. Those who have ever seen an English railway station on the evening of an August Bank Holiday can imagine the scene, men shouting, gesticulating and pushing the weaker ones on one side in their endeavor to be in the front ranks. As the train moves in, Annie is pushed by the crowd off the platform on to the rails. Jim sees her peril, and in rescuing her from death is himself struck by the engine and injured fatally.

The closing scene of Jim's death and Annie's grief is pathetically narrated, and the reader lays down the book with a feeling of admiration for Jim's unselfishness, and sorrow for the ending that befell him.

"The Right to Love," by Dr. Max Nordaw (Toronto News Co.), is a translation from the original by Mary I. Safford. The story told as a play is decidedly sensational, but of great dramatic power. Many of the situations are intensely interesting, and the reader never loses his pleasure as he peruses the pages from first to last.

"The Land of Promise," by Paul Bourget, (Toronto News Co.) is a book to be noticed. Some people may find fault with the whole story contained in this volume. It is one that is all too common, that of illicit love, but the book tells, and tells most forcibly, of the shame that is entailed by wrong doing; and while one is not allowed to condone the sin, at the same time one sympathizes with the sinner. The last chapter of the book is an exquisite piece of word-painting, Francis Nayrac seeming to stand before the reader in all his sorrow, in all his self-abasement, and in his hope for a better future.

\*New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Toronto, The Fleming H. Revell Co.







**Canadian Types No. 1.**

**AN EXPRESS.**

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

*A despatch bearer in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts in the plains country.*

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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## WINCHESTER GATHEDRAL.

BY THOMAS EDWARD CHAMPION.

INTERWOVEN as is the history of all or nearly all of the Cathedrals of England, with that of the nation, there is none that is more so, not even Westminster Abbey, than the historic pile on the banks of the Itchen in Hampshire, of which this paper treats. There is certainly none of the legendary mysticism which attaches to the founding of Durham and also to that of Ely, associated with Winchester, but it has a history dating from almost apostolic times, and an unbroken hierarchical record of more than twelve hundred years.

There are documents in existence which lead to the belief that a Christian Church existed on the site where the Cathedral now stands in the year 169. This building was destroyed in 266, but was restored in 293, and converted into a "temple of Dagon," that is for the worship of Wodin, in the year 495, by the Saxons under Cerdic. For more than a century did this state of affairs continue until in A.D. 635, the building was pulled down, and a new one erected, by Birinus the "Apostle of Wessex," who had been sent specially to England by Pope Honorius. To this ecclesiastic, Kynegils the King of that portion of the Heptarchy granted all the land for seven miles around the Church, as an

endowment for the support of the See. Kenelwach, who was the son and successor of Kynegils, was equally profuse in his gifts to the Church, adding to those of his father the manors of Alresford, Worthy and Downton. This church was at first known as that of St. Amphibalus, who was tutor to the proto-martyr St. Alban; it was afterwards dedicated to St. Peter. This was also changed some years later, and it became St. Swithin's, or as some authorities have it St. Swithuns, finally the Holy Trinity.

It is one of the legends of Winchester that over the High Altar of the first Cathedral, Canute, after the memorable scene on the sands of Southampton water, placed his crown of gold on the head of the figure of the Crucified Redeemer never again to resume its use.

One of the most liberal contributors to the Cathedral of Winchester in its earlier days was the notable St. Swithin. In Warton's History of English poetry he refers to an old poetical "Lives of the Saints," which contains this quaint allusion:

"Seynt Swithin his bishopricke to al goodnesse drough.  
The Towne also of Wynchestre he amended inough."

Let us for a moment turn from the



Cathedral of Winchester to the City from which it takes its name.

Winchester itself is of very great antiquity, it was known by the Romans as *Venta Belgarum* and was the site of a British city even before their invasion. As a Roman station it was a place of very considerable importance and contained temples dedicated to Apollo and Concord. In the year, 495, it was taken by the Saxons, and historians record that it then contained one church for Christian worship. The City was called *Wintanceaster* by the Saxons, from which appellation it is easy to trace the transition to the more modern form of Winchester. In Saxon times it was not only the chief town of Wessex, but of England, as also the residence of the King. Even after the Norman conquest, it continued to be used as the home of royalty down to the time of Edward I.

Once more to return to the Cathedral. St. Swithin, who was born either in or near Winchester, was ordained priest by Helmstan, the then Bishop of Winchester, about the year 830. He was then appointed Abbot of the Monastery which afterwards bore his name, that of the Priory of St. Swithin. The Saint, as he has since become, was tutor to Ethelwulph who succeeded his father Egbert on the throne. Swithin was appointed to the See of Winchester in the year 852, and he ruled the diocese for exactly ten years. He died in 862, and was buried in the open graveyard surrounding the Cathedral, but in the year 1093, at the wish of Bishop Walkelyn, his remains were re-interred with becoming reverence and ceremony in the New Church. Upon the day when the body of St. Swithin was to have been removed from the churchyard to the Choir of the Cathedral, many hours were lost owing to the rain which fell copiously and continuously. This gave rise to the conceit that if it rains on July 15th, which is now known as St. Swithin's Day, it will rain continuously for forty days after. The Poet Gay in

his "Trivia" thus alludes to the belief:

"If on St. Swithin's feast the welkin lowers.  
And every penthouse streams with hasty  
showers,  
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces  
drain,  
And wash the pavement with incessant rain."

Edward the Confessor was crowned at Winchester in 1042, the first time when we have an authentic record of a coronation sermon being preached.

Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, who had been accused of too great intimacy with Bishop Aldwin, underwent at Winchester without injury the terrible ordeal of walking not only blind-folded, but with bare feet over red hot plough-shares placed at irregular distances from each other.

There is no doubt whatever that Queen Emma underwent this trial; on the other hand there is great doubt whether the plough-shares were as hot as they might have been, or if her feet had not been rubbed with some preparation which rendered the hot iron innocuous.

There is no doubt that alterations and additions were made to the Cathedral in the reign of William the Conqueror, during the Episcopate of Bishop Walkelyn, but it is highly probable that a considerable portion of the present building is Saxon, and that the Bishop built and constructed upon foundations already laid, or upon plans previously existing.

The work was begun in 1079, and finished in 1090. In this latter year, on April 8th, the Benedictine monks from the adjoining monastery to the south-west of the Cathedral, moved from their old home to their new one, the scene being one of great solemnity and magnificence, and attended by most of the Bishops and Abbots of England.

The great tower, which remains yet as it was in Bishop Walkelyn's time, is conspicuous from its massive proportions and great height, being no



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

less than fifty feet broad and one hundred and forty feet high. The transept of the Cathedral was also built under Bishop Walkelyn's superintendence, and is said to be a specimen of the finest work in Europe, and is greatly superior in excellence to other portions of the Cathedral erected later.

Bishop Walkelyn died about the year 1100, and was buried in the nave of the Cathedral. He was succeeded by Bishop Giffard, who, dying in 1129, was buried not far from his predecessor. Bishop Giffard built another famous church, that of St. Saviour's, Southwark, on the banks of the Thames, and it is noticeable that the last Bishop of Winchester, the Right Rev. Dr. Thorold, should have been instrumental, while at Rochester, in restoring the last-named church to something of its ancient splendor. Godfrey de Lucy, who was Bishop of Winchester in 1200, rebuilt about that

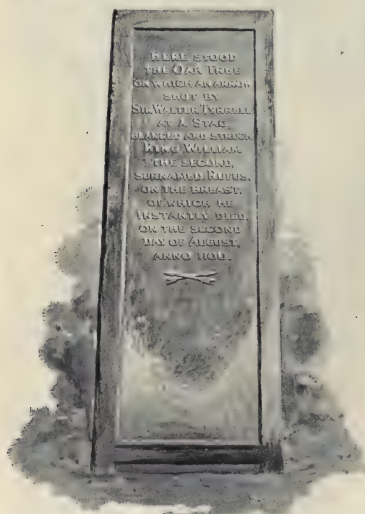
time the east end of the Cathedral, and also erected the Ladye Chapel, since greatly enlarged. De Lucy died in 1204, and like many of his predecessors, was buried in his own cathedral.

Edward III. came to the throne in 1327, and during his reign of fifty years several additions were made to the building by William de Edington, who, besides being Bishop of Winchester, was also Treasurer and Chancellor to the King. This notable prelate undertook to rebuild the nave, but he died in 1366, having only succeeded in finishing the western front, and a very small portion of the nave.

This latter portion as it was finished eventually, and as it happily still remains, is one of the largest and finest in England, not even excepting Canterbury, Durham or York, the latter of which it nearly equals in size, being one hundred and eighteen feet long,

while that of York is one hundred and thirty-eight.

What a flood of memories are raised when Bishop Edington's successor is named, the famous William of Wykeham! He not only founded Winchester school but practically rebuilt the entire Cathedral in what we now know as the "pointed" style of architecture. He had for his architect William Winford. His surveyor was Simon Membury, and one of the monks from the Benedictine Priory, John Wayte, acted as Clerk of the Works.



THE RUFUS STONE AT WINCHESTER.

Some of the most beautiful work in the Cathedral is to be seen in the exterior of the choir and Lady Chapel. The initials of Prior Silkestede's name appear enveloped in a skein of silk, surmounted by the motto, "*In Gloriam Deo*;" the Royal Arms, and the Arms of the See of Winchester are also inscribed upon the walls and have the same legend. The central tower is remarkable for its ceiling, which is copied from that of the Chapel of New College, Oxford, founded by Bishop

Wykeham. The entire length of the Cathedral from west to east is 545 feet, and of the transept from north to south 207 feet. The nave with the aisles is 86 feet wide and its height 78 feet. The choir from the screen to the Holy Table is 135 feet long and the Lady Chapel is 54 feet in depth.

After the Reformation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the cloisters of the Cathedral were entirely destroyed; so also was the Chapter House, the site of which is now occupied by the Dean's garden. The old Superiors hall and the offices adjacent, now form the Deanery, while the gardens of the Prebendaries occupy the site where once stood other conventual buildings.

As one enters the nave, the triumph and skill of Bishop Wykeham are seen in the vast extent from the western porch to the central tower. The Bishop preserved such of the old Anglo-Norman building, principally the nave, as he found could be converted into the new style. He did not destroy the work of his predecessor, Bishop Walkelyn, but formed his pointed arches by filling up, and afterwards altering the old semi-circular arches of the original second storey in the walls of the nave. The Anglo-Norman pillars may be clearly traced, not only at the steps leading up to the choir, but amidst the timbers of the roof on both sides of the nave throughout the greater part of its extent. The bosses where the groings intersect in the nave ceiling, contain various shields of arms, while badges and devices in the several compartments denote the different benefactors of the Cathedral. The King's device of the White Hart, the arms of Waynflete, Wykeham and Beaufort are among those there to be found.

The Cathedral contains a remarkably fine Anglo-Norman font consisting of a square block of marble, supported by pillars of the same, of which the capitals are formed of leaves, while the basement of the whole is enriched with moulding. On the top of the



font are two doves, emblems of the Holy Spirit, on its sides are also doves in various attitudes, with them a salamander, the emblem of fire, in reference to the passage contained in St. Luke's Gospel prophetic of the Saviour, "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

William of Wykeham died in 1404 and was interred in the Chantry Chapel, in the southern side of the nave, which is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of monumental architecture extant. It is divided into three arches, the canopies of which are carved to correspond in form with

great beauty of workmanship. It consists of a variety of niches with an ornamented canopy. Over the screen is the celebrated east window, celebrated unfortunately, not so much for its beauty as for the vandalism that has from time to time been practised upon it. It is filled with ancient stained glass containing figures of apostles, bishops and legendary saints, which have been mutilated or improperly arranged so that in many instances the legends are misapplied.

Among the celebrated tombs that are to be found in Winchester Cathedral is that of William Rufus, whom to quote



INTERIOR OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

the arch of the nave. The effigy of the Bishop in full canonicals with his mitre and pastoral staff in his hand, lies recumbent upon the slab around which is a curious inscription inlaid in brass. The pulpit in the Cathedral was the gift of Prior Silkeste and bears his name in various parts.

The Bishop's throne is a modern work, designed by Garbett and was placed in its present position about 70 years ago. The Altar screen, which is of stone, was executed during the episcopate of Bishop Fox, and exhibits

Stowe's Chronicle "Dyed in the yeere of Christ 1100 and in the 13th yeere of his raigne on the second day of August when he had raigned 12 years 11 months, lacking 8 days, and was buried at Winchester, in the Cathedral Church or Monasterie of Saint Swithen, under the plaine flat marble stone, before the lectorne in the queere, but long since his bones were translated in a coffer, and laid with King Knute's bones."

Bishop Richard Fox, the favorite of Henry VII., and one of his executors also lies here. Fox was Lord Privy

Seal in Henry VII.'s reign, and was strongly recommended by that sovereign to his successor Henry VIII., but though he continued to hold his office, his influence with the last named King gradually waned, and in 1515 he retired from Court. He died September 14th, 1528, and was buried in the Chantry monumental chapel of Winchester Cathedral which he had built for that purpose at his own expense. Beside Fox's Chapel is also that of Stephen Gardner who was not only Bishop of Winchester but Chancellor of England. He was the natural son of Lionel Wydeville, Bishop of Salisbury, who was brother of the Queen of Edward IV.

The monumental chapels of the celebrated Cardinal Beaufort, and of Bishop of Waynflete are in the middle of the Presbytery, which part of the Cathedral was erected by Bishop De Lucy about 1190. This latter prelate is himself buried in the Cathedral, under a tomb of grey marble, exactly opposite the entrance to the Ladye Chapel.

Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt; he was Lord Chancellor and one of the Guardians of King Henry VI. He accompanied that monarch into France, crowning him in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris in 1431. Among others of this celebrated man's benefactions was that of refounding the celebrated hospital of St. Cross, also in the city of Winchester, which he did almost wholly at his own expense. After a long career in which he incurred the enmity and hatred of many of his contemporaries, despite the fact of his munificence to the church, he died June 14th, 1447.

It is not possible to give anything more than a passing glance at the remainder of the tombs of celebrated men who have been interred within the precincts of Winchester Cathedral. Among those who lie here though may

be mentioned, Bishop John de Pontoise who died in 1304, Bishop Henry Woodlock who died in 1316, and Bishop Thomas Cooper in 1594, also that of Brownlow North for no less than 39 years Bishop of Winchester who died at the old city residence of those prelates in Chelsea, July 12th, 1820, in his 80th year. It is by Sir Francis Chantrey and is said to be only equalled in beauty, by those two great works of that great sculptor, in Lichfield Cathedral, "The Sleeping Children" and "Bishop Ryder."

In the graveyard adjoining the Cathedral are many ancient tombs and quaint epitaphs. Among the latter is one in these words inscribed over the grave of a Hampshire militiaman:

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier  
Who caught his death from drinking cold  
small beer.  
Soldiers beware from his untimely fall,  
When you are dry drink strong, or not at  
all,  
The honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he died by musket or by pot."

Of recent distinguished men who have been Bishops of Winchester, must be mentioned the celebrated Samuel Wilberforce, one of the most eloquent preachers who have ever adorned the hierarchy of the Anglican Church. He was succeeded by Bishop Harold Browne, whose work on the XXXIX articles of the Church is an English classic. Dr. Browne was followed by Dr. Thorold, who died this year; he was succeeded by Dr. Randall Davidson, like his immediate predecessor, translated from Rochester, and he now fills the episcopal chair.

The City of Winchester has many objects of interest to the churchman, the antiquary and the scholar, but none presents such a striking history in stone as does the noble fabric of Winchester Cathedral.

## AJAX AND HAMLET.

BY W. B. L. HOWELL, B.A.

GREECE is the birthplace of the drama. And yet there is much danger of creating a wrong impression by this statement. We had better say, perhaps, that the drama was *evolved* in Greece. For it was the peculiar glory of the Greek genius that, during the comparatively short period in which that people flourished, many institutions of state, systems of philosophy and branches of art and of science were not only originated, but also brought to an advanced stage of maturity. And in no case was this singular pre-eminence more strikingly exhibited than in the development of the histrionic art.

Consider the process of the evolution of that art. In the dim dawn of the Hellenic age we descry the two simple elements of the drama. On the one hand, we have bands of youths in martial order dancing and singing *pæans* to Apollo; on the other, strolling story-tellers giving forth in a kind of recitative the deeds of heroes as sung by Homer and their other great epic poets. Looking again on Greece in the dazzling brightness of its noonday splendor we see that these two natural elements have been united and that out of their union has sprung forth a child, partaking of the nature of each and yet entirely a new creature, who now reigns as queen of the hearts in violet-crowned Athens, empress of the world. Before the union, however, the *pæans* to Apollo had been exalted to the rank of literature. This was effected by a transference of theme, and the *pæan* became a glorification of the jovial god Bacchus, with some account of his birth and travels. By uniting these choral odes with the heroic romances of the wandering minstrels the essen-

tial factor of *dialogue* was introduced. The reciter and the chorus were the complements of each other and by alternating in speech and song worked out the theme. Aeschylus introduced a second reciter or actor, and in the finished tragedy of the age of Pericles the cast consists of three actors. This was the limit. Naturally, as the actors grew in importance the chorus declined proportionately from the position of equality, if not of superiority, in which we find them at the time of coalescence till they became mere commentators on the main theme, which was presented by the actors. This is the position they occupy in the tragedy of Sophocles which we are about to consider, and it is to their functions in this role that Ophelia refers when she says to Hamlet:—

“You are as good as a chorus, my lord.”

But with all their progress the Greeks never attained to any degree of excellence in acting. The fact that each actor had to assume several characters in the one play, the extreme narrowness of the stage, and the simplicity of their theatrical machinery, all attest this. Nor did they crave this proficiency. Notwithstanding their vanity and frivolity they were a people of faultless taste, inclining always to simplicity, and hence elaborate staging was repugnant to them. They were intellectually keen to a fault and a happily turned sentence or a noble sentiment affected them like music. In the presence of such an audience it is not surprising that acting took the form of declamation, so that the words should be affected as little as possible, and various expedients were employed to give force to the sounds.



This criticism must be confined strictly to the mechanical side, however, for in other respects a peerless perfection was attained. The literary gems of Greece are its tragedies. In them that nation of artists found their truest expression. And, as in all true art, this excellence is based on a faithful portrayal of nature, so that over the gap of centuries we are constrained to sympathy, even while we exclaim with Hamlet:—

"What's Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba,  
That we should weep for her?"

But there is an elevation of tone pervading the whole, which above all else distinguishes a Greek play. Some subtle influence is felt to be at work which we cannot grasp or analyze, but which is none the less affecting because it is indefinable. We saw that on one side the drama had its origin in the worship of a god. In this respect the tragedies of the Greeks never became unworthy of their ancestry, for, though the unreserved consecration of a play to some god or other declined in favor with time, the influence of the religious element never wholly ceased. Thus the acting of every Greek play was a religious ceremony, and it is this fact which explains their exalted character and stamps them as unique in the history of the world.

In the light of these few facts let us examine the *Ajax* of Sophocles. The story of the play is as follows:—

On the death of Achilles, the flower of the Greek army besieging Troy, his arms were offered for competition and Odysseus obtained the coveted prize over the head of Ajax. The consequent chagrin of Ajax developed into frenzy and he sallied out in the night, bent on slaying the whole Greek army, with special designs against Odysseus, his successful rival, and Menelaus and Agamemnon the two chiefs of the army. But the goddess Athene met him on the way, under the guise of a friend, and so

distorted his fancy that he fell upon the innocent flocks and herds, thinking them to be the Greek forces. He killed a large number of them, with the shepherds who guarded them, and brought the rest captive to his tent.

The play opens on the following morning. Odysseus is discovered examining footprints in the sand near the tent of Ajax when the divine form of the goddess Athene, wreathed in a halo of clouds, appears above him and asks him what he wants. His reply is that someone has slain the cattle of the army during the night, that Ajax was seen bounding over the plain with a reeking sword and that, suspicion being directed to Ajax in consequence, he himself has volunteered to ascertain whether those suspicions are correct. Athene assures him that Ajax is the culprit and, having explained how she had diverted him from the chiefs to the sheep, wishes to call him forth and exhibit his frenzy. Odysseus not unnaturally shrinks from confronting a raving maniac, but, assured of the god's protection, finally yields. At the call of Athene Ajax comes forth, a mighty soul in disorder; and, boasting of the slaughter of the Greek chiefs and that he now has Odysseus captive and ready for merited punishment, thanks Athene for her help of the past night and prays that she will ever be such a friend to him. (To all except Ajax, of course, this speech is extremely pathetic in its irony.) When Ajax has retired Odysseus unexpectedly expresses sympathy for his fallen rival, though this magnanimity is somewhat marred by being too evidently based on selfish considerations.

Then a chorus, composed of the followers of Ajax enter chanting a beautiful ode. They too have heard that Ajax had slain the cattle but consider it a slander invented by the chiefs of the army. Or, if he did do it, he must have been crazed by some god. In any case they beseech him to come out, for without him they are useless,

but with him they will dare anything.

Hearing friendly voices, Tecmessa, the wife of Ajax, comes out and unburdens her heart to the sympathizing chorus. She learns from them the full extent of Ajax' disgrace, and they learn, in turn, from her that Ajax has now awakened from his frenzy and is overwhelmed at the contemplation of the havoc he has wrought. Their conversation is interrupted by the groans of Ajax. He is in the very extremity of mental distress and, with strong revulsion of feeling, can scarcely find words to express his utter self-loathing for what he has done. What recourse is left? He cannot go home empty-handed to that father who obtained the first prize for valor; he will not give his enemies the satisfaction of flinging himself to death against the Trojans; and so, he thinks, the only manly course is suicide.

This decision brings forth anxious entreaties from the chorus and agonized beseeching from his wife. The latter he petulantly bids close the door and her mouth and, calling for his infant son, addresses to him an heroic and affectionate farewell.

The chorus give him up as inflexible and express their profound sadness in a touching ode.

But Ajax, probably fearing that his resolve might be thwarted, simulates repentance and, by a studied use of expressions with a double meaning, conveys the idea to his friends that he goes to seek absolution from the gods—*by death*, is his mental reservation.

Ajax departs, and the unsuspecting chorus, scarcely able to contain themselves for joy, burst forth into an exultant pæan.

But their triumph is short-lived. A breathless messenger breaks in upon them with the question: "Is Ajax within?" The answer is in the negative. "Alas!" says he, "then he is doomed." Hurried questions follow, and it is ascertained that the messen-

ger has been sent by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, to warn the hero not to leave his tent that day, for the infallible seer of the Greeks has foretold that, if he does so, he shall surely die. Like a flash the real meaning of Ajax' enigmatic words is revealed to his friends and they realize the full horror of the situation. Urged on by Tecmessa they divide into search parties and start to seek for what they dread to find.

Thus the stage is cleared. The curtain is drawn *up* and when it is let *down* again Ajax is discovered before his sword, which is planted in the ground. He makes a powerful speech and then, falling on his sword, expires.

This would be the end of the play but for the tremendous importance, among the Greeks, of the proper burial rites being performed. And so, after the body has been found by Tecmessa, the chorus and Teucer, in order, the play is prolonged by the refusal of Menelaus to allow the interment, on the ground that Ajax was an enemy. But Teucer will not yield so momentous a point and Agamemnon, coming with the same interdict, meets with a like resistance. Odysseus is attracted by the altercation and with the same display of nobility, alloyed with selfishness as before urges Agamemnon to permit the burial with the proper rites. Agamemnon finally consents with reluctance and the play ends with the solemn funeral of Ajax.

Such is the story of Ajax as treated by Sophocles. Superficially, there does not appear to be much basis for comparison between this play and the one in which Shakespere deals with the fate of the unhappy Hamlet. Were there nothing else, however, the fact that Hamlet is one of the greatest tragedies of, perhaps, the greatest master of the modern drama, while the Ajax represents the highest form to which Greek tragedy attained, would invest with sufficient interest a critical examination of the two plays.

But there is also a strong internal resemblance, which we hope to show and which renders them especially suitable for comparison. Such a comparison must, of course, involve the larger one of the style of treatment of the two great masters, so that we may be compelled to deal with some points in the two plays which do not admit of comparison but which are of value in arriving at a general estimate.

On the whole, we may say that the idea we form from these works is that Sophocles is the polished artist, Shakespeare is the rough-hewn genius. But, while the artistic side of Sophocles predominates, it never obscures the touch of original genius which vitalizes all his compositions and which inspired him to perfect the Greek drama by very material additions. While he was a fastidious artist, like Addison, he was also a born genius, like Burns, and as combining these two qualities finds his modern counterpart in Goethe rather than in Shakespeare. For Shakespeare is not by any means a literary artist. He allows his tremendous flow of ideas to run away with him and often sacrifices the interest in the plot to side issues. "A quibble," says Dr. Johnson, "was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it." Moreover, he has steadily persisted in disregarding "the unities" and has thus furnished us with the anomaly of plays constructed in violation of the very first rule of dramatic architecture, which yet withstand all the storms of hostile critics and the influence of time. In this respect Sophocles is more orthodox than Shakespeare. In Hamlet the spectator's mind is ever and anon running off on little excursions, here to accompany young Laertes to France, there to go with Fortinbras against the Poles, whereas the Ajax never allows the attention to leave the fate of the hero. To put it in another way, we might say that, if the test of periodic structure were applied, if the merit of a

tragedy were to arrest the attention at the outset and by ever-increasing interest practically mesmerize the spectator till the final scene when he wakes from his trance with a sigh or a sob, then the Ajax of Sophocles (at least till the death of Ajax) would come much nearer the standard than the Hamlet of Shakespeare. For, though the effect of the latter on the whole is a climax, yet the attention is so often diverted that the tragic interest is greatly debilitated.

The personality of Ajax is interesting. We intend to deal with him as we find him in the tragedy of Sophocles (for he has been the subject of too many of the ancient writings to admit of a full treatment here), but we cannot help being influenced in our conception of him by his rough but clear-cut portrait as Homer has sketched it. From the few bones, as it were, given in the Iliad we fill out the figure of this ancient hero, this neo-historic animal, and we see before us a large frame of mighty, impetuous power, yet graceful and supple withal. Above, a thick but tapering neck supports a head with features of classic regularity and the whole is crowned with a thick mass of curly hair. Physically, he was a perfect man. But, alas for Ajax! the modern world is apt to say, though Mars or even Hercules, was proud to be his patron saint, intellectual Athene despised him as a mere child. And here we strike the keynote of the tragedy of Ajax. If we can agree with Emerson that: "The costly charm of the ancient tragedy, and indeed of all the old literature is that the persons speak simply—speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it before, yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the Antigone is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health with the finest physical organization in the world." If we



agree with this and judge Ajax by the standard of actions based on perfect physical organization, thus doing away with the need of tortuous reason, and assume that, on the principle of harmony, a beautiful character is the necessary concomitant of a beautiful body, then Ajax is admirable indeed and falls little below the required standard. But with us "wisdom is the principal thing" and the self-sufficient intellectual giant of to-day triumphantly exclaims with Agamemnon :

"The safest men

Are not the stout, broad shouldered, brawny ones.

But still wise thinkers everywhere prevail ;  
And oxen, broad of back, by smallest scourge  
Are, spite of all, driven forward, in the way."

Odysseus is the nearest approach in ancient Greece to the modern ideal, while Ajax is rather an over-development of the Greek tendencies. Hence a peculiar interest attaches to the struggle between these two, and the final triumph of Odysseus has a deep significance. A striking modern portrayal of a similar struggle is found in *Quentin Durward*, where Scott depicts the keen intellect of Louis XI. of France in the lists against the impetuous might of Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

The most important point of contact of the two plays is the insanity of the heroes—terribly real in the case of Ajax, imperfectly simulated by Hamlet. In the manifestations of these distorted characters, the physical Ajax revels in monstrous deeds, while he speaks clearly and coherently ; the more intellectual Hamlet, on the other hand, utters "wild and whirling words," but "does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity." Compare, for example, this dialogue between Polonius and Hamlet, on the coming of the actors to the palace ;—

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you.  
When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz ! Buz !

and this reception of Athene by Ajax, in the midst of his frenzy :—

"Hail, O Athene, hail ! O child of Zeus,  
Well art thou come, and I with golden spoils

Will deck thy shrine for this my glorious raid.

All the surging passion of Ajax is focussed into the persistent idea that he has irretrievably disgraced himself and his illustrious ancestors by failing to win the arms of Achilles. No thought of living down his shame ever enters his mind, but with the same motive as prompted Harvey at Guelph to plan and carry out his deplorable crime, Ajax plans and attempts the assassination of the supposed authors of his dishonor. In Ajax we see the dogged perseverance which never flags or falters, which weeps over the slaughter of the brute herds, not because of having shed innocent blood, but, like a nervous child, because he has been defeated in his object. This same stubborn trait exhibits itself to the end, where, just before he dies, he calls on the Fates :—

"That they may mark how I am slain  
By yon Atreidae ; come with giant stride,  
Erinnyes my avengers ; glut yourselves,  
(Yea, spare them not), upon the host they rule."

Hamlet's character appears weaker and more vacillating, but he really is more cautious in action, because he does not possess the fearlessness of ignorance like Ajax, but his "native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He perceives all the difficulties in the way of avenging his father's murder, and he needs the watchword of his ghostly father, "Adieu, remember me," and the tragic energy of the visiting actor, to stimulate him to action. Even after he has practically convicted his father he does nothing to punish him, and finally kills him by virtue of chance circumstances.

The supernatural element in the two plays is very striking. There is a plausible modern doctrine that all

the stupendous system of Greek mythology has both a surface interest and a deep inner application; that, for example, the Chimera is the poetical representative of a volcano, and the slaying of the Minotaur by Theseus, a romantic setting of the divorce of human sacrifice from the Greek religious cult. The effect of this is to render Homer's *Iliad* an ancient Gulliver's Travels, transforming it from a pleasing story into a subtle theological treatise. And there is abundant need of such a rational explanation, for otherwise we might become impatient at the way in which, in those ancient writings, the capricious patronage of the gods nullifies human energy. For example, in the Ajax the fatal interference of Athene seems at first sight the very height of injustice, but when we consider that the goddess who sprang full-armed from the head of Zeus was the anthropomorphic representative of abstract wisdom, the deep internal significance is at once apparent, and Ajax is not rendered distracted by Athene but Brute Force is nullified by Intellect.

On the other hand, the introduction of the ghost of Hamlet's father seems rather an expedient to heighten the tragic solemnity of the play. At the time of Shakespeare a visitation from the spirit of the departed was indicative of the extreme of crime, and had none of the ludicrous tinge of to-day. Moreover the cautious nature of Hamlet needed every assurance and incentive to urge him to action.

Another noticeable feature in the play is the rough way in which both heroes treat their dearest female friends. Hamlet's brutal trampling on the sensitive Ophelia, is decidedly more repulsive and inexplicable than the cold indifference of Ajax towards his wife Tecmessa. That Ajax should curtly cut his wife short in her tender solicitude for his welfare with, "silence is an ornament to women" and should studiously omit a consideration of her fate in his choice of death, is pardon-

able in an age when women were regarded as chattels and instruments. But that Hamlet should torture Ophelia, as a cat plays with a mouse, and load her with abuse in a speech whose refrain was "get thee to a nunnery" is inexcusable (even with the plea of insanity) as conduct towards one he really loved, in an age of the most romantic chivalry.

Both Ajax and Hamlet are strongly influenced by their high estimation of their fathers' abilities. But Ajax condemns himself as the degenerate son of a noble sire, while Hamlet, with characteristic modesty, repeatedly compares his father and his uncle much to the disadvantage of the latter.

In Greece, tragedy and comedy were completely divorced from one another, so that we look in vain in the Ajax for any counterpart to the delightfully natural pleasantries of the grave diggers. Sophocles never unbends his brows from the stern tragic frown.

The tragic fate of the gentle Marguerite-like Ophelia is painful but not more so than the undescribed fate of Tecmessa. Ophelia's woes were, partially at least the fruit of her peculiar sensitiveness of heart and head, while Tecmessa's downfall was the result of her absolute legal dependence on her husband. On his death the very best she could hope for was a laborious life of slavery. There was a sad disregard for woman's rights in the heroic days of Greece.

The madness of Hamlet was, of course, only feigned and we need only consider his very clear and rational directions to the players and the judgment of Polonius "though this be madness yet there's method in it" to feel that Hamlet mad possessed even more sanity than Hamlet sane. Still it is evident from many indications that Hamlet endeavored at times, with partial success, to carry out his assumed character. For example, he first asks his chum Horatio not to be-

tray him if he simulates insanity, and then, shortly after, Ophelia tells of his coming to her with his clothes all soiled and awry and of his strange speechless gaze and sigh. To reach this state of madness Polonius says he first "fell into a sadness; then into a fast; thence to a watch; thence to a weakness; thence to a lightness; and by this declension into the madness wherein now he raves." His madness afterward displays itself in sarcastic incoherent speeches, between which he intersperses some of the very finest speeches in the English language. So he gives the impression of much variation with little real difference and of important designs but limited energy.

The distracted Ajax was quite a different person. The psychologist would say that he was laboring under an hallucination. We must bear in mind that the attack on the flocks and herds does not mean that he was possessed of a violent frenzy, a sort of legions of devils, which led him to senseless slaughter; for the idea of the slaughter of the whole Greek army was the predominant idea in his mind before Athene met him in his sanity, and distorted his fancy so that he imagined the helpless animals were the Greek veterans. The sole mark of madness was his hallucination in this regard. Read his conversation with Athene in the light of this knowledge and it appears quite clear and coherent.

The most pathetic touch in the whole play is where the chorus, consisting of the crew of his ship, find him sitting all dejected and unstrung in the midst of the havoc he has wrought. He is all too vividly awake

now and as he realizes his disgrace, what intense meaning is conveyed by his simple heart-broken wail *ἰὼ μοι μοι, ἰὼ μοι μοι*.

Around both Ajax and Hamlet "a surge of blood-flecked troubles whirled" and naturally they both looked to the quickest way out of them. But self-destruction to the pagan Ajax was merely a mark of an unconquerable man. "It is a shame" he says,

"For any man to wish for length of life  
Who, wrapt in troubles, finds no issue out,  
For what delight brings day still following  
day,

Or bringing on or putting off our death?  
I would not rate that man as worth regard  
Whose fervor glows on vain and empty  
hopes;

But either noble life or noble death  
Becomes the nobly born."

But to the thoughtful Hamlet the dread of retribution in the hereafter is the most powerful argument against such a course:

"The dread of something after death—  
The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of"

Hence Hamlet appears as an instrument all through, and is rather dependent on others for an appropriate exit from his troubles, while Ajax indomitably controls his circumstances and we see him in his last tragic tableau about to impale himself upon his sword and crying:—

"O light, O sacred soil of fatherland,  
O Salamis, where stands my father's hearth,  
More glorious Athens, with thy kindred  
race,  
Ye streams and rivers here and Troja's  
plain,

On you I call. Farewell, companions dear.  
This last, last word does Ajax speak to you  
All else I speak in Hades to the dead."



# FALL OF PRICES AND THE EFFECT ON CANADA.

BY JAMES B. PEAT, M.A., LL.B.

ONE of the most wonderful of the phenomena—economical and social—of the present century is the great fall in prices. In this paper an outline history of this price-movement will be given, with reference in Part I. to prices generally and in Part II. to prices in Canada. The minute consideration of the general causes which have produced the phenomena here indicated will have to be left over for consideration in a future number.

## PART I.—GENERAL REVIEW OF THE CENTURY.

The course of prices, during the present century, presents, roughly speaking, four stages or cycles of industry. From 1793 to 1815 prices tended gradually to increase and a high average was maintained. The causes of this were manifold. Europe, and we may more truly say the world, was convulsed with revolution and war during the entire period. Many of the ordinary means of production were stopped. Commerce was hampered in all directions by means of embargoes, edicts, and orders-in-council. Life and property, both public and private, were in a sense insecure. Hence production, to meet the daily needs of humanity, was carried on at a disadvantage. Speculation was rife. Legislation, required by political exigencies, was liable to appear at any moment. Payments in specie were suspended all over Europe. Therefore the prices of both necessities and luxuries tended to rise.

This period of inflated prices was followed by a long period of depression and uniformly declining prices, extending from 1816 to 1847-8. This period of thirty years, as distinguished from the preceding one, was char-

acterized by peace between nations. Of course, there were wars, revolutions, etc., but their influence was more limited and transitory than the Napoleonic wars. Then specie payments had been resumed. England had decided upon gold as her single standard of value in 1816, and specie payments were resumed in 1821. Other European countries, except those on the Mediterranean, which had inconvertible paper currencies, followed England in this resumption of specie payments. During the whole of this period the production of the precious metals was comparatively small, especially the production of silver, which was suspended for several years and hindered in others owing to civil wars in South America. Thus, while the quantity of the precious metals was only increasing in a small degree, population, the production of food and manufactured commodities, inventions, facilities for transportation, etc. all wealth, in fact, increased more rapidly. The problem was simply this. There was more work for money or the standard of value to do, than it could do. Therefore the relative value of specie increased, or, rather, the standard of value was appreciated. The extent of this appreciation may be illustrated by one or two calculations. In 1845, £100 would purchase as many commodities as £224 did in 1810. That is to say the purchasing power of the £ sterling had more than doubled, and prices on the average had fallen 55 per cent. True, many causes had contributed to this fall in prices. A large increment of this decline must be attributed to the application of science and invention to the production and distribution of commodities. The

advocates of the single standard, gold, attribute the whole decline to this principle. Bimetallists deny the sufficiency of this explanation, assert that the scarcity of the specie caused the fall, and suggest a remedy. We have not time nor space to consider the pros and cons of the question, but would only suggest that possibly both these forces might have co-operated to produce such a fall as we have referred to above; viz., 55 per cent.

We wish to note particularly the state of prices during 1845-50, because the average for this period was the lowest that had occurred since the beginning of the century. This period, 1845-50, was marked by the severe crisis of 1847, which fact in itself tended to lower the scale of prices. Then the production of the precious metals was very small; i.e., when compared with the amount of business to be done. For example, the production of gold in the United States for period 1834-44 is placed at \$7,500,000. For the next three years the average is about \$1,000,000 per annum, while the production of silver for the same period aggregated \$150,000. The world's total production of gold from 1840-8 was about \$30,000,000, and this had been the average production for two decades. Therefore, with population and industry increasing on every hand, the ratio of precious metals to business transacted gradually grew less. Just here we may state, that in this résumé of the rise and fall of prices for the last century, we have assumed that England was the most developed country commercially. Therefore English prices were more likely than almost any other to indicate approximately the effect of a general movement in the standard of value. And this assumption is rendered still more reasonable because the metal, gold, which is the English standard of value, is not found in England, and can only be procured from gold-producing countries by means of the regular courses of trade.

The third industrial epoch of the century is marked by the discoveries of gold in large quantities in America and Australia. We find that prices rose uniformly from 1848 to 1873. The extent of the rise is a matter of considerable dispute. However, the more conservative estimators, such as Mr. Jevons and Mr. Giffin, limit the rise in the first decade, 1850 to 1860, to 10 per cent. on the level of 1845 to 1850, and the rise in the second decade, 1861-71, to 20 per cent. on the same level, and therefore the rise in the two decades had amounted to about 30 per cent. Or, stated conversely, gold had depreciated 30 per cent. What proportion of this rise in prices was due directly to the depreciation of gold is very difficult to determine. And, as in explaining the fall of the previous epoch, we find two sets of thinkers. These differ not so much as to what the real causes were, but as to which cause predominated. Both recognize the influence of two principles:—

1. The application of science and invention to production and distribution.

2. The depreciation of gold.

The bimetallists emphasize the latter principle, the monometallists the former.

Having thus reviewed in a very brief manner the course of prices during three epochs of the century, we will now consider, as far as we may, the movement of prices during the last stage, viz.; for the years 1874-95.

The first thing that impresses even a casual observer is the very decided and appreciable fall in prices that has characterized the period. The extent of the fall may be illustrated by a reference to Mr. Augustus Saurbeck's index number as per table appended which is compiled from the market prices of 45 commodities.

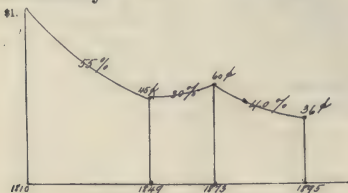
Year.	No.	Year.	No.
1867-77 . . .	100	1887.....	68
1873 . . . . .	111	1888 . . . . .	70
1879 . . . . .	83	1889. . . . .	72
1880 . . . . .	88	1890. . . . .	72

Year.	No.	Year.	No.
1881 .....	85	1891 .....	72
1882 .....	84	1892 .....	68
1883 .....	88	1893 .....	68
1884 .....	76	1894 .....	63
1885 .....	72	1895 .....	60
1886 .....	69		

Thus we see that prices reckoned in gold, are now much lower than they have been at any time during the present century.

From above table we can further see that prices fell steadily from 1873 to 1887, and that during 1888-9-90-91 the index number was apparently constant but the recovery was only partial and deceptive. The years 1892-3-4 and Jan., 1895, show a further decline, until prices now range 40 per cent. lower than they did for the period 1867-77, which is taken as the unit of comparison. We cannot be far astray then, if we assume that the fall since the decline began, has been about 40 per cent.; and this figure seems to be accepted by all economists as indicating approximately the true state of affairs.

Having thus noted the extent of the rise or fall for the last century, we will insert a calculation as to the approximate cost now, of an article which cost one dollar in the first period and illustrate it by a diagram. The succeeding period, 1816-49, shows a decline of 55 per cent., therefore our article in 1849 would cost 45 cents. The third period exhibits a rise of at least 30 per cent., therefore the article in 1873 would cost say 60 cents. A fall of 40 per cent. takes place and our article in 1895 costs 36 cents; *i.e.*, just a third of the cost at the beginning of the century.



This diagram exhibits at a glance the course of prices as we have traced them, and gives us a very clear conception of the magnitude of the decline. Surely no further confirmation is needed to convince the most skeptical that values have declined to an extraordinary degree.

#### PART II.—A REVIEW OF CANADIAN PRICES.

Coming now to a consideration of Canadian prices and their decline, we will note, the general expansions and depressions of the last 20 years.

The commercial and industrial development of Canada since 1867 may be divided into several well-defined periods. The first is 1867-73, the second 1874-79, the third 1880-83, the fourth 1884-87, and the fifth 1888-94. This division is not an arbitrary one. It is strictly empirical, and corresponds closely with the actual expansion alternating with depression and restriction.

We must here note the climatic characteristics of Canada as they affect business. During the winter, industry and commercial activity are much hampered. Getting out timber and cutting wood are then the only occupations of large classes of any community. The railway magnates find great difficulty in keeping their lines clear of snow, and losses of property and life sometimes occur from this cause. The harbors on all the lakes are frozen, and lake shipping is at a standstill. Hence, general business is contracted and the bank note circulation is then normally at its lowest.

Business becomes active in the spring, continues so during the summer, and finally reaches its climax in the fall, when all the agricultural produce has to be moved. The bank note circulation in October and November generally exceeds that of February by 25 per cent. These months mark the extremes of our annual business contraction and expansion, largely on account of the climate.



Returning now to our consideration of the period 1867-73, we find it characterized by great growth and expansion in all directions. Everything seemed to prosper, and population grew apace. In 1867 it was 3,400,000; in 1871, 3,635,000, and there was generally heavy immigration into the country. There was a large increase in agricultural produce. Wages and prices were rising. Building operations, especially in railways, raised the price of metals and lumber. Credit expanded. The total imports, exports and the public debt—all went up together. The value of land apparently was about the only item that did not rise to an abnormal condition. The tariff was a revenue one, and hence the necessity for borrowing abroad. Charters were granted to 28 new banks, of which 9 are still doing business. The bank note circulation was doubled. Ten and even twelve per cent. were common rates of discount. Even at these rates the total discounts trebled in six years, while the aggregate bank capital increased over 100 per cent.

The check to this period of expansion came from the United States in the crisis of 1873, and this ushered in our second period, that of depression, 1874-79. The stoppage was sharp, sudden and very severe. Shipbuilding and agriculture continued fairly prosperous, but the general fall in prices affected our lumber business very much. Railway enterprise was checked. The lake and ocean vessels lost much of their profitable business. In wholesale and retail circles many failures took place.

The following table shows the list of failures from 1873-79.

Year.	Number.	Liabilities.
1873	994	\$12,300,000
1874	966	7,700,000
1875	1968	28,900,000
1876	1728	25,500,000
1877	1890	25,500,000
1878	1615	23,100,000
1879	634	11,600,000
	9795	\$134,600,000

The figures for 1875-6-7-8 are very striking and suggestive, and they convey their own moral with regard to the long credits which were then prevalent. The harvests of 1876-7-8 were bad, and although fair prices were realized, agriculture became depressed and immigration fell off.

The tariff was still a revenue one, and the National debt increased about \$73,000,000 during the period. The average rate for all the loans was about 4.41 per cent. Of course some of this borrowing was necessary to meet the liabilities accruing from the former period; *e.g.*, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. Towards the end of the period the effects of the depression reached the banks.

During this period eight banks closed their doors. Others stopped payment temporarily. The aggregate capital was further reduced by some banks contracting their capital; altogether capital account decreased about \$6,500,000 during the period. Circulation fell off about 35 per cent. Deposits and discounts varied very little. Great changes, however, took place in such items as "overdue debts, secured and unsecured," and "real estate other than bank premises." Both of these items increased about 350 per cent.; *i.e.*, from \$3,182,000 to \$10,876,000. No wonder the bank rests were very seriously affected.

The period taught all classes a salutary lesson. Many millions of speculative capital were swept out of existence. Inflated values disappeared, and business generally was placed on a sounder basis: so sound, in fact, that Canada was not affected seriously by the crisis of 1893. Producers of all commodities had been taught a severe lesson, and they have ultimately benefited by it.

The great natural resources of this country, however, remained yet to be developed, and the confidence of the people in their institutions was yet unshaken. Finally, in 1880, business revived. The protective tariff, adopted

in 1879, had the general effect of raising prices. The harvests were better and the price of grain rose. A new impetus was felt throughout the entire industrial organization. Imports and exports both expanded. The Canadian Pacific Railway was pushed forward. Millions of English capital were poured into the country. Immigration increased and transactions in real estate along the line of the railway became very numerous. The banks did not increase their capital, and it has remained at about \$60,000,000 ever since. The Government had, by the establishment of Government Savings Banks in connection with the post offices, become in 1870 an active competitor for the available surplus moneys of the people. The rate of interest allowed,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., forced the banks to keep their rates up. Generally speaking, since 1879, there has been greater caution and prudence displayed than during the former decade. This normal period of expansion, 1880-3, was followed by depression again in 1884-7. The initial cause is hard to determine; but, no doubt, the inflated land values in Manitoba during 1881-2 had something to do with it. Bad harvests were also an accelerating cause of the decline. Some banks had to reduce their capital; and six failed between 1883-9, but these failures were due to local rather than general causes.

In fact, the whole decade is characterized by milder movements than the preceding one. The expansions and depressions were not so sharp as formerly, and their effects were therefore less disastrous.

The period 1888-94 begins with a slight rise in prices, and during 1890-1-2, they were comparatively constant. But just at this juncture, when business apparently was on a firm basis, other circumstances intervened, and during 1893-4, prices fell continuously and at a very rapid rate. The Baring crisis in London, 1890; the Australian bank failures early in 1893; and nearer

home, the American crisis during the same year, are the outstanding features of the last five years. These great contractions of credit invariably tended to check industry and the investment of capital in profitable enterprises. Our banks had to exercise great caution in their lines of credit; and the result has justified their method. Legitimate business was aided; undue speculation was discounted. However, prices fell rapidly. Hence we find that local capital is accumulating in the banks, etc., at an unprecedented rate.

In this respect our experience is paralleled by that of England and other European countries. The Bank of England had, during 1894, a gold reserve much in excess of any before held. It is to be hoped, however, that our comparative abundance of capital will not end in a speculative movement such as now characterizes the European stock markets. In January and February, 1895, prices reached the lowest level of the century. Since that time, however, business has revived in almost all directions. Very true, the remarks of the bankers at their respective annual meetings in June would seem to indicate that they do not expect a very great expansion of credit, or an unprecedented revival in business. So much the better for the nation. We are indeed fortunate, if, as an industrial community, we can avoid, on the one hand, the Scylla of an undue depreciation of values, and, on the other, the Charybdis of an unwise and unsound expansion of credit.

The following table shows in cents the price movements of six selected articles. They are all articles of export—chiefly food products—but the number of articles is too limited to form a strictly scientific basis of deduction. The annual prices given are the averages of twelve monthly quotations.

The index numbers are based on the average prices of the three years 1870-

2, and are calculated in the ordinary arithmetical way; they represent, therefore, simple percentages of the average point. Further, in any complete study of the effects of a fall of prices, the quantity of the commodities must also be considered; but we cannot discuss that aspect of the subject in this paper.

TABLE SHEWING, IN DETAIL, PRICES OF CERTAIN ARTICLES.

Date.	Wheat. No. 1.	Cheese.	Butter.	Eggs.	Hay.	Barley. No. 1.	Index No.
1870-1872	126	12	23	20	23	66	100
1873 ...	132	12	18	17	23	79	118
1874 ...	125	14	27	16	20	107	110
1875 ...	108	13	23	21	19	90	103
1876 ...	109	11	24	19	15	78	93
1877 ...	141	13	20	18	16	66	94
1878 ...	112	11	20	18	14	79	89
1879 ...	108	8	18	18	10	81	81
1880 ...	119	13	22	16	11	72	89
1881 ...	120	12	24	19	16	92	100
1882 ...	119	12	24	22	14	86	99
1883 ...	103	12	23	23	14	73	94
1884 ...	101	12	22	18	12	71	87
1885 ...	85	10	21	18	14	70	83
1886 ...	81	10	21	17	13	80	83
1887 ...	85	11	21	18	13	57	80
1888 ...	98	11	22	17	19	70	88
1889 ...	103	10	21	19	15	58	84
1890 ...	109	10	20	21	10	55	82
1891 ...	109	10	19	20	11	54	80
1892 ...	106	10	20	17	12	52	78
1893 ...	79	11	22	19	10	45	76
1894 ...	70	11	22	17	9	45	70

Again, a fall in prices is not necessarily an unmixed evil; for if we realize less from our exports, this is counterbalanced, to a certain extent, by a corresponding decrease in the cost of our imports. The general result is that the latter tend to increase and the former to decrease.

The increase in the entire produce of a country represents an increase of wealth which the inhabitants divide among themselves in various ways. But this division is always regulated by certain principles which are always acting and reacting, whether their presence is recognised or not. The landlord gets his rent; the capitalist gets his interest; the *entrepreneur* gets his profits, and the laborer gets his wages. All producers of wealth; *i.e.*, all who contribute in any way to

increase the wealth of any community, come under one or more of these heads. But all are not equally affected by a variation in values. Some do not feel it because they are better prepared and have more resources than their neighbors. Again, while the variation may be a source of loss on the one hand to any particular individual or corporation, it may be a positive benefit in other ways. The nature of his business or occupation may be such that a slight depression for a brief period of time would not have a detrimental effect on his business. Others again, may be said to be always near the danger line. The slightest check in public confidence or credit may affect their business detrimentally, or it may virtually ruin it. For example, an alteration in the permanent rate of profits, to any great extent, is the effect of causes which do not operate but in the course of years; whereas alterations in the quantity of labor necessary to produce commodities are of daily occurrence. It is according to the division of the whole produce of any particular country, between the four classes mentioned above, that we are to judge of the rise and fall of rent, profits, etc., and not according to the money value at which that produce may be estimated. For example, a variation in the value of money, however great, makes no difference in the rates of profits. Because if certain goods rise 30 per cent., as a result of a rise in prices, the raw material, fixed capital, etc., would also have risen 30 per cent., and the rate of profit would be the same as before. Although, therefore, the produce be doubled, rent, interest, wages and profits, will only vary as the proportions vary in which this double produce may be divided among the four classes that share it. In the case we are considering it is admitted that prices have fallen, chiefly because the value of money has increased, but partly because the price of production has been reduced by science and invention



Therefore the money value of the whole produce has declined, but we are not necessarily any worse off than we were before.

With regard to one of these divisions of the national produce, a general statement concerning its expan-

lations on the assumption that it could earn 6 per cent. on its capital. In 1870 this basis of calculation had to be reduced to 5 per cent; in 1880 to four and a half per cent; in 1890 to 4 per cent. We see that this fall has been going on continually for the

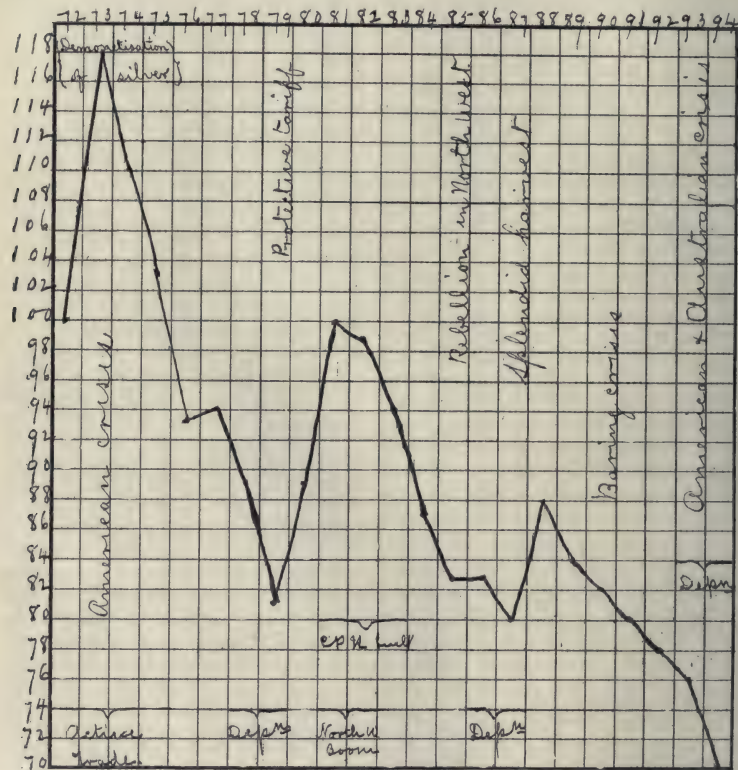


Chart shewing course of average prices of certain commodities in Canada, 1872-94. The index number is on the left side and the year at the top. Average of 1870-72 = 100.

sion or contraction may be made, and that is in regard to Interest.

Interest has fallen in Canada. A confirmation of this statement may be found, e.g., in the last annual report of the Canada Life Insurance Company. In 1847 this company based its calcu-

lation on the assumption that it could earn 6 per cent. on its capital. In 1870 this basis of calculation had to be reduced to 5 per cent; in 1880 to four and a half per cent; in 1890 to 4 per cent. We see that this fall has been going on continually for the last thirty years. The rate of interest which banks pay for deposits has also declined from 5 per cent. twenty years ago to 3 per cent. now. The discount rate for good paper in ordinary times used to be 8 or 10 per cent.: this has fallen to 6 or 7

per cent., while some banks will discount certain lines for five and a-half per cent. Of course, we must not press any argument based on these figures too far. The extent of the Dominion, and the different economic conditions prevailing at different business centres, might cause great variations in local rates of interest. Business might be very brisk at Winnipeg, and at the same time very dull at Halifax. In fact there has been very little homogeneity between the different business centres of the Dominion. The Dominion itself is a political aggregation of distinct industrial units, whose interests have conflicted on many points in the past. They conflict now, and will likely continue to do so. So the student in economics encounters great difficulty in finding a proper basis upon which to compare one stage of national development with another. Suppose we take the bank dividend rate for a comparison of profits. In 1894 this rate varied all the way from 12 per cent. to 4 per cent. This would give an average of 8 per cent. When we make an aggregate of the various amounts of capital of banks which paid a higher dividend, and on the other hand an aggregate of those that paid a lower rate, the average would be about 8 per cent.—possibly a little lower, say  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Then a dividend is not all profits properly so called. Part of it consists of pure interest; the rest of it is profit. As the rate of interest is steadily declining, profits must be increasing; and such we believe is the case. A careful consideration of other evidence confirms this opinion.

We have thus determined two points in the problems before us; *viz.*, that interest is decreasing and profits slowly rising. Our population does not increase very rapidly. Mr. Mulhall estimates that the increase in our national wealth is about \$106,000,000 annually: therefore wages must also be increasing, and hence our savings. This question of wages is a very complicated one; and no very definite re-

sults ensue, even from an examination of many different kinds of data. One thing is certain, the hours of labor have been shortened; and this is surely an advantage. The strikes, lockouts, and other conflicts between labor and capital would seem to indicate that one party or the other is not satisfied with its share of the annual production of the country. We are sure of this, however, that although money wages may be almost stationary or advancing slowly, the decline in prices places more comforts and necessities within the reach of the worst paid man. We believe that the standard of living in Canada is advancing. It is the demands of the many poor, and not of the few rich, that keep up the gradual increase in our imports. Millionaires are not common in Canada. While a large part of our population is comfortable, thrifty and hopeful, this feature seems to us to be one of the most encouraging to all true Canadians.

We have stated that the reward of capital; *i.e.*, interest is decreasing, that profits are increasing, and that real wages are also increasing. What about rent? The relation between rent and profits is very close. Considered economically, they exhibit largely the same characteristics, but they do not necessarily move in the same direction. The large food producing areas of Canada recently opened up, and the slow though steady growth of population, would tend to keep rents down. And these two factors acting together have, we believe, had that effect. The decline in the value of farm lands would also indicate a similar state of affairs. Farm lands in Ontario have not appreciated during the last ten years; they have rather depreciated. So with the other older provinces. The movement has been gradual, but, nevertheless, tangible. In the case of city rents, we find that where the parties resort to arbitration to determine the rent for a lease-hold for the next ten or twenty years, the result generally is that a lower rental is fixed than that

contained in the lease which is just expiring.

Turning now to a more general consideration of the case, we may safely say that Canada is essentially an exporter, not of manufactured but of raw materials, largely articles of food. Economists generally are agreed that manufacturing countries suffer less from a depression of trade, than countries producing raw materials. One of the chief reasons for this is, that the production of raw materials requires generally a long time, and the production cannot therefore be checked so as to coincide as near as possible with the demand. For example, the production and marketing of a crop of fall wheat requires about ten months. Wheat may be high in September, and, anticipating the same next season, large acreages of land are sown with wheat. By harvest time the prices may have fallen 30 per cent. But still that wheat must go to the market at any price. The difficulty lies in the fact that a farmer's capital is largely fixed capital, and it is very immovable when compared with the fixed capital of manufacturers. Again natural causes such as drought, frosts, excessive snow, etc., all combine to render almost impossible a forecast of what the possible crop will be. The want of elasticity in the production of raw materials as compared with manufactures thus tends directly to aggravate the evils resulting from a decreased demand. Then, if the demand increases suddenly a new supply to meet it cannot be produced at once. Further, in new countries; *e.g.*, Canada, capital is often invested in permanent improvements to develop its latent resources in advance of the actual requirements. But the population does not come. Railways are stopped midway for want of capital, and hence the whole industrial body is partially paralyzed. The scarcity

of capital in new countries is another serious disadvantage. New capital can only be brought from abroad; and the exports to pay the interest check the growth of the national wealth.

The position of our railways and our national debt is an apt illustration of this point. Eighty per cent. of the Canadian National Debt is held abroad. Then to this we must add the provincial and municipal debts, besides all the foreign capital invested in public and private companies, such as railways, banks, trust corporations, loan companies, etc.

We have referred above to the large foreign indebtedness of Canada. With the standard of value appreciating, a consideration of the true incidence of the interest to be paid cannot fail to be instructive. With the extension of credit and deferred payments the appreciation of the standard of value becomes a fact of first rate importance. The general effect is that those living on interest, annuities, etc., are favored at the expense of all the rest of the nation. All burdens fixed in money become heavier; and the essential point with Canada is that most of our borrowed capital comes from abroad. Our population includes very few non-producers, not even one per cent; we are all producers. Further this appreciation of the standard tends to place the debtors more and more in the power of the creditors. If we had a large non-productive population our position would not be so bad: the increase of national wealth would not be checked so much. But as things are we must work twice as hard and produce nearly twice as much to pay the same interest as we did in 1873. Our economic condition is better no doubt but more pains should be taken to avoid any further expansion of the foreign indebtedness in the face of a rising standard of value.



## TWO BEAUTIES OF THE BACKWOODS.

BY C. C. FARR.

*With illustrations by A. H. H. Heming.*

### PART I.



MAINTAIN that Fenimore Cooper was a prevaricator."

"That's a pretty strong term, Harold."

"Well, call it 'romancer' if the word suits you best. It's the same thing, anyway, and if you like to be even more exact

still, call him an apostle of misrepresentation."

Harold Mills and Harry Woods, who thus disputed, were inseparable friends, and as such often disagreed. In the matter of books they were fully up to the average, and both of them were excellent types of the "Jeunesse dorée" of England at the close of the nineteenth century. They had just completed their course at Cambridge, with indifferent success. A result not consequent upon a lack of ability, but rather upon a lack of necessity for exertion.

"Now, Harry, I will make a proposition to you. I vote that we test this thing to the bitter end, by personal experience. This is an age of doubt and scepticism, and no man is expected to believe what he is told; therefore I make the suggestion that we search out the Indian in his native wilds, and view him as he is, and if we find the Oceolas and Minnehahas, as Cooper and Longfellow have painted them, then I will cry 'peccavi,' and agree with you that civilization is only a superfluity."

"Agreed," cried Harry, "and if I bring home a wild flower of the woods, or the daughter of a noble Chief, to share my ancestral halls, a maiden untrammelled by the conventionalities of society, free and natural, full of untaught grace, an untutored child of nature, then you will allow that I am ——."

"An unmitigated ass," interrupted Harold, "and only fit for Colney Hatch. I tell you, Harry, the child of nature is out of her element unless you find her in the gutter and in the slums; then she is too natural altogether for my taste."

"Harold! Harold! You are too prosaic, and poetry is not in you. However you shall yet be taught to see the error of your ways, and who shall say that you, Harold the obdurate, may not lose your heart to some beauty of the backwoods?"

"Such Tommy rot," answered Harold, and the subject dropped for the time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months later Harold Mills and Harry Woods, weary, and with feet blistered by the snowshoes, arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort on Lake Temiscamingue, a lake not far from the head waters of the River Ottawa.

Furnished with letters of introduction, they received a hearty welcome from Mr. McTavish, the Chief Factor, who expressed his regret that his wife and daughter had that day gone across the lake to visit the sisters of the Roman Catholic Mission, and that they would not probably return before the

next day. However, nothing was omitted to make them comfortable and our two friends began to think that life could be made tolerable even in the bush, if you only knew how. A well-stocked library, betokened a taste for literature and refinement, that to them was unexpected, and, in fact, Harry Woods went so far as to complain that it was even bitterly disappointing.

"Too civilized, you know," he said.

"Did you find the dinner and that excellent port wine too civilized, or would you sooner have dined off muskrat, washed down with swamp tea?" queried Harold.

"There you are again, Harold, can't you understand? Ocoela didn't drink port wine, nor can you imagine Laughing Water making civilized use of a napkin. I call it incongruous."

"I call it very congruous," replied Harold, as he placidly smoked his cigar. "The only thing I regret, is, that the ladies have not put in an appearance. If they are as 'congruous' as the rest, then happy am I for being fool enough to follow you to this God-forsaken part of the globe. I wouldn't mind betting that Mrs. Mac. is a half-breed, and the daughter, therefore, would still be a child of the forest."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Harold reverently, and as at that time Mr. McTavish entered the room, the discussion ended.

"So you want to see the Indian in his wigwam?" asked Mr. McTavish.

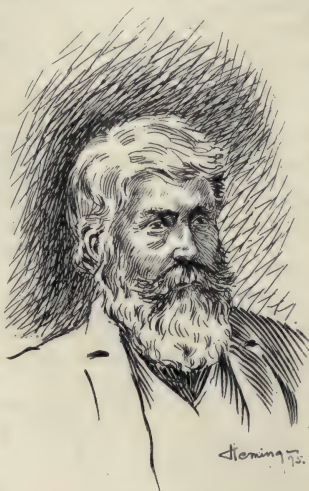
"Yes," eagerly answered Harry, "we have read about him, and we have heard about him, but we are de-

termined to test his noble qualities ourselves, and that is why we are here, trespassing on your hospitality."

"No trespass," answered the old man, politely. "I myself see too much of the Indian, and it is a pleasure to me to meet gentlemen. Ours is a life of isolation here, so far removed from the busy haunts of men, and though I cannot say that we are unhappy, we are all counting on the day when we shall be able to leave the Indian severely alone, and return to the scenes and associations most

dear to us. However, if you really wish to inspect the pure, unadulterated, untutored, and I might say, unwashed savage, go to the head of this lake. Their reservation is there, and, if you will take my advice, do not make a long stay. We shall be pleased to see you on your return; and now, gentlemen, as you must be weary with your walk, if you like, I will show you to your rooms."

To this proposition the young men gladly assented. •



"THE CHIEF FACTOR."

Next morning they awoke refreshed, and, fortified by an excellent breakfast, they again donned their snowshoes, and turning their faces to the north, trudged bravely on. It was warm, and gently snowing so that the wet, soft snow clung to their snowshoes, making them heavy and causing slight twinges of the dreaded "mal de raquette," which might be described as lumbago in the legs. The terrible toe-strap reopened the wounds on their blistered feet, so that the blood showed through their moccasins in dull red patches.



DRAWN BY A. H. H. HEMING.

HARRY AND HAROLD LEAVING FORT TEMISCAMINGUE FOR THEIR TRAMP UP THE LAKE.



"Two idiots on the war-path," grumbled Harold. "To tell the truth, Harry Woods, this may be all very romantic, but its deuced depressing. I have heard of the springy step and rapid gait of the snowshoer, but, to my mind snowshoes as a mode of locomotion are a failure and a fraud."

"Cheer up, Harold, we can't be far off now; Mr. McTavish said it was only twenty miles. In fact, I think I already see the smoke of one of their wigwams."

And so the friends trudged on, reaching at length the mouth of the river, which, with a wide, sweeping curve empties itself into the lake at its northern extremity. Upon its banks the Indians had chosen their reservation, and here and there on either shore small log houses, with low, slanting roofs, stood out in the small, snow-covered patches of cleared land.

"Not a very imposing sight," growled Harold, who seemed determined to be disappointed and depressed. "All I see is a few badly built log huts, with a few picaninnies playing before them in the snow, and judging by the clothes they wear, or rather don't wear, its a wonder they don't get frozen. In which particular wigwam do you expect to find your Alfaretta? By jove here comes Methusaleh, or the great Mumbo Jumbo himself. Look at his legs, they are as crooked as a ram's horn. I wonder if that's Oceola. There's a squaw behind him; she wouldn't be bad looking if she'd take that infernal shawl off her head. What a combination of colors she is; I believe that there's every color of the rainbow showing in her get-up."

"That is no squaw, Harold," whispered Harry excitedly. "Look at her complexion and her features, they are perfect. I told you that some of these girls were beautiful, and now you see that I am right."

By this time the two natives had ranged up alongside of them. The old man was no doubt a curiosity to those to whom such sights were new. His

face was the color of varnished copper, and upon his chin there grew about a dozen coarse, short hairs, ranging in color from black to white. A rabbit-skin cap covered his head, and from it his coarse black hair, streaked with grey, escaped to the length of several inches. With the exception of his moccasins, his clothes were decidedly modern, but worse for wear, though his trousers were neatly patched in prominent parts with cotton bagging that had once been white.

The girl was unquestionably pretty, with large lustrous eyes, and faultless features, while her complexion was, as Harry Woods remarked, "exceeding fair," though tinted by the sun and winds.

"Quay! Quay!" he said, and our friends knew that he was bidding them good-day, for at the same time he put forth a blackened paw, and shook hands with the young men, each in turn, muttering as he did so, "Boo-shoo," "Boo-shoo," a corruption of the French *bon jour*.

A silence then ensued, which was broken by Harry, who asked, "Who is the girl?" pointing to the object of his interest.

"Him my girl! good gal him! on-ishishing! (good). Him Bet-see."

"I told you so, Harry; she's a squaw," said Harold.

"Him no squaw. Him English gal, me Scotchman," said the old Indian, striking his breast.

"Oh," said Harold, "this is awful. Here all the nationalities seem to meet. Come along Harry, we'll find Chinese and Hottentots yet, if we keep on."

But Harry had no intention of keeping on. He had approached the fair Betsy, and was trying to engage her in conversation. It was no easy task, for Betsy turned her back to him, and nearly covering her face with the shawl, muttered through it laconic replies.

"What is your name?"

"Bet-see."

"Did you always live here?"

"I suppose."

"Would you like to go away from this place?"

The girl partly turned, and glancing slyly at him, answered, "I don't know."



"BET-SEE."

"Do you know that you are very pretty, Betsy?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"With—my—fath—er."

"Where is that?"

"Over there," pointing to one of the little log houses on the bank.

In the meanwhile, another Indian had joined the group. He was a huge brute, with fat cheeks and beadlike eyes.

Harold went quietly over to where Harry was standing and whispered to him, "Come out of this Harry, and don't be an idiot."

"Look here, Harold, you never had a heart. Do you see this poor girl? I feel sure that she has been kidnapped and kept here against her will, and I am going to see into it."

"Well, of all the incurables! However, I know your weakness for a pretty face, and by jove she is pretty, so I'll see you through; but look out for squalls. There's a puffy-faced, Chinese-eyed Indian watching you with no very affectionate regard, and I think I heard a good healthy English oath, muttered between a number of invectives in his own language, of which you were evidently the object."

But Harry's sympathies were roused and fear was not in his line; so going up to the old man he said, by way of commencing operations:—

"You have a lovely daughter; you will not find more faultless features, nor more perfect form, among all the models of Greece."

The old fellow did not, apparently, understand him, until he came to the word "Greece," but that evidently touched a chord, for his face broadened out into a smile, and he said:



"ME SCOTCHMAN."

"Plenty grease, plenty grease, good onishishing."

"What is the old beggar saying Harold?"

"He evidently wants you to give him grease. Mr. McTavish said that

Indians will sell their souls for grease, and it is evident that this old sinner would sell his daughter for grease!"

"Yes! yes!" said Harry. "I see a way of rescuing this poor creature from their hands, by grease. Now, Harold, you must stand by me, goodness knows what it may lead to."

"A jolly bad scrape likely."

"No! No! Possibly a recognition by her true parents, and a re-union that will beat a novel itself, and who knows what might follow; perhaps a lasting affection between us, the rescuer and the rescued, that may be crowned by a happy marriage."

"A happy humbug! However, have your own way, and start the programme. I find this place deadly dull, and I don't care if we do scare up a bit of an adventure."

So it was arranged that they should repair to the house of Betsy's father, not before, however, a bit of English gold had been pressed into his expectant hand, and Betsy, accompanied by three or four youngsters, of ages ranging from ten to twelve, clad in cotton skirts, with legs, thin and bare showing beneath, had been sent to procure from the Hudson's Bay Company's store, grease and other comestibles, agreeable to the palates of Indians.

In the wigwam they found an old woman of fat and shining countenance, a shade blacker than their host, sitting squat upon the floor, mixing some flour and water in a pan. Etiquette, apparently, did not demand an introduction, for wiping her hands upon her dirty dress she arose and saluted the young men each with a kiss.

"What in thunder does she mean by that?" cried Harry, with a look of such unutterable disgust that Harold, though having likewise suffered, laughed immoderately.

"Don't you know Harry, that it is the custom amongst Indians to kiss all round at New Year's? I learn't that at Mattawa, on our way up. You need not look so disconsolate about it,

for she may be your mother-in-law yet."

"I wasn't thinking of that, but you might have told me before we met Betsy."

In due time Betsy returned, with a bag slung over her shoulders, half full of the delicacies that she had bought. If she was shy and laconic in her conversation with Harry, she was by no means so, when conversing in her own tongue with members of her own family; nor did she omit to throw many killing glances towards that impressionable young man. But whenever he approached her with a view towards cultivating a closer intimacy, she promptly retreated behind the stove, giggling innately, or she would bounce out of doors, with the whole crowd of children streaming after her, all fairly shouting with laughter.

"I could murder those little devils," muttered Harry, "they are perpetually on the watch."

"The Indian mode of chaperoning, my boy, and a good one too. Children of that age are ubiquitous, and nothing is sacred from their eyes and tongues. After all, human nature is about the same, wherever you find it, and I question if you will get the chance of a *tête à tête* with the fair Betsy, until those youngsters, are put, or put themselves, to bed."

In the meanwhile it had turned dark, and a small tin pan half full of grease, was set upon the table. Into this had been inserted a piece of twisted rag to serve as a wick, and a dingy light was thus thrown upon the scene.

The meal was now ready, and at a sign from the fat squaw of smiling countenance, the guests sat at the square deal table upon a wooden form or bench, the male members of the family also taking their places. A squaw never sits down to eat with her lord and master. Indian etiquette assigns her a place between the men and the dogs.

There were no forks, and only one spoon. The latter apparently was a



luxury, and an innovation, as it passed from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth. There was rabbit stew in abundance, boiled beaver, and fried moose meat. Our friends preferred the latter, though they regretted that more grease had not been used for light, and less for cooking. However, hunger has always been allowed to be an excellent sauce, and they arose from the table thoroughly refreshed. The women and children followed, and rabbit stew, beaver meat and fried moose, all disappeared as if by magic.

Harry watched Betsy, and as he did so, made a mental resolution that she should be taught to swallow soup without the aid of a knife, and with a less resonant gurgle. Harold whispered mischievously, that she would be a noble ornament to Langford Hall, and something to the effect that if Harry did bring home a child of nature he would be in duty bound to forswear soup.

For some time, after all had finished, they sat silent, smoking. Even the hostess produced a short pipe, and puffed away, squatting, as was her wont, upon the floor. Suddenly the scraping of a fiddle was heard in a corner, and two Indians jumping up, began to shake their moccasined feet upon the uneven floor.

Presently one, then another, began to cry—"Neemin!" "Neemin!" meaning "*A dance!*" "*A dance!*" Fresh arrivals had augmented the company, so that the little house was now crowded to its fullest capacity. Amongst those who had come in, was the fat-faced Indian, who had appeared so exercised over Harry's attentions to Betsy, in the afternoon. No salutation had been exchanged between the

new comers and the family of their host, nor did they even knock at the door for admittance. They simply walked in, and sat down in silence. Thus no word had passed between Betsy and her dusky admirer, and Harry had almost forgotten his existence, until at the cry of "Neemin!" "Neemin!" he suddenly jumped up, and without a word, seized Betsy by the arm, dragged her to the middle of the room, and stood beside her, ready for the dance. Three other couples had followed suit, each Indian dragging his partner into position without a word. Then the music struck up, and the dance began.

"Ah!" said Harold, "I call this interesting." Do you see that fellow, how he's swinging Betsy? There's more love in that grip around the waist than in all the protestations of a twelvemonth."

Harry was not so enthusiastic, and hoped to see Betsy flinch from the contact, but hoped in vain, for Betsy evidently liked it; and though, between the figures she stood, limp, silent, and shy, beside him, she clung

closely and lovingly to him in the dizzy maze of the dance.

Harry was foaming.

"I'd like to knock that fellow over," he whispered to Harold, whose reply was anything but soothing.

"I wouldn't mind betting that those are his exact sentiments in regard to you. I told you how all human nature is akin."

"Hang your philosophy, Harold, I'll dance the next set with that girl, or die in the attempt, though I know about as much about that infernal jigging as the man in the moon."



"HARRY'S RIVAL."

"It seems to me," answered Harold, "a kind of a cross between a Scotch reel and a sun dance, with a little local colouring thrown in. Look out for squalls, Harry. There's thunder in that chap's eye. A bull-headed Indian doesn't wear the green willow with a Christian-like resignation, and is not over scrupulous in his methods of retaliation."

"Bah!" said Harry, "I'll take my chances of that. I hate to see that ugly brute, handling that girl in that disgusting manner."

"You mean that you would like to do it yourself. Come, be honest, Harry, and shame the devil." Harry made no reply to this, for at that moment the music stopped, and the first dance was ended.

No sooner had they ceased, than an Indian started around bearing in his hands a square black bottle, which was presented to each in turn, and the air of the house became loaded with the penetrating odor of whiskey. Even the women drank, and horror of horrors, Betsy herself took a good pull at the bottle with evident relish.

"Your beauty is not so uncivilized after all, Harry. It won't be a difficult task to teach her to drink champagne," said Harold as Harry looked on aghast.

Both of the young men refused to drink, a refusal that did not add to their popularity.

"Not that I should have minded a drop," explained Harold afterwards, "if it had not been for the awful look of the crowd who had put that bottle to their ruby lips. I could have stood Betsy, but when it came to the old man and the rest, I made up my mind that they could count me out of it."

Again another dance was called, and again Harry was obliged to sit it out, the method of obtaining partners being a more formal affair with Englishmen than with Indians. After the dance, the bottle, which had been replenished, was again called into requisition, and by this time all the com-

pany had become somewhat exhilarated. The dance itself was more boisterous and less decent, while an old crone, who had been sitting on the floor, sharing the scraps of the feast with the dogs, burst out into a weird chant.

"Come Harry," said Harold, "Let us 'get up and get,' as they say in the civilized portions of this country. This thing is becoming monotonous, and not too respectable."

"All right, Harold; I'll come, only just let me say one word to Betsy before I go. It seems a cruel shame to leave such a lovely creature in this pandemonium, without one effort to save her."

At that moment the music recommenced, and taking it as a signal that the dance was about to be called, Harry went over to Betsy, where she sat behind the stove, and in his best and blandest, up-to-date tones, begged of her the pleasure of the next set. Betsy glanced at him coquettishly for a moment, then hung her head, but gave him no answer.

In the meanwhile, the big savage, who had been watching them, swooped down upon the girl, and literally tore her away from his hands, as he stretched them out to detain her. Harry could stand no more. In spite of the warning from Harold, he followed the pair to where they stood, and bending down to the girl, he said:

"Betsy! Are you willing for this brute to beat you thus? We will protect you if you only say the word."

A smile came on the girl's face, and she said, "He's-fool-ish;" and turning to her partner, she said in Indian: "moon-es-ee" meaning that he is talking in his sleep.

At that moment Harry felt a hand on his arm, and looking round he found Betsy's father. He was evidently in an advanced stage of intoxication, and was not a beautiful object to behold. Steadying himself by Harry's arm, he said:

"You marry him! my gal! good

gal him, buy plenty grease. Pity gal him!" Harry was about to reply, when a stunning blow from behind felled him to the ground, and Harold, who was in the act of leaping to the rescue of his friend, found himself pinioned from behind. With a wrench he tore himself free, and with one blow sent the fat-faced Indian who had struck Harry, sprawling on the ground. But the crowd surged upon him; angry faces glared at him and hissed out English oaths, while their whiskey-laden breath almost sickened him. But Harry had risen, and the two stood side by side. The women had ensconced themselves behind the stove.

"Make for the door, Harry, and knock down everyone that bars the way; come along!"

Saying which, Harold bowled over the first man he could reach, then another, and another. The table was upset, and the wretched, improvised lamp was extinguished. But someone had opened the door, and owing to the glistening snow, it seemed as light as day outside compared with the murky blackness of within. With a rush they gained the door, and very soon, with snowshoes in hand, were rushing down the bank of the river. When they had reached the ice they paused to see if they were followed; but there was no one on their trail. They could hear the loud shouts and curses coming from the house, and

they saw that the candle had been relit. But as no one followed, they donned their snowshoes, and took the track by which they came.

For some time they walked without a word until Harold, breaking the silence, said: "Well, Harry, what do you think of the noble red man now? Is he all your fancy painted him, and as for Betsy——"

"Look here, Harold, what's the use of kicking a fellow when he's down. I want to have nothing more to do with Indians, either male or female, and the sooner I am out of this uncivilized land the better I shall be pleased. So now, Harold, 'Home, sweet home,' shall be our cry. I have paid the piper, and but for you it might have been far worse."

"Well," answered Harold, "I can't say that my opinion has changed much about Indians. I never had a very high opinion of them myself, as you know, and I am not disappointed; so, Harry, as you say, let 'Home, sweet home,' be our cry, and I feel relieved that we are not to be accompanied by the future mistress of Langford Hall, who, to tell you the truth, had you found her where you hoped and expected, would have cut a far better figure in an American medley or dime museum, than in the ancestral halls of the Woods."

*(The second half of this story will appear in the February number.)*

## GOD, WHO MADE THE MAN.

I hear the whistle sounding  
The moving air I feel;  
The train goes by me, bounding  
O'er throbbing threads of steel.

My mind it doth bewilder  
These wondrous things to scan;  
Awed, not by man, the builder,  
But God who made the man.

CY. WARMAN.



# SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL, PREMIER OF CANADA.

BY J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

A SKETCH.

THE biography of Sir Mackenzie Bowell is the story of a man, who began life in humble and unpromising circumstances and reached the highest office in the gift of his fellow-citizens. It may lack the brilliance of tragic situation and the thrill of romantic incident; it may not present that series of happy surprises the novelist aims to develop, in which hope succeeds despair and victory flashes suddenly out of the darkness of impending disaster; but it affords a wealth of genuine inspiration to the youth of Canada, teaching as it does, the helpful lesson that fidelity of purpose, probity of life and wisely directed energy, never fail of reward. It also exemplifies the equally encouraging truth that lack of family prestige, special academic training, large wealth and aggressive friends, is not a barrier to success in this land. Were the opposite true, then the names of Macdonald, Mackenzie, Thompson and Bowell, would never have been recorded in the first place of honor in Canadian history. Casting about for a parallel, it seemed to me that the career of Sir Mackenzie Bowell has been more like that of Abraham Lincoln than of any other man in the comparatively modern political life of this continent. Lincoln spent his boyhood on a backwoods farm, knowing little of school advantages and giving his youthful strength to a rough avocation that pointed in any direction but to the Presidential chair. In much the same way, Sir Mackenzie Bowell began and shaped his life, giving himself up to the toils of a mechanic, shut off in childhood from educational privileges, and yet following a course that has made him

First Minister of the Dominion. It was by somewhat the same course that Alexander Mackenzie, the stone-mason, came to be Premier. None of these men revealed the qualities of statesmanship in very early life, and each began the race under heavy handicap; but the strength, the capacity and purpose to win were present.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell was born at Rickingham, in Suffolk, England, on 27th December, 1823. His father was a builder, and in 1833, emigrated to this country. One year later saw the boy Mackenzie Bowell apprenticed to Mr. George Benjamin, of Belleville, to learn the trade and handicraft of a printer. He was then eleven years of age, and Mr. Benjamin's printing office, whence *The Intelligencer* was issued, had all the inconveniences and primitive makeshifts of a country weekly in a practically pioneer settlement. The new boy started off as "printer's devil" and from confessions of mischievous pranks in those early days, it may fairly be assumed that the appellation in his case was not misplaced. His apprenticeship took him from his home, and brought him wholly under the care of his employer—as was the custom in those times. Mr. Benjamin was a gentleman of high education and public spirit, and it is certain that he exercised a great influence in moulding the character and aspirations of his young apprentice. It is worthy of note, that in succeeding years the young man followed closely in the footsteps of his kind and capable mentor; but in each capacity, whether in business, municipal affairs, social organizations, or in political life, he advanced one step higher.

This was purely a coincidence; for Sir Mackenzie has assured me that he neither set up Mr. Benjamin as his ideal, nor sought in any way to follow his course in life. Be that as it may, the young "printer's devil" passed through his three years' apprenticeship, and at fourteen ranked as a journeyman. It was a proud day for him when he realized that he was a master printer and able to earn an independent livelihood. He continued with Mr. Benjamin in this capacity on *The Intelligencer* until he was eighteen years of age. He had now saved a little money, and desiring to equip himself with a better education — although there are few schools more thorough and practical than a newspaper office — he went to the school of Mr. Thomas Agar, of Sydney, in the County of Hastings, where he spent six months in hard and earnest work with his books. Such progress did he make, that at the end of his term, he was given a certificate of qualification as teacher. More than that, he accepted an engagement to take charge of a school. But he was not destined for work of that sort. It was a turning point in his life, and the turn brought him back into closer association than ever with his old friend Mr. George Benjamin. On the Saturday preceding the week he was to begin work as a rural dominie, he met his former employer and was

induced to go back to *The Intelligencer* office as foreman, at the munificent salary of \$10.00 a month, with board and washing—which was probably as much as he would have received in those days as a school teacher. Six years later he was given a full partnership in the business, and on the strength of this better prospect in life, he consummated his engagement of several years with Miss Harriet Louisa Moore, and was married. Confidence came with experience, and stimulated by the ambition to rise

higher, he joined with his brother-in-law, in 1848, and took the printing property off Mr. Benjamin's hands. But Mr. Bowell's temperament and instincts of self-reliance did not fit him for a harmonious partnership, and at the end of three years he became the sole proprietor of the newspaper. Thus, he started in as "devil" and



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.  
(From a recent photo.)

in sixteen years came to be absolute owner, editor and publisher.

The *Intelligencer* was still continued as a weekly newspaper and a job printing office; but the young proprietor was ambitious to have it meet the full wants of the community. Accordingly, when the first Atlantic cable had been laid, he began the publication of a little evening sheet, named *The Diurnal*, for which his subscribers paid him a York-shilling per week. It was designed to give the latest European news that flashed

through the cable, and it is worthy of passing mention that the operator who received those despatches was Mr. H. P. Dwight, the widely known general-manager of the Great North Western Telegraph Company. But the *Diurnal* was not a paying investment and after a time was abandoned. In 1866, the publication of *The Daily Intelligencer* was begun, and, although Sir Mackenzie ceased to have any connection with it in 1878, it has ever since continued to flourish.

General interest quite naturally centres in the genesis of Sir Mackenzie Bowell's public career; although space only permits of an imperfect sketch, covering not more than a few features. He was still a very young man when he became identified with a local debating club, and was one of its most enthusiastic, and possibly pugnacious, members until a little incident occurred which diverted him permanently from the mock to the real arena of discussion. The subject for debate on that particular evening was the time-worn and still unsettled question: "From which does man derive more pleasure, anticipation or realization?" and an Irish school-master of the old stamp, was in the chair as judge. The young printer came heavily loaded for the occasion, and presented what he believed to be a convincing argument in favor of "anticipation." The old school-master evidently thought the same, yet he summed up, in rich Hibernian brogue, as follows: "B'ys, ye have debated this soobject wid a good deal of tact and ability. The soide of anticipation has the besht of the argument; but as Oi belave in realization, Oi decoide that way!" This was too much for the youthful orator, and he never returned to the debating school again. But he did not weaken in his interest in public debate, and at 26 years of age, full of the vivacity and fearlessness which has characterized his whole life, he plunged into the thick of a political campaign. He went through the

County of Hastings in the interest of Mr., afterward the Honorable, Edmund Murney, and although his candidate was defeated, he did not lose heart; for in 1849, two years later, the struggle was renewed with victorious results.

It was in this campaign of 1849, that an incident occurred which fairly illustrates the character of the man and the times. He was given \$10.00 to defray the expenses of the election in the Township of Hungerford, one of the largest divisions in the Riding. It cost him \$1.00 to have a voter taken from Tweed to Marmora, a distance of about sixteen miles and with some satisfaction he afterwards returned \$9.00 to the Central Committee in Belleville. Those who are familiar with the heavy costs attending the election campaigns of to-day, might properly wish for a return to the inexpensive methods of those primitive days.

With unabated enthusiasm Mr. Bowell took an active part in public affairs in general from that time onward. Although repeatedly urged to accept municipal responsibilities, he steadily held to the purpose of keeping out of that arena; but for 13 years he was a member of the School Board, during eleven of which he served as chairman, part of the time also as chairman of the Grammar School Board. Throughout his life he has displayed the deepest interest in matters appertaining to education, and one of the objects of his long journey up the North West coast of British Columbia, and across the prairies of the North West Territories, during the past summer, was to personally investigate the system of Industrial Schools established by the Government among the Indians.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell first became a candidate for political honors in 1863. Mr. Benjamin, who had represented the Riding for fourteen years, declined in that year to run again, and his protégé was put forward in his stead. At that time Upper Can-



ada constituencies were in a state of feverish excitement over racial and religious questions. *The Globe*, under George Brown, had been waging for



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

*Taken just after he entered Parliament.*

some years a bitter crusade against Roman Catholic institutions in general, and special privileges in particular. The question immediately at issue was the incorporation of Roman Catholic Institutions, and "The Ladies of Loretto" was singled out for special controversy. Mr. Benjamin had voted for the latter measure, and Mr. Bowell was now called upon to pledge himself to an opposite course. He refused. He took the high and patriotic ground, that in a country like this, occupied by a heterogeneous population, it was impossible to govern successfully along such narrow lines. He argued that it would be unjust to take away rights and privileges which had been acquired by law, and contrary to what he understood to be the principles of the Conservative party. Prejudices were, however, actively aroused, and, as is always the case under such circumstances, a deaf ear was turned to the

voice of reason and toleration. Mr. Bowell was defeated.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that at the very threshold of his political career he should have been confronted by the same phase of religious controversy that met him when he assumed the Premiership. More than thirty years of time has elapsed since he first struggled against the sway of excited passions; yet he is now called upon, in a more responsible sphere, to deal with the same stubborn elements in political warfare. If I have been able, however, to learn his inner motives and his settled attitude in the premises, I should unhesitatingly declare that the man of 1863 and the Premier of 1896 stand on the same ground. Mr. Bowell knew that his position upon the issue of 1863 meant certain defeat; yet he refused to do violence to his sense of justice, regardless of the course of expediency which his ambition for a seat in Parliament suggested. I believe that he is in precisely the same position to-day. He has a clear and fixed conviction of the line which justice and patriotism point out, and no consideration of party expediency nor personal interest will swerve him from that pathway, believing it better to suffer de-



MR BOWELL AT TWENTY-FIVE.

feat than to win at the cost of endangering Confederation.

In 1867, he was elected to the first Dominion Parliament. In the years

which had intervened between his first candidature and this contest, the bargain of Confederation had been consummated, and its provisions were accepted by the people at large. The electoral Riding of North Hastings was composed then, as it is to-day, of strongly Protestant elements, and on general principles, Separate Schools found no favor in the community; but they realized that these concessions formed a part of the basis of Confederation, and they accepted them as being then outside the pale of useful controversy. Thus, Mr. Bowell entered Parliament without compromising the principles which he had laid down in his first appeal to the people of Hastings. I have neither the space nor the disposition at this time to follow him through the twenty-five years in the House of Commons. It would be too long a story for the purposes of this hasty and necessarily imperfect sketch. Suffice it, that his restless energy took him quickly into the active business of the House. His natural fondness for details, and fearless methods of analysis, soon made him a conspicuous figure in the shaping of Parliamentary measures. Later on, when his party had passed into opposition, and it was numerically weak in the House, he became a veritable thorn in the side of the Government. Early and late, on the floor of the House and in the Committee rooms, in the press and on the hustings, he carried on a vigorous and unceasing fight for the principles of his party, and when Sir John Macdonald was returned to power in 1878, no one was surprised that Mackenzie Bowell should be given the important portfolio of Minister of Customs in the new Government. It is worthy of mention that he is to-day, the sole survivor in office of the Cabinet of 1878—six of his colleagues of 1878 having died, and the others being in various spheres of life outside. For thirteen years he served as Minister of Customs; for a year as Minister of Militia; for two years as Minister of

Trade and Commerce, and he is now in his second year as Premier and President of the Council. When the late Sir John Thompson assumed the Premiership, in December, 1892, Mr. Bowell was asked to take the leadership of the Senate, and he assumed it with reluctance. This took him out of the House of Commons, where he had sat for twenty-five years, in unbroken representation of the North Riding of Hastings. It was in the year following this change, that he made his famous visit to Australia, and paved the way for the Colonial Conference of 1894—which gathering will yet come to be regarded as one of the most significant events in the modern history of the British Empire. On December 14th, following the tragic death of Sir John Thompson, he was called to the Premiership, and on 1st January, 1895, he was knighted by Her Majesty. The events of the year just closed are yet so fresh in the public mind, as not to call for mention in this relation.

Not even an outline of the career of Sir Mackenzie Bowell would be complete without incidental reference to the part which he has played as a volunteer and an Orangeman. It was in 1857, that he joined with two others in the organization of the Belleville Rifle Company of sixty-five men, taking the rank of ensign. At that time, all that the Government furnished in class B. were the arms, the uniforms being purchased almost wholly by the officers. In 1860, that company was re-uniformed, and the officers bore the additional expense of providing a band. In 1864 the Belleville Rifle Company, with other similar volunteer organizations, was called out for service along the Canadian frontier, in order to prevent raids being made upon the United States by Southerners who were making this country a base of operations. The Belleville Company was stationed at Amherstburg, Ont., for four months, and on returning home in May, 1865, the ensign decided to retire. When the Fenian

Raid occurred in 1866, the military spirit again took possession of him. The Captain of No. 1 Company of the 15th Battalion could not leave for the

by step upward, until he became Provincial Grand Master. This he held for eight years, and then succeeded the late Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, as Most Worshipful Grand Master. While in that office, he was sent as a delegate to Great Britain, and was there elected as the first President of the Triennial Council. In 1878, after having occupied the first chair for eight years, he retired from office in the Orange order.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to hint at the qualities which I believe have brought Mackenzie Bowell to his present exalted position. It has been my privilege to study his character from a point of advantage for a number of years, and at another time and in some other way than this, I shall feel free to discuss both the man and his life work. For the present, I know that I shall have the concurring judgment of all those who know him best, when I say that he owes very much to



MRS. G. W. MCCARTHY, SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL'S  
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER AND HOSTESS.

front, and Mackenzie Bowell, regardless of business and domestic cares, volunteered to take his place. He was accepted and put in charge of No. 1 Company as Captain. The Battalion served at Prescott until the Fenian trouble was over. Subsequently, the 49th Battalion was organized, No. 1 Company being composed of the old Rifle Company organized in 1857, and Mr. Bowell was made senior Major. He continued in that rank for five years, and for two years afterward, was brevet Lieut.-Colonel. He then permanently retired, retaining the senior rank.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's experience as an Orangeman dates from 1842, when, at 19 years of age, he was initiated into that order. It would be a long story to trace his rise from the rank to the higher offices, and many facts of interest in that relation must be passed over. Beginning at the humble post of tyler, he passed step



LITTLE EVALYN MCCARTHY, THE SUNSHINE OF SIR  
MACKENZIE'S HOME.

his prodigious energy, his inflexibility of principle, his masterly grasp of detail, his urbanity of manner, and his spotless integrity of life. In short, he



has been a capable man, who has commanded popular trust. He stands for what the world recognizes as "a good all-round man," gifted with acute sagacity in many things, and bringing a robust common sense to bear on all things. It was Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton who said: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything in the world; and no talents, no

circumstances, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." A hundred apt illustrations of this truthful observation could be drawn from our every-day life in commerce, in education, in religion, and in politics; but it has no more conspicuous exponent than Sir Mackenzie Bowell. And, to-day, at seventy-two years of age, with body and mind, retaining the vigor and elasticity of youth, he brings the same qualities and methods to bear on the duties of the Premiership, that have raised him round by round, up the ladder of fame.

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## TWO LANDS.

Which shall I choose me for eyes that weep,  
The Land of Boon, or the Land of Sleep?

All the hills of the Land of Boon  
Slumber, this golden afternoon.

Every valley and every plain  
Dream to the olden years again;

Dream—till the heart may not forget  
Olden sorrow or love. And yet

All the brimming surges croon  
Welcome into the Land of Boon.

Silent the forest glades and deep,  
Over the moon-spaced Land of Sleep.

There the murmuring winds go by,  
Half a whisper and half a sigh.

There are verdurous aisles of peace,  
Dim through the trees when the day-birds cease.

There luxurious woodland ways  
Soothe the captive of weeks and days.

There comes the chiding of no unrest;  
There is the end of all sad quest,

Loves that weary, and thoughts that sweep.  
Fain is my soul for the Land of Sleep!

A. B. DE MILLE.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.



## THE HONORABLE WILFRID LAURIER, B.C.L., Q.C., P.G.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS BARRON, Q.C.

THE most striking figure to-day in Canadian public life is the Honorable Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons.

He was born at St. Lin, in the Province of Quebec, on the 20th of November, 1841. His family was among the first established at *La Nouvelle France*. M. Carolus Laurier, his father, was a provincial land surveyor. With parental zeal the father devoted himself to a prudent development in the son of those latent talents, which, at an early age, prompted the fiery Médéric Lanctôt to foretell the great future which then awaited the son, and which has since been the father's full reward. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the College of L'Assomption, where discipline, it is said, failed to detain him from the Court room, wherein, when missed, he could regularly be found listening with

rapt attention to the legal contests then going on. At this time Responsible Government was in its experimental stage, having before that mercifully impaired the cruel despotism of executive rule.

The masses, more numerous than now, flocked to public meetings, and at these the lad would be intensely absorbed in all that was said and done. With his nature, temperament and disposition as it is there is little room for wonder if then he was first possessed with the cause of Liberalism. The year 1860 found him studying law, in the office of the Honorable Rodolphé Laflamme, and it is a coincidence that seventeen years later the principal and the student became colleagues in the Government of that great and self-made man, the Honorable Alexander MacKenzie. In 1861 he obtained his degree of B.C.L. at McGill University, Montreal, and a

twelvemonth later was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. For two years he practised his profession at Montreal in partnership with Médéric Lanctôt; and it is just possible that the noisy notoriety of the latter in the field of journalism was uncongenial to the elevated refinement of his young partner, for the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Laurier left Montreal.

In May, 1868, his marriage with Miss Lafontaine brought him a most devoted wife, and to the Liberal party it has given a charming, fascinating and delightful social leader in a position requiring much tact, and as difficult to fill as it is necessary, seeing that society is so great a factor in parliamentary life at Ottawa.

At St. Christophe, the chevalier town of the district, Mr. Laurier resumed the practice of his profession, but the trend of his mind was in the direction of public life, and whatever his success might later on have been at the Bar, it was interrupted by an invitation to stand for his district. At the provincial election of 1871, he was elected for Drummond and Arthabaskaville over his opponent by a majority not exceeding one thousand. He was not yet thirty years of age, yet he was the *debutant* of the new Legislature, and, when, the morning after his first speech, his name was on every lip, all Quebec asked itself the question *Quel est cet étranger?* To quote Laureate Louis Frechette:—"Whence had this new orator come? so fluent, cultivated and charming; who awed even his opponents into respect by language so polished, so elevated in tone, so courteous in rebuke and sarcasm, and above all, so moderate even in the heat of discussion. The effect was magical. I can almost imagine that I still hear the thunders of applause which shook the galleries, when, at the close of a graphic passage in his speech, in which he had made the long, sad column of our fellow countrymen emigrating to the United States file slowly past before

the very eyes of his hearers; the orator hurled at the government of the day his scathing allusions to the celebrated salute of the doomed gladiators of ancient Rome: *Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant!* On the following day the name of Laurier was on every lip, and all who then heard it will remember how those two syllables in their heroic suggestiveness rang out true and clear—their tone that of a coin of gold pure from all alloy, and bearing the impress of sterling worth."

His immediate advancement into the very front rank of provincial debaters, meant his speedy introduction to Federal politics, and three years later he was elected against M. Feslier, a distinguished notary, by a majority of more than seven hundred. He entered the House of Commons as member for his old district. His fame had preceded him, but it was expected by many that his marvellous grace of diction, and charming eloquence would fail him, or at least be lessened, when from his native tongue he changed into English.

But what a surprise!

The occasion was on the motion to expel Louis Riel, the Rebel of the North West, who had been elected by his compatriots to a seat in Parliament. Mr. Laurier rose. The House was silent, with that silence which precedes expectancy. His first words, "Mr. Speaker," surprised many at the language he had chosen. The four galleries had rapidly filled, for "Laurier speaks to-night," had gone the rounds. Every member within the precincts of the Chamber was in his seat, and there he remained for one hour and ten minutes in wonder, surprise and breathless admiration as this singularly gifted man for the first time addressed the House of Commons of Canada. The opportunity was a great one for a great man, and a great man made the most of it.

What better proof of genuine effect than the quick, and oft heard expres-



sion from the lips of many an opponent, "Had the speech been earlier in debate, the vote might have been different." He spoke in English, as he now nearly always does, and yet was more eloquent than the most eloquent of our English speakers. The writer once asked him how it was he rose superior in their own language, to the most eloquent of our English speakers. His modesty (and he is as modest as a child) did not permit him to think he did. But, pursuing the enquiry, the secret revealed itself in the fact that while the companionship of youth, with its chance associations, taught him his French, as it does most of us our English, his English he taught himself from books, and books alone, in the selection of which he was most guarded and severely careful. Indeed, it is not only his voice and speech that charm. Everything about him attracts. His shapely head set off with waving hair worn rather long, a fashion affected by the Frenchman. A clean-shaven face giving a youthful appearance to singularly handsome features. In his eyes is his real attraction. They are large, deep and luminous. Into them one really seems to see deeper and further, as the speaker loses himself in passionate and unconscious eloquence. He is tall, rather slender, and his figure most graceful and dignified. Indeed, he never loses his dignity. It stays with him, as part of himself, at all times and under all circumstances. His actions, and he has his countrymen's fascinating habit of gesture, are always in sympathy with his words, and his words with his actions. He never poses. He couldn't if he tried, but "uses all gently." Discretion guides him always, in all he does and all he says, thus it is when most vehement a temperance gives smoothness to most telling sarcasm. He hits hard—very hard—but never offends. The sting is felt, but it is void of bitterness, and leaves no poison behind it.

He has the courage of a lion. In

1877 he attacked Ultramontanism in its very citadel. For party purposes, the Tory press had been patting Ultramontanism on the back. The priest from the pulpit was held justified, no matter how far he went—the further the better—in telling the elector to vote "blue." When reasoning failed, threats and intimidation were expected, and, if used, defended by the party benefited. Then it was that Mr. Laurier, in the heart of Quebec, before an audience almost wholly Catholic, made his famous speech on Liberalism, wherein he contested the right of the clergy to extort opinions through fear, terror or intimidation. His words have become celebrated, because never for years before had there been aroused such spontaneous feeling for and against any public man. Among other things, he said :

"I think the priest has everything to lose as regards the respect due to his station, by meddling with the ordinary questions of politics. However, his right is incontestable, and if he chooses to avail himself of it, our duty as Liberals is to secure it to him against every opponent. This right, however, is not unlimited. We have amongst us no absolute rights. The rights of each man in our state of society, cease to exist when he trespasses on the rights of others. The right of intervening in politics ends when it trespasses on the independence of the elector. The constitution of this country is based upon the freely expressed will of the elector. The constitution intends that each elector deposit his vote, freely and voluntarily, as he thinks proper. If the electors of a country are now of one opinion, and that the majority, owing to the influence exercised over them by one or more persons, after hearing their arguments and reading their productions, change their opinion, is a perfectly legitimate thing in itself, although the opinion they express be different from what they could have held had no such interference taken place. However, the opinion they express is really what they wish to express, that which is according to their conscience ; the constitution thus receives its entire application. If, however, notwithstanding all arguments, the opinion of the electors remains the same, but that by intimidation or fraud they are forced to vote in a different sense, the opinion they express is not their opinion, and then the constitution is violated. The constitution, as I have already said, intends that the opinion of each

be freely expressed as it is held at the time of its expression, and that the collection of each of these individual opinions, freely expressed, form the Government of the country. The law watches with a zealous eye over the free expression of the opinion of the elector, as he holds it, but if in a county, the opinion expressed by a single elector is not his real opinion, but extorted through fear, fraud or corruption, the election must be annulled. It is then, perfectly allowable to change the opinion of an elector by reasoning and all other means of persuasion, but never by intimidation. In fact, persuasion changes the conviction of an elector.—intimidation does not. When, by persuasion, you have changed the conviction of an elector, the opinion he expresses is his own opinion, but, when through terror, you force the elector to vote, the opinion he expresses is your opinion—remove the cause of terror and he will express another opinion—his own."

He was of course bitterly assailed. *Le Nouveau Monde* attacked him for placing the State above the Church; *Le Courier* for placing the supremacy of parliament above the liberty of the priest; *L'Union Des Cantons De L'est* for daring to think himself superior to the Bishops, and saying so, and a host of minor journals followed in the same line. His best friends feared for him. Many thought he had committed political suicide. But to-day they applaud his courage and foresight.

About this time he had entered the Mackenzie Government as Minister of Inland Revenue, in consequence of Mr. Cauchon's acceptance of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba. But, singular to relate, on seeking re-election was defeated by twenty-one. Perhaps his Quebec speech was to blame for this. If so, Quebec East wiped out the stain. Immediately he was returned for that constituency which he has ever since represented in the Federal Parliament. The downfall of the Mackenzie administration in 1878, sent Mr. Laurier into opposition where he remained as First Lieutenant under the leadership of Hon. Edward Blake, until the latter's entry into the Imperial Parliament. When Mr. Blake retired it was his wish, and the unanimous opinion of the Liberal party

in Parliament, that Mr. Laurier should succeed him. Yet the successorship was not without apprehension to those who believed the objections to a French and Roman Catholic leader to be greater than they really were. Time and events have proven, however, that in Canada the pulse of sectional prejudice is growing weaker and weaker day by day, so that now he who seeks to heed it, is instantly marked as a disturber of the worst kind. Lord Durham, were he now alive, would say that long ago, and long before he expected it would, the time arrived for the amelioration of laws and institutions, because we have succeeded so quickly and easily in softening the deadly animosities which, at one time separated the inhabitants of Lower Canada into hostile divisions of French and English. If, however, there is aught yet left for man to do in this direction the man to do it is Wilfrid Laurier.

He takes for his model such men as Fox, O'Connell, Grey, Brougham, Russell and Jeffrey, and for his principles the same which actuated the great English Liberals in carrying the famous Reform Bill which abolished rotten boroughs.

The private life of an orator adds to or detracts from the orator. We have been told that effect "will always to a great extent depend upon the character of the orator." One turns doubtingly from an orator whose character is stained, but you draw towards him whose life is blameless. Perhaps the high and noble character of Wilfrid Laurier has much to do with the love felt for him and it certainly makes one feel a better man for having heard him. He has a high reputation for purity. Scandal imputes to him no vice, and calumny has never dared connect his name with corruption. He combines in himself what was most conspicuous in Fox and Pitt. Like Fox he has a warmth and softness of heart, an ever ready sympathy with human suffer-

ing, and admiration for everything that is great and beautiful, and a hatred of cruelty and injustice. Like Pitt he is a man of high, intrepid and commanding spirit incapable of fear and envy, yet unlike him inasmuch as he is guilelessly unconscious of his own rectitude and intellectual superiority. His foresight is seen in his earlier speeches, directed as they were, towards a patriotic unity of the French and English races. No one could to-day foretell the result of passing events in the older provinces, were it not for the pacific teaching of Wilfrid Laurier. He brought the two

races together by his speeches, the English to know and to trust the French and the French to know and to trust the English, and both to feel the glory and pride of being Canadian. Politicians wonder and become restless at his indifference to party advantage, but long after that is attained and his memory for that is forgotten, his memory will live fresh and green and beautiful in the minds of true Canadians, because, by his life, words and actions he has done so much to terminate the unhappy animosity between the two races.

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### GOOD HOURS.

*Translated from the German of Karl Steller, by Helene E. F. Potts.*

Count not the hours of pain  
That are born in life's night ;  
Count only when they're vain  
How their stars are bright.

For out of these bright stars,  
That are God's evening-lamps,  
Learn ; the mist never mars  
Nor the gloom ever damps.

For when the cloudy deep  
Heaven's air does sever,  
They, fresh, as if from sleep,  
Glint ever, ever, ever.

So the good hours of Life,  
When pain has learned his leaven,  
Show countless, rich and rife,  
Like the panoply of Heaven.



# HOGKEY IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

BY H. J. WOODSIDE.

*With Drawings by F. H. Brigden.*



HERE is something marvellous in the dexterity which some players acquire in playing the puck. With a quick turn of the wrist they will cause the flat disc to leave the ice and fly through the air six feet high, like a missile, straight for the goal posts of the enemy. Another trick is to make the puck carom off the side of the rink when one is pressed by an opposition player coming down from the right or left front, then by dodging around the coming skater, resume possession of the rubber before the other can turn around on his skates. By a rapid right and left dodging motion of the stick, with the puck at its end, a skilful player may carry the disc ahead of him past a number of the opposition players and secure a shot on goal.

Crowds of spectators attend the city matches. Along the sides of the rink, stand ranks of the most enthusiastic friends of the players, to applaud and to encourage. In the ends of the buildings, on raised galleries sit scores of fair ladies wrapped in their warm furs, who show by their attendance that they admire muscular manhood. The electric and gas lights are turned on. The referee advances to the centre of the ice and the umpires take post at their respective goals. The mem-

bers of the two teams, one in black and the other in white uniform, file on to the field. Preliminaries are arranged. The players take their places. One player of each side faces off in the centre of the field, by having the puck placed between the flat of their respective sticks. A pause of breathless interest, and then the referee calls out: "Are you ready?—Draw!" and they are at it like a flash.

Hither and thither the rubber goes. It glides, caroms, flies, rebounds, so swiftly that its whereabouts is known half the time only by the movements of the players, who dash after it by intuition. It is suddenly lifted clear from the ice and curves swiftly toward one of the goals. If it is not checked by curved sticks raised to stop it, it may reach the goalkeeper whose knees stop it and a slash of his stick carries it off to one side. Then the point takes it in the opposite direction. In his flight he may dodge, or carom the puck, or pass it back to one of his own players if his progress is checked, but he is now virtually out of the play for the time being, because he is ahead of the puck, and cannot touch it until it has been sent on ahead of him again, and even then he cannot touch it until it has been touched by an opponent. If he is first to reach it, he may only lay his stick behind the puck to check it instantly after the other has delivered his play.

Now one of the forwards has the puck well down upon the enemy's goal, and his dashing attack is supported by every man who can be spared, as they close in to rush it through. But there is many a slip in hockey. A foul occurs in front of the goal and



VICTORIA HOCKEY TEAM.

*Champions of Manitoba, Season 1894-5.*

J. C. G. Armytage, A. Code, F. Higginbotham. J. C. Waugh, R. Flett.  
*Capt. Vice-Pres. Sec.-Treas.*

G. H. Merrit. E. B. Nixon, J. C. Campbell. T. C. Thompson.  
*Pres.*

T. A. Howard.

there is a face off. A face off there is dangerous, and the defenders mass solidly to protect their goal. One of the attacking players faces off, the rest open up like a fan behind him, to shoot on goal if the puck comes back out of the defence. A scrimmage in front of or close to the goal is the acme of excitement. Each player strains every nerve in the attack or defence, the goalkeeper bends low, his muscles tense, his eyes following the rubber like those of a hawk. At last by a skilful sweep of the stick the goal is relieved, and the play shifts to the centre of the field, and then begins some beautiful individual and team play, as there is now scope for swift

skating and artful dodging. It seems strange that men are not maimed or injured as they skim around at such a breakneck speed.

Without a moment's warning, for the unexpected always occurs, the rubber goes down upon one of the goals and is swiped between the goal posts, past the vigilant warder of the gates. Up goes the arm of the umpire and the roof of the rink rings with the cheers of the friends of the victorious side, who wave their sticks in the air in sympathy with the applause. There is a rest of a few minutes, and then play is resumed after the goal keepers have exchanged ends. And so it goes until the last goal is scored and the

star player of the victors is borne from the ice upon the shoulders of his admirers.

In the Canadian North-West hockey



has lately become the leading winter sport. On the 3rd of Nov., 1890, a meeting was held in Winnipeg which resulted in the formation of the Victoria Hockey Club. Shortly after that, the Winnipeg Hockey Club was formed. After a number of matches had been played between the two teams the season ended in a draw, neither club having the advantage.

In 1891-92, it appeared as if the same result would be reached as each team had an equal number of victories to its credit. In the final match, at the end of the hour the tie was unbroken. In the play to a finish, the Victorias scored first and won the championship of Manitoba. A club formed from the officers and men of "B" squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons, also took a part in the schedule of games. Many great struggles between these rivals—the Victorias and Winnipegs—have been witnessed in Winnipeg during the last few years, but the one that took place between

them on the 16th of Dec., 1892, when they opened the season, was one of the finest exhibitions of hockey ever seen in the North-West. So evenly matched were they, that in spite of the most determined efforts on the part of each team, the match almost passed without either team scoring.

Hockey was viewed with some suspicion when first introduced into Winnipeg, and the players had to pay a good price for the privilege of securing a rink to hold their matches in, but it was not long before this state of affairs was changed, and the players were paid a good share of the door receipts.

The winter of 1892-3, was marked by a wave of hockey that rolled over the North-West like a flood. No town or village with any pretensions but had its hockey club. In Winnipeg the game basked in the popular and vice-regal favor, and spread and flourished until the city poured out its teams as did Thebes its armies from a hundred gates. At one time it was credited with some thirty clubs, great and small, but there were really less than half a dozen. These were subdivided into teams until each profession or mercantile interest marshalled its men like a Scottish chieftain his feudatory vassals.

Gentle but heroic maidens bestowed their favor, like the Spartan maidens, upon those of distinguished prowess on the ice-field of fame, and more particularly upon those who, like their immortal prototypes, earned the distinction of being carried home on a shie-shutter. A constant succession of matches of more or less interest were being carried on in the various rinks.

Toward the end of January, 1893, the suggestion was made that a picked team should be sent east to play for the honor of their province. It was due to the untiring energy of Capt. Evans, that the project eventually took shape, and it was largely due to his foresight and skilful generalship that the trip proved so successful.



The public spirited merchants, business and professional men of Winnipeg readily provided the financial wherewithal.

The team was composed entirely of representatives of the Victorias, Winnipegs and Dragoons. Capt. Evans represented the latter and captained the team. J. A. Armytage, J. K. McCullough, Fred Higginbotham and A. T. Howard represented the first named club. W. C. Dennison, A. M. Stow, C. H. Beckett, R. Girdlestone, and C. D. McDonell, the Winnipegs. F. W. Ashe, their star player, could not go east on account of an injured foot.

Just before the combination left for the East, a fire gutted the rink in which was kept the uniforms, skates and sticks of the Victorias, leaving them to commence their eastern trip with the inconvenience of everything new and strange.

The career of the Manitobans was watched with intense interest by the people of city and province. Their reception in the east was one continued ovation. Everywhere they were received with open arms; their colors were worn in Toronto, Ottawa and elsewhere by an array of beauty and chivalry, that was an incentive to the western men to play hockey in a manner that surprised the trained eastern teams.

They left Winnipeg on Feb'y 6th. On the 8th they defeated the Victorias of Toronto, by a score of 8 to 2. In the same city, on the 10th, they knocked out the Osgoodes, by a score of 11 to 5. At Kingston on the 12th, after a hard fight on rough, bad ice, they beat their opponents 4 to 3. On the 13th, at the capital of the Dominion, they were overthrown by the famous Ottawas, the pride of Ontario's hockey, by a score of 1 to 4, but on the following day, they vanquished the Rebels of the same city 3 to 1.

At Montreal they met the finest team on the continent, and as a result lost by 4 to 7. In this match they were plainly afraid of their redoubt-

able opponents at the beginning of the play, and it was only toward the end that they really played at their best and turned the tide, crowding their opponents goal in a manner that led one observant person to remark to a Winnipegger: "If your team had half an hour longer, they would beat us." But the change came too late to save the battle.

While here, J. K. McCullough of the Victorias, won the skating championship of Canada in all of the several events he entered for.

Turning back westward into Ontario again, the Manitobans gained a victory over Peterboro' on the 17th,



by a score of 9 to 3, and on the 21st, utterly defeated a picked team of western clubs at London, by a score of 10 to 7. The last schedule game

was played at Niagara Falls, and Winnipeg won by 10 to 4.

While in Toronto, they were prevailed upon to play an exhibition match with a picked team of Toronto men. Fagged out by a succession of hard matches, and with the princely round of hospitality, they could not be roused to their best until the match was nearly over, and then they were clearly outplaying their opponents, but they had lost the match and the score stood 4 to 3 in favor of the Ontario men.

In this, their first campaign, they won 60 goals and lost 34, including the exhibition game at Toronto. On their return home they were accorded a warm reception, and several banquets were given them.

The success of Manitoba's representatives in the east, added to the strength of the hockey enthusiasm, and from that time until the break-up in spring, it hardly knew a competitor in public favor and in the columns of the city press.

In the same season, 1892-3, new clubs were formed at Portage la Prairie, Carberry and elsewhere. Some of these developed unexpected strength, notably, the one in Portage la Prairie. Not only did it defeat the Winnipeg teams sent against it, but it sent a team down to Winnipeg and inflicted a number of crushing defeats on the city intermediate teams, winning at the close of the season the intermediate championship of the North-West. They lost 26 goals and won 52 during the season. Sheppard, the famous goal keeper, received his hockey education among the Portagers.

After a hard fight through the whole season, the Victorias won the senior championship. The Winnipegs, however, won a set of medals competed for in three matches with their victorious opponents, which tended to make honors nearly even.

The season of 1893-4 showed no flagging in the interest which hockey excited in the west, and its record is

in every way one to be proud of locally. The senior teams were represented by the Victorias, the Winnipegs, and the Dragoons. It was soon apparent that the cavalry were outclassed, and should have been entered in the intermediate series of matches, although they played pluckily enough for a while. The intermediate teams were those of the Victorias, the Winnipegs, and the Portage la Prairie clubs.

Rat Portage sent a team up to explore the west, and although they were defeated in most of the places they visited—Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Carberry, and Winnipeg—they profited enough in the end by their experience, as was shown by their record in 1894-5. The bankers of Winnipeg sent a team west which met with fair success. Carberry and Brandon had several severe contests on their fields. The bankers of Winnipeg were negotiating to send a team eastward, but nothing came of it.

At the last senior match, on the 7th of March, the Victorias won the provincial championship. Their team was composed of Merritt, Flett, Higginbotham, Campbell, Armytage, Thompson, and McCulloch. The Winnipeg team was made up of Stowe, Denison, Nourse, Girdlestone, Macdonnell and Taylor. The Winnipeg's intermediate team won the intermediate championship against the Victorias and Portage la Prairie. The hockey fever was spreading through the west, and numerous matches were played at Regina and other western centres.

The season of 1894-5 was a golden one for the game. Early in 1895 a team from the Victorias, composed of Sheppard, Campbell, Flett, Bain, Howard, Armytage and Higginbotham, with Armytage in command, went east in search of glory, and they found plenty of it. Their opening match was played at the capital of the Dominion, and there, under the bright eyes of the flower of Canadian beauty, they defeated their opponents, the Ottawa team, by a score of five goals to two.

After this the western blizzard gained strength, and when it blew at Montreal, the storm cloud won by a score of five to one. It was at the ancient capital that the western men received their only check, and they lost by a score of two to three goals taken by the Quebec players. It is only fair to the Winnipeggers to say that they did not receive fair treatment at the hands of several members of the crowd, who allowed personal feelings to overcome that spirit of fairness which should prevail when one of the contesting teams is from an outside point.

At Toronto the Manitobans redeemed themselves by winning a match there by a score of eleven to four. This series of matches, played with the finest eastern teams, demonstrated the right of the Victorias to be called the equals at least of the champion team of Canada. Their treatment was of the most generous description, and they brought back with them the kindest feeling for their adversaries. On their way home, by appointment they, or a portion of the team, stayed a day or two at Minneapolis, and gave the Yankee players a few lessons in the game, winning an easy victory.

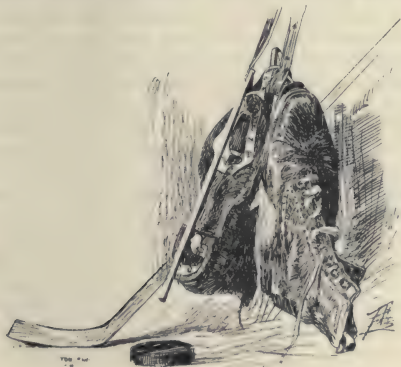
The Victoria senior team, almost identical with the one sent east, won the senior championship of the west. An intermediate team from the same

club, composed of Merritt, McGregor, Benson, McDonald, Robinson, Colcleugh and Cronn, won the intermediate championship, after the usual schedule of games with the Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie teams and a team from the Stars, a new combination in the city which showed up well.

A team from Selkirk made a tour of most of the hockey towns, but were worsted in nearly every case. If they profit as much as the Rat Portage men did by their defeats, they should show up very formidable opponents in the future.

A team of Rat Portage players made a starring tour to western towns, and their playing, although rather rough and heavy, was a surprise to all the teams they met. They played Brandon, Carberry and Portage la Prairie, and had a comparatively easy victory in most cases. In Winnipeg they defeated the Stars and the victorious Victorias (junior team), but were in turn beaten by the Winnipegs after a close struggle. This team will have to be reckoned with as a probable championship team in the intermediate series this season. They are powerful skaters and handle the stick well.

Brandon's team showed up better last year, and may be expected to give a good account of itself this year. Carberry, Regina, and other places, also have very promising teams.





## THE ALASKA BOUNDARY QUESTION.

BY R. E. GOSNELL, PROVINCIAL LIBRARIAN, VICTORIA, B.C.

X IN dealing with the Alaska Boundary Question, it is not with the conceit that any fresh light may be thrown upon it, or that any information of value can be imparted to those persons whose mission it is to settle it. There is no doubt that the men who are entrusted with the collection of data upon which to base the facts for the respective Governments, and the men who will have to determine the result from the evidence, will leave no source of knowledge untouched. It is to be assumed that every thread of history pertaining to the matter will be gathered up, every phase of physical or geographical interest in connection therewith examined, and every point of jurisprudence affecting its solution carefully weighed. It is simply as a question of present prominence that it is here discussed, in the hope that many who have not had the time or the opportunity to study it for themselves may derive some information on what is really a matter of more than ordinary importance to British Columbia and to Canada.

While the general interests involved undoubtedly are perfectly safe in the hands of those to whom it has been or may in future be entrusted, the discussion of the merits of the case, apart from the mere object of affording information, may do some good in calling the attention of the people of Canada to what is really at stake. If, some years ago, the Imperial authorities had understood the advantage of possessing Alaska, Great Britain, to-day, would be troubled with one less of those boundary disputes in which they are so extensively involved, and there would be to us the supreme satisfaction of seeing the Dominion of Canada absolute possessor of all the terri-

tory between the 49th parallel and the Arctic Ocean.

However, in this as in nearly every case in which our interests of domain came in conflict with those of the United States, the latter gained the advantage. The United States was allowed by purchase, on the 13th of March, 1867, the year of our Dominion nativity, to become the owner of a stretch of country 1,100 miles in its fullest extent and 800 miles at its greatest width. The sum paid was \$7,200,000. It has turned out to be a gilt edge real estate investment, notwithstanding that at the time there was strong opposition to it in the United States. Little was known of the resources of Alaska then, and the folly of buying a field of ice and a sea of mountains was forcibly commented upon.

No doubt political rather than material reasons weighed with the Administration at Washington, because it gave a foothold in the north of the continent, in addition to the possession of a vast realm in its southern half. For political, if for no other reasons, Great Britain should have prevented such an accomplishment. If her statesmen had made themselves familiar with the conditions of the coast from narratives of the distinguished navigators of their own country, or the history of the Hudson's Bay and Russian Fur Companies, they must have known that the wealth of furs and fish alone would have justified its purchase, to say nothing of rounding off their North American possessions. Because Russia wanted to sell, it was thought Russian adventurers had extracted the meat and wished to dispose of the worthless shell for a consideration. John Bull

was not to be taken in. With Russia the case was different. To that country, Alaska had never been of importance—certainly of no political importance. It was far from the seat of Government and was separated from Asia by a sea and all but inaccessible overland. Russia had given up her designs of extending settlement on the American coast after the experiment in California and at the mouth of the Columbia, and was content with Alaska as a fur preserve, to bestow as a concession to a company of fur traders. As a field for population or extending political influence it was out of the question; besides, Russia had too much to do in carrying out her traditional policy of encroachment nearer home. Russia acted wisely in relieving herself of a responsibility that brought little or nothing in return. Great Britain lost an immense opportunity thereby, and inherited as a consequence the Behring Sea dispute and the Alaska Boundary question, the costs of which combined, it is safe to say, would have paid for the territory. Since that time Alaska has developed rich gold mines, a great fur trade, and a salmon canning industry that have rendered it extremely valuable, with possibilities of much greater things.

We have, however, to deal with a fact and not with a hypothesis. In the present discussion it is not necessary to enter at length into a history of Alaska. It was discovered in 1741. In that year, Behring, on his third voyage for the Russian Government, first saw the stupendous peak of Mt. St. Elias, rising from the shore under the 60th parallel. Previous to that—from as far back as 1643—voyages had been made north to the Behring Straits on the east coast of Asia. From the date of Behring's voyage, the Russian fur trade began; but for many years it was conducted under great hardships and terrible sacrifice of life, owing to the rigor of the climate and ignorance of the coasts. The value of the furs, however, stimulated

expeditions of various kinds, and a number of settlements of fur hunters. In 1799 the Russian American Company, of which the present Alaska Commercial Company is a lineal descendant, was formed with a concession of exclusive privileges over the whole of the present Alaskan territory and as much more as it could safely cover, and continued its monopoly by renewals of its charter until 1859. For ten years, from 1839 to 1849, the Hudson's Bay Company had a lease of the territory between the parallels of 54 degrees 40 minutes and 58 degrees. Those who have read Washington Irving's "Astoria" will remember the graphic description of Alexander Baranof, for twenty years Governor of Alaska and Agent of the Russian Fur Company, a fur king of high degree, who governed the whole Russian American Coast with absolute sway. He is described by Greenhow as "a shrewd, bold, enterprising and unfeeling man, of iron frame and nerve and the coarsest habits and manners." His eccentricities were alarming to his visitors who came to trade with him, especially in the matter of making them drink potent grog until it was his pleasure to treat with them. Baranof is the most striking, if not the most admirable, figure in Northwest Coast history.

The Russian treaty of 1825 is the origin of the present boundary question. For some time prior to this the conflicting interests of Great Britain, the United States and Russia, all of whom laid claims to possession of the Northwest Coast north and south, were the subject of diplomatic negotiations. The United States claimed everything from the 42nd degree of latitude to the 53rd, "if not to the 60th." Great Britain filed a much similar claim, while Russia stipulated for everything north of the 49th. The American Government made a proposal that a joint convention should be concluded between the three Powers, with a view to having their re-

spective jurisdiction defined. Neither of the other two powers accepted the invitation, and here a curious fact is brought out with reference to the Monroe Doctrine. It is generally understood that the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated with special reference to the South American Republics, but that the boundary dispute among the three nations referred to was included in its *raison d'être* is quite apparent. I extract from Greenhow, a former Librarian of the Congressional Library, Washington, whose works are much quoted as authorities:—

“The principal grounds of the refusal by each being the declaration made by President Monroe in the Message to Congress at the commencement of the session of 1823 that—in the discussion and arrangements then going on with respect to the Northwest Coasts—the occasion had been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American Continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization any European power.”

In this the Government of the United States overstepped itself. It is fortunate from our standpoint that it did, because in the proposed convention it desired to limit the settlement of the coast for ten years to the Russians as far south as 55, and to the British between 51 and 55. This was the period when the Hudson's Bay Company was extending its forts to and along the coast, and if such an agreement had been entered into it would exclude the Hudson's Bay Company from a large territory southward and would have been a concession of which the United States would have made the greatest possible use in future negotiations. In 1824, however, the United States succeeded in concluding a convention with Russia, the practical import of which was

that both parties had a right to trade for ten years in any part of the coast not occupied by the other, after which they were to be confined to certain limitations as to territory, neither to claim jurisdiction over territory not then occupied. Notwithstanding this, in 1825 a treaty was made between Great Britain and Russia, very much similar in many respects to the Russian-American Convention, except that Russia acknowledged the rights of Great Britain to the Coast south of the parallel fixed upon as a dividing line. The treaty of 1825 clearly annulled the convention of 1824.

And now we come to the provisions of the Treaty of 1825, out of which the present trouble grew. Articles III. and IV. principally interest us at present and I quote in full from the original as presented to the Imperial Parliament in 1825.

#### ARTICLE III.

“The line of demarcation between the Possessions of the High Contracting Parties, upon the Coast of the Continent and the Islands of America to the North-West, shall be drawn in the manner following:—

“Commencing from the southermost point of the Island called the Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes, North Latitude, and between the 131st and 133rd degree of West Longitude, (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the North along the channel called the Portland Channel, as far as the point of the Continent where it strikes the 56th degree of North Latitude; from this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the Coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of West Longitude (of the same meridian) and finally from the said point of intersection, the said meridian lines of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean,



"shall form the limit between the  
"Russian and British Possessions of  
"the Continent of America to the  
"North-West."

## ARTICLE IV.

"With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article it is understood:

"1st. That the island called Prince  
"of Wales Island shall belong wholly  
"to Russia.

"tioned, shall be formed by a line  
"parallel to the windings of the coast,  
"and which shall never exceed the  
"difference of ten marine leagues there-  
"from."

Before discussing these articles in relation to the present dispute, it may be well to point out that Article VI. stipulates that British subjects "from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the ocean or from the interior of the continent, shall for-



General Map of British Columbia. The Disputed Territory is indicated by a heavy outline

"2nd. That wherever the summit  
"of the mountains which extend in a  
"direction parallel to the coast, from  
"the 56th degree of north latitude to  
"the point of intersection of the 141st  
"degree of west longitude, shall prove  
"to be at the distance of more than  
"ten marine leagues from the ocean,  
"the limit between the British posses-  
"sions and the line of coast which is  
"to belong to Russia, as above men-

"ever enjoy the right of navigating  
"freely, and without any hindrance  
"whatever, all the rivers and streams  
"which, in their course towards the  
"Pacific Ocean, may cross the line of  
"demarcation upon the line of coast  
"described in Article III. of the pre-  
"sent convention."

After the Crimean War, a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between Her Majesty and the Emperor of all

the Russias was concluded, in which (Article XIX.) the above was confirmed and declared to be continued in force, so that when in 1867 the United States purchased Alaska, that country stepped into Russia's shoes, and succeeded to all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereto. It has been naively suggested, however, that in respect to former claims of the United States affecting the rights of all nations to Behring Sea, she felt the shoe on the other foot.

It is to be observed, too, that notwithstanding any conditions of the sale so far as Russia and the United States were concerned, they were not binding on Great Britain, the transfer having been made without the latter being made a party to it; but in Clause VI. of the treaty between Russia and the United States, Russia did virtually revoke what she had granted to Great Britain in regard to free and unrestricted navigation of the rivers through that territory to the sea. This, of course, Russia could not voluntarily do without the consent of Great Britain, but by the 26th Article of the Treaty of Washington, 1871, to which Great Britain was a party, navigation was made open for purposes of commerce only, and in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, "give new rights, and amount to that extent and in that sense to an admission that any former rights (free navigation for all purposes) were abrogated."

Concerning the concession in question, the Hon. Edward Blake in 1877, as Minister of Justice, in a memorandum discussing the merits of a case arising out of this very clause, remarked with much force as follows:

"28. The latter part of the 26th article is as follows: 'The navigation of the Rivers Yukon, Porcupine, and Stickine, ascending and descending from, to, and unto the sea, shall forever remain free and open for the purposes of commerce to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty and to the citi-

zens of the United States, subject to any laws and regulations of either country, within its own territory, not inconsistent with such privileges of free navigation.'

"29. At the time of the negotiation, British subjects had already the fullest right to navigate, for all purposes, all the streams flowing from the British territory in the interior through Alaska. The United States had no right to navigate any of these streams beyond the boundary of Alaska. Great Britain asked for, and obtained as a concession, a limited right to navigate three of these streams for certain purposes, conceding to the United States the right to navigate these three streams through Columbia on equal terms. Thus this so-called concession by the United States was, in fact, a concession by Great Britain to the former country, which gave nothing and got everything."

The signification of this will be seen later on.

To make the question clear, it will be necessary to go back over twenty-three years, because the agitation for a definition of the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia has been going on at intervals during all that time, and the history of the negotiations is important in the light of what it discloses.

The Legislative Assembly of British Columbia in 1872 passed a resolution praying the Lieutenant-Governor to call the attention of the Government of the Dominion of Canada to the necessity in the interests of "peace, order and good government," of taking steps to have the boundary line properly defined. The immediate reason for this was that gold had recently been discovered in the Cassiar District, or northern part of British Columbia; a large number of miners had gone in, and a considerable trade was carried on. There was practically only one route into the gold fields, and that was *via* the Stickine River, which had its outlet through Alaskan or



Section from an 1895 Map of British Columbia, compiled under the direction of the Hon. G. B. Martin, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Works. All the land outside of the line running from Cape Chacon, Prince of Wales Island, east to Portlano Inlet, north through Portlano Canal and west and north as indicated, is claimed by the United States.



American Territory. The importance of having a definition of the respective limits of British Columbia and Alaska is apparent. According to Article IV., quoted in the foregoing, the line of demarcation from the initial point at the 56th degree, in itself very debatable, was to follow the summit of the mountains parallel to the coast to the 141st degree west longitude, and where the summit was more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit was to be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast. As will be seen in a country like Alaska, where the mountain ranges are not well defined, and the coast line is exceedingly irregular and much indented, the true boundary line without an exact survey was an unknown quantity, and left room for a wide area of disputable territory. With a population of miners, many of them tough characters, the task of keeping order and administering justice would be a difficult one indeed, more especially as at any time a culprit might claim the rights of an American citizenship on disputed soil, and thus baffle the law.

One case did actually occur to illustrate the danger of the situation. A man named Peter Martin who was arrested, tried and found guilty at the assizes in Cassiar, where there was no jail accommodation, was being conveyed to Victoria down the Stickine, the only route out of the country. At a point within American territory, a stop was made for meals. The prisoner, taking advantage of his knowledge of the situation, tried to escape, and in doing so committed a grievous assault on the constable in charge. He was recaptured, taken to Victoria, tried on a second charge, found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months with hard labor. The American Government demanded his release on the ground that he was an American citizen, and that the assault was committed on American soil. After a long interchange of diplomatic notes, the

prisoner, who was a man of notoriously bad character, was released. It presented a serious problem in the interests of justice.

From what has been stated in the foregoing, it will be seen that according to Article 26 of the Washington Treaty, Great Britain conceded what was a diminution of her former rights, for which, as Hon. Edward Blake stated, she gave everything and got nothing in return. It was held in the Martin case that according to the Washington Treaty the Stickine was open to British citizens for purposes of commerce, only, and gave no right for the conveyance of prisoners to or from Canadian territory through it.

Numerous requests on the part of the Canadian Government, inspired by representations from British Columbia in the interests of law and order, were made to the United States through Great Britain, to have the boundary line defined. The question had not then been raised as to the Portland Canal. The latter was practically accepted by both parties as the proper boundary. It was important, owing to the interest taken in mining matters, that there should be no mistake as to where the boundary really was according to the terms of the treaty. Although the American Government professed an anxiety to have it settled, and a bill was introduced in Congress in 1872 to give effect to a commission of enquiry, nothing was done, on the ground that more important legislation demanded attention, and that Congress would not vote so large a sum of money as was required, something like a million and a half dollars. A suggestion was made by the American Government that in lieu of an accurate and exhaustive determination it would be "quite sufficient to decide upon some particular points, and the principal of these they suggested should be the head of the Portland Canal, the points where the boundary line crosses the rivers Skoot, Stakeen (Stickine), Taku, Islecat and

Cheeleat, Mt. St. Elias, and the points where the 141st degree of west longitude crosses the rivers Yukon and Porcupine." The Canadian Government was quite willing to accept the proposition, and had the United States gone on, Canada would undoubtedly have accepted without question a line drawn through Portland Canal as the proper boundary; but for some reason or other nothing more was done, notwithstanding that the question was pressed time and again on their attention by the Canadian Government. Curiously enough, however, there were a number of disputes in each of which the United States took the aggressive. They at first refused to allow Canadian goods to go up the Stickine at all, in defiance of the terms of the treaty. That settled, they sought to dispossess some settlers at a point on the river which was at least disputed territory. As we have seen, they came to the rescue of one Martin, a criminal seeking to escape justice.

The course pursued brought this protest from the late Hon. Alexander MacKenzie: "It seems very remarkable that while the United States Government should have hitherto refused or neglected to take proper steps to define the boundary, they should now seek to establish it in this manner in accordance with their own views without any reference to British authorities, who are equally interested in the just settlement of the international boundary."

In 1877 Mr. Joseph Hunter, civil engineer, Victoria, was delegated by the Dominion Government to make a survey of the Stickine River for the purpose of defining the boundary line where it crosses that river. Of course his report was not expected to be final, and the work was necessarily hurried; but it was important, and settled the matter for the time being. He fixed the boundary line at 19.13 miles from the coast at right angles, and 24.74 miles by the river. His findings were accepted without prejudice to the

rights of their contention by the American Government, and it so stands until finally settled by the present commission. From Mr. Hunter's observations it is quite clear that there is a range of mountains running parallel with the coast, the summit of which forms the boundary. That I believe is the Canadian contention. The Americans, on the other hand, have claimed that there is no defined mountain range governing the case, and that the line must follow the sinuosities of the coast.

Up to 1885 it does not appear that a line "through Portland Channel" was ever questioned as the true boundary line. The issue was raised by the late Mr. Justice Gray, of Victoria, B.C., one of the fathers of Confederation and an able jurist. As it stands, the Alaska Boundary Question presents two phases, one being the delimitation of the line from the "head of Portland Channel," wherever that may be shown to be, and the other is the interpretation of Article III. With the former we will not deal. It is a matter of survey, and is in the hands of competent men. The latter involves an interpretation of Clause III. of the treaty.

In 1885 Mr. Justice Gray made a report to the British Columbia Government, in which he pointed out that the line running through Portland Channel, as marked on the maps, did not harmonize with the other conditions of the Article. To understand his contention involves no fine legal skill; it is a plain statement. The line commencing at the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, Cape Chacon, is to "ascend to the north along the channel called the Portland Channel." Portland Canal is 50 miles from Prince of Wales Island, and a line to there would not ascend to the north, but go in a southeasterly direction. It may be held that it does go north on the ground that the general direction is north; and if no other conditions were demanded,

that might hold good, although not strict interpretation. It, however, is required that the line is to go north along Portland Channel, until it strikes the 56th degree of latitude at a point of the continent. Portland Channel does not reach the 56th degree of latitude at all, and being wholly within the continent, a line following its channel could not possibly strike a point on "the continent." Then, again, it is stipulated that Prince of Wales Island is to belong "wholly" to Russia. There can be only one inference from that, when we consider that a large group of islands, the principal of which is Revilla Gigedo, intervenes between Prince of Wales Island and the mainland, and that is that some other channel than Portland Canal was intended, otherwise it would have been stipulated that the group of islands inside of it, and not Prince of Wales, should belong "wholly" to Russia. The channel separating Prince of Wales Island from these islands, or in other words, Clarence Straits, must have been meant. If Prince of Wales Island is to belong wholly to Russia, what about the group of islands which intervene? If, on the other hand, you discard the Portland Canal, and carry your line up either Behm's Canal or Clarence Straits, you meet all conditions, striking the continent exactly at the 56th degree of north latitude, leaving Prince of Wales Island wholly within Alaska territory.

More than that, the Portland Canal boundary, in continuing it, lands you into a second absurdity. As was pointed out by Mr. Justice Gray, the head of Portland Canal is far east of the coast range of mountains, and in order to strike their summit, the line would have to cross several intervening mountains, making, as is shown in Mr. Hunter's map, a sudden dip at right angles. Continuing the boundary directly northward, from Point Chacon through Behm's Canal or Clarence Straits, you follow the Coast Mountain Range naturally. Every

circumstance and reasonable assumption favors the contention that the Portland Canal of Vancouver's charts is not the Portland Channel meant in the treaty.

It is not known that maps were used at the convention. Doubtless Vancouver's charts were. However it is not likely that Great Britain would concede more territory to Russia than what Russian maps showed Russia claimed. There is in Victoria an old French map, 1815, copied from maps in St. Petersburg bearing date of 1802, and the dividing line as shown there is up Clarence Straits with Revilla Gigedo and all the islands included within the British Possessions.

The question in this case is not one of delimitation so much as of construction. Taken by themselves, the words "through the Portland Channel" are explicit, and would come under the rule that what is plain needs no interpretation, consequently binding without cavil; but where, as in this, the provisions are inharmonious and contradictory, interpretations must be resorted to. The rules of interpretation are clear. We must take all the conditions of the article and judge from the intention of the framers. "Hall's International Law," pp. 251-254, says:—

"Publicists are generally agreed in laying down certain rules of construction as being applicable when disagreement takes place between the parties to a treaty as to the meaning or intention of its stipulations. Some of these rules are either unsafe in their application or of doubtful applicability; and rules tainted by any shade of doubt, from whatever source it may be derived, are unfit for use in international controversy. Those against which no objection can be urged and which are probably sufficient for all purposes, may be stated as follows:—"

"1. When the language of a treaty, taken in the ordinary meaning of the words, yields a plain and reason-



"able sense, it must be taken as intended to be read in that sense, subject to the qualifications, that any words which may have a customary meaning in treaties differing from their common signification, must be understood to have that meaning, and that a sense cannot be adopted which leads to an absurdity or to incompatibility of the contract with an accepted fundamental principle of law.

"2. When the words of a treaty fail to yield a plain and reasonable sense, they should be interpreted in such one of the following ways as may be appropriate:—

"(a.) By recourse to the general sense and spirit of the treaty as shown by the context of the incomplete, improper, ambiguous, or obscure passages, or by the provisions of the instrument as a whole. This is so far an exclusive, or rather a controlling method, that if the result afforded by it is incompatible with that obtained by any other means except proof of the intention of the parties, such other means must necessarily be discarded; there being so strong a presumption that the provisions of a treaty are intended to be harmonious, that nothing short of clear proof of intention can justify any interpretation of a single provision which brings it into collision with the undoubted intention of the remainder.

"(b.) By taking a reasonable instead of a literal sense of words when the two senses do not agree."

Briefly the situation is as follows:

The general provisions of the clause in question are that the boundary line:—

I. Shall *ascend* from the southerly portion of Prince of Wales Island (Cape Chacon);

II. Shall be a point where the water and continent join at 56 North Latitude;

III. Shall reach a point of the continent;

IV. Prince of Wales Island shall be *wholly* within Russian Territory.

The Boundary Line as determined must satisfy all the above conditions.

A line carried through Portland canal—

(a) Does not *ascend* from the southeasterly point of Prince of Wales Island. It descends, or inclines southeasterly for a distance of about fifty miles before reaching Portland Channel.

(b) The waters of the Portland Canal do not extend to the 56th degree of latitude, but their furthestmost point is some miles distant.

(c) Portland Canal is wholly within the continent, and therefore a line through it could not reach the coast of the continent as understood in the terms of the treaty.

(d) If no land intervened between Prince of Wales Island and the Continent or the Portland Canal, the propriety of specifying that the Prince of Wales Island should be wholly within Russian territory would be apparent, but as the large and important island of Revilla Gigedo intervenes, if the framers of the treaty had a line through Portland canal in their minds as the boundary line, they would have stipulated that the latter and not the former should be wholly within Russian territory. The inference is undoubted that they meant that all land lying east of the Prince of Wales Island should, under the terms of the treaty, be within the territory of Great Britain.

A line through Behm's Canal or Clarence Straits satisfies every condition and provision of Article III. of the treaty (*vide* map).

A line through Portland canal is wholly inconsistent and inharmonious with and contradictory of the general terms and conditions of the clause in question. Its acceptance as determining the boundary leads to an absurdity. Great Britain is not, therefore, bound to accept it as the true boundary line.

The above is the British Columbia contention, as clearly and briefly stated as possible. As is well known, a joint commission has been engaged for several seasons collecting data and completing a survey of the coast from the 56th parallel of latitude northward in order to define the boundary line according to the treaty. If the Commissioners do not agree in presenting a joint report their evidence will be referred no doubt to arbitrators for a final award based thereon. Whether the question of the boundary line being carried through Portland Canal will be opened up is not known. The people of British Columbia are anxious that it should be taken into consideration. The islands of Revilla Gigedo and those forming the group east of Prince of Wales Island comprise a large area of territory, and though containing no settlements, are important from the position they occupy. All the adjacent coast is valuable on account of the fisheries, and in case of minerals being discovered, which is not unlikely, may become of additional importance. These islands included would form a considerable extension of the limits of British Columbia.

A great deal of clap-trap has been talked in the American press about Great Britain's endeavor to steal a slice of American territory, and if we are rightly informed the citizens of Alaska have worked themselves up to a state of indignant frenzy. It is the

veriest nonsense to endeavor to forestall the result of the commission now at work, or if unfavorable to the contention of either one side or the other very unwise to attempt to inflame the public mind on that score. What the people of British Columbia desire is to see the boundary line delimited, and want neither more nor less than what they as a Province are entitled to. They will accept the award of the Arbitrators and abide by it. Their anxiety so far has been expressed rather as to the boundary line south of the 56th parallel of latitude than the delimitation of the line north to the 141st degree of longitude. The latter is to be determined only by an accurate, scientific survey, and its determination is, they are satisfied, in competent, trustworthy hands. Their anxiety as to the former is the danger of Canada's interests being sacrificed, as on former occasions, by giving way to the importunity of United States representatives and permitting concessions which have subsequently proved to be very valuable. It is said that it is not the intention to re-open the question of the boundary line through Portland Canal, but to accept it as final. If so, without being furnished with very strong reasons for pursuing such a course, the Province of British Columbia will be inclined to take the view that, to that extent at least, the Americans have got the best of the bargain.

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## COLONIAL CLUBS.

BY ERNEST HEATON.

THE Regius Professor of History at Cambridge University, writing under the head of "Greater Britain," says: "When we speak of over-population, of exhaustion, of the decrepitude of an old country, is it not evident that the framework of our thoughts is always the British Isles, that the Straits of Dover and the narrow seas limit our view? Should we not otherwise say that England is, for the most part, very thinly peopled, and very imperfectly developed, a young country with millions of acres of virgin soil, and mineral wealth as yet but half explored; that it has abundant room for all Englishmen, and can find homesteads for them all, for the most part in a congenial climate and out of the reach of enemies."

The great advance of the nineteenth century in the facilities for travel, has made a comfortable journey to Canada more easy, and in time almost as short, as the journey from London to Edinburgh was one hundred years ago. There are thousands of men in England who are anxious to take up the fertile lands of the prairies which are lying waiting to receive them and are their natural heritage; and yet, for all the purposes of successful colonization the colonies are just as far away, and the boundaries of Great Britain are just as narrow as they were in the last century. Why is this?

The failure of colonization may be largely attributed to the want of popular organization and the lack of an objective point to which the settler may go when he has decided to emigrate.

Governments and railway companies expend vast sums of money in supplying and distributing informa-

tion. But the actual work of getting hold of the people, of organizing and placing them upon the land, has been to a great extent left in the hands of private individuals, philanthropists, land companies and irresponsible agents. The term Colonization Agent is often associated with misrepresentation and fraud, and the work done by philanthropists and land companies, at any rate in Canada, is thought by many to have done more harm to the country than good; so much so that some people even go so far as to believe that the work of colonization should be left entirely in the hands of the Government and interested parties, and that all amateurs should be excluded, rather than that our vacant lands, with the civilization they imply, should be made the playground of Salvation Army people, church societies, and philanthropic baronets and peers. Such a step, of course, is out of the question; but is there not some way of rendering popular effort more effective by organization? Associations and the Press in this century composes the machinery of the world's progress, and it is through these that Canada must look for some way of overcoming the lack of immigration to her vacant territory.

We have an instructive example in the Colonial Clubs lately inaugurated by the Chairman of the United States Irrigation Congress, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the well-known Unitarian minister of Boston, for the conduct of migration from the congested centres of the Eastern States to the irrigated lands of the West. It is not the intention to take up land, but the object of these associations is to expose land frauds and dishonest agents, and to collect and distribute



accurate information, by affording some such mutual assistance as has been rendered by the Chautauqua and other reading circles, which have been so successful in the United States, with this difference, that, whereas the Chautauquans study the history of ancient Greece, the members of the Colonial Clubs will study the problems of colonization and the resources of their own country.

For the growth of some such organization as Colonial Clubs, Great Britain appears to afford a peculiarly favorable soil: for in that country there is a large leisure class pining for something to do. The idea of the Greater Britain seems to be rapidly spreading, and the interest in the Colonies is not merely political but personal, for there is scarcely a family in Great Britain which has not a son or a relative absent in the Colonies. The present condition of the unemployed, which necessarily implies colonization as a partial solution of that social problem, Lord Salisbury has declared to be one of the most important questions to be brought before the Imperial Parliament. Thus now would seem to be a fit and proper time to work out such a scheme.

Can the idea be made practical, and adapted so as to lessen the difficulties attending immigration from Great Britain to her Colonies?

We would suggest that for the purposes of Colonial Clubs Great Britain should be divided into say ten districts, with a branch office and local directorate in each, and a head office in London. The objects of these clubs will be (1), to act as Imperial and semi-official bureaus of information; (2), to publish a journal as the established organ of the Colonial Clubs; (3), to appoint men of known experience and ability at home and in each Colony to write for the journal, or in pamphlet form, upon given subjects respecting the Colonies and the problems of colonization, both from the home and colonial point of view; (4),

to organize settlers into parties; (5), to prevent the perpetration of frauds upon settlers, by the recommendation or licensing of reliable agents; (6), to act as a circulating library of all literature upon the subjects of Imperial Federation, Colonization, and the problems presented by the condition of the unemployed; (7), to hold periodical conferences for the discussion of these questions; (8), to provide a scheme of assisted emigration.

At present the Government bureaus both Imperial and Colonial are something distinct from the people. Colonial Clubs would be a means of incorporating into the Government system the active energies of statesmen, clergymen, editors, philanthropists and leaders of labor organizations, while in their respective departments the accredited agents of the different Colonial Governments would be *ex officio* members and officers of the organization. They could be formed as Associations without stock, the qualification for membership being a subscription to the Colonial Club journal.

On the score of economy in management, the co-operation of all the colonies would appear to be a necessity. The Association of different, and, to some extent, rival interests would require greater executive skill in departmental management. But the construction of these Associations would be greatly facilitated by making the circles of interest as wide as possible. Each colony would be benefited by engaging, in the general interests of colonization, the services of those who are primarily concerned in another country. Besides the whole usefulness of the Colonial Clubs, and to a great extent the confidence of the people, will depend upon their being conducted in the interests, and from the point of view of intending emigrants, rather than of any special country. With this object in view, they should be able to furnish information respecting each of the prin-

ciple colonies from an independent and authoritative standpoint.

And now to discuss the functions of the Colonial Clubs. There is a crying demand for independent trustworthy reports from all countries to which emigration is directed. Unofficial bureaus of information exist in Great Britain in large numbers, and they are largely patronized, but there is no means of distinguishing the agencies which are trustworthy from those which are not. The information which reaches the intending emigrant in Great Britain is generally too indefinite to be useful, or so colored as to be misleading. The pamphlets supplied by the Railway Companies and Land Companies, whose chief concern is the sale of their lands, has become very generally discredited, through the lessons of past experience and especially the blatant advertisements which are issued from the United States. It is only natural to assume that Englishmen and Scotchmen would place especial confidence in information supplied by their co-patriots, who have preceded them to such colonies as may be formed, and reports published under the auspices of the St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. George's Societies, upon questions supplied by the Colonial Clubs at home, printed and backed by the Colonial Government, would have great value as a companion to the ordinary descriptive pamphlets which the Government supply. The patriotic societies would thus form an effective counterpart to the operation of the Colonial Clubs in Great Britain. On the analogy of the patriotic societies, the rough path of the gentleman colonist might be made more smooth by the formation of an association of University and Public School men on the lines of the Society lately started by some Englishmen in Chicago. Such a plan would bring into play the principle of social attraction, the great service of which in the work of Colonization is shown by the report of the United States Com-

missioners who state that over sixty per cent. of the immigrants to that country travel upon tickets prepaid by their friends in America.

The publication of a fortnightly or monthly semi-official and popular journal devoted to the study and record of colonization would be a necessary adjunct to our scheme. Such a journal would act as the organ of the Colonial Clubs and the cause of Imperial Federation. It would keep the people in touch with the pulse of emigration and provide at the same time a convenient continuous record and a machinery for placing before the members of the clubs reliable information and the best thoughts in the Empire on the many questions which colonization covers. It would disclose frauds, give the pith of Government reports, provide a medium for organization and serve as an authority to be cited by the newspapers of the day.

The combination of ignorance and money is a sure bait for the human shark. Irresponsible and dishonest agents, especially in the farm pupil business, have been a curse to the cause of colonization. Their services are required but once in a lifetime, and by their importunity they force themselves upon the public. It would be within the power of the Colonial Clubs to minimize this form of fraud and crime by withdrawing their countenance from agents who had proved unworthy.

The organization of settlers into bands or parties at regular intervals would be an important function of the Colonial Clubs. The altered condition of the country, the increased facilities for travel and communication, and the immunity from hostile marauders has to a large extent overcome the necessity of simultaneous colonization in large numbers to any one given locality, and has tended towards individual or haphazard settlement. The additional security given to settlers by emigrating in parties, the absence of the prospects

of isolation and the greater force of example, would naturally have a beneficial and stimulating effect upon emigration.

The question of assisted immigration, by reason of its intimate connection with the problems presented by the condition of the unemployed is the most important question to be dealt with. At the same time it is the most difficult. The demand for imported adult labor in the colonies is limited, and to a great extent of a temporary nature. Consequently, generally speaking, the settlers must be self-maintaining, and make their money off the lands. We in Canada are face to face with this problem, we cannot get immigrants in large numbers unless we supply them with seed and utensils, and food to keep them until the next harvest; for the thousands of men in Great Britain who want to emigrate have not the means, and those who have the means, are content to remain at home. But the feeling of the Labor party in Canada is against assisted immigration, and the government has not the courage to come forward with such a policy. On the contrary, the grants for immigration purposes have been largely cut down. Any comprehensive scheme, therefore, of assisted immigration, it would seem, must be formulated in Great Britain. And indeed, it seems only reasonable that a large portion, at any rate, of the money necessary for this purpose should be furnished in the old country; for Great Britain has much to gain by helping away such of her surplus population as are capable, but have not the means to emigrate. At the same time she is interested in keeping this population within the limits of the British Empire.

The functions of the Colonial Clubs it will be observed, stop at the landing of the settlers upon the shores of their destination. But it is most important that the settlers should have an objective point in the form of some col-

ony or settlement before them. The management of colonies, most people will agree, should be entrusted to trained men of local experience, tact and wide knowledge of human nature, and they should be appointed and paid by the government, for there are few men available who combine the capacity and honesty of purpose of Moses or Brigham Young. The Colonial Government could afford material aid and encouragement to popular effort by the formation of infant colonies in charge of an expert manager, thereby providing a safe objective point for the operations of Colonial Clubs in Great Britain, and an object lesson for intending immigrants to be watched and placed before the people by the journal of the Colonial Clubs and the press. If one such colony were a success, the prestige would attach to others; history would repeat itself; and with the systematic management of national associations in Great Britain to organize and furnish funds to settlers who need assistance, and the co-operation of patriotic societies in the colonies, we might then hope to see colonization placed upon a practical business footing.

It will be objected, no doubt, that Colonial Clubs would not make money, that they would not be remunerative to the members. We admit that; but it is not a fatal objection to the idea, for there are at the present time forty-five individuals and societies upon the books of the department at Ottawa who are engaged in the unremunerative work of assisting settlers to emigrate to Canada, and shall we say that the Americans who form Colonial Clubs at Boston for the protection of settlers, and a North-West Immigration Association at St. Paul, in Minnesota, to encourage immigration, all without any idea of profit are more public-spirited than the people of Great Britain? It would pay Canada and the other colonies ten times over to provide for the cost of running expenses.



The formation of some such organization in Great Britain is of paramount importance to Canada, for it is not by the Government directly but through the people in Great Britain that immigration to this country can be influenced.

The key-note to the whole situation in Canada may be summed up in one word—population. We have a country as big as Europe, with a population less than the City of London, and upon this population rests the whole burden of taxation to meet the cost of development to provide for a people ten times as numerous. Our machinery of education is set to provide for a population which is constantly being replenished by farmers from outside. Our young men are being educated off the farm, and because they cannot find employment in Canadian cities, they go to the United States. We must not forget that our civilization is founded upon agriculture, and the wider we make the foundation, the firmer, broader, and more secure will be the superstructure which rests upon it. Every self-supporting farmer that is added to the country helps to find employment for our educated young men, whether as merchants, clerks, mechanics, lawyers, or doctors.

It is most important for Canada that some means should be provided to focus the attention of the people of Great Britain more directly upon the colonies. With the mass of the people Canada is merged in the name of Am-

erica and the wings of the American eagle hide the beaver out of sight. As a result of this, if we may believe the Government returns, we have seen immigrants, many of whom, no doubt, would in any event have gone to the United States, passing through Canada during the ten years, from 1881 to 1891, at the rate of over eighty thousand a year.

Before *this* question the fiscal policy of the country and the Manitoba School Question pale into absolute insignificance. There is a cry for some working scheme that is popular, practical and broad. People are beginning at last to realize that human lives and fortunes are too important to be made the sport of schemers and irresponsible agents, and they are beginning to be impatient at the farce of incessant talk which results in nothing but talk. The problem cannot be solved by any one man's brain, but we fully believe that it can be solved, by popular organization backed and assisted by the Imperial and Colonial Governments. The details we have suggested are, it may be, too magnificent and ambitious, perhaps some of them are not practical, but the matter is well worth the attention of those who are interested in the subject and have time to devote to it. If once put into practical form and endorsed by the Dominion Government there would be little difficulty in securing the co-operation of able and prominent men to carry on the work of organization in Great Britain.

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THY AIM.

Be thou what God has made of thee—  
 A lily fair on life's calm lake,  
 That all thy friends may always be  
 In love with love for love's sweet sake.

New York.

CHEIRO.

## CANADA'S CALL TO THE EMPIRE.

BY COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., M.P., LONDON, ENGLAND.

FOR fifteen years past, Canada has sounded a call to the Empire, a strong note of Inter-British patriotism without a vestige of self-interest. Her statesmen, Sir John Macdonald, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Sir John Thompson, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, have voiced from Ottawa the wish of the great majority of the Canadian people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Sir Chas. Tupper has lost no note of the call in transmitting it to the Imperial Government and the Mother Country. Nay, rather, he has given it fuller sound, for none have recognized more truly than the High Commissioner that in unity of trade lies the permanent union of the British Empire.

Canada has taken the lead. The close of 1895 and the dawn of 1896 affords fit occasion to take note of the progress of the movement, and of its prospects in the near future.

Let us look at the story of Canada's persistent efforts. From Canada came the first warning as to the effect of Article 15 in the treaty between Great Britain and Belgium, of July 23rd, 1862, and Article 7 of the treaty with Germany, of May 30th, 1865. Downing Street "did not at all realize the importance of the engagements upon which they had entered." We know this on Lord Salisbury's authority. These brief engagements with foreign powers were of far-reaching effect. They expressly preclude the preferential fiscal treatment of British goods in the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown. It was not until 1888 that the Imperial Parliament was officially seized of this fact. But, seven years before, namely, on March 26th, 1881, an Order-in-Council was passed in Canada, informing the Imperial Government of the wish of the

Dominion Ministry to be relieved of these hindrances to the full development of Canada as a market for British goods. In November of that year the High Commissioner was instructed to make energetic remonstrance in Downing Street against the apathy with which the proposal from Ottawa had been received. Unfortunately, the Government was still in the hands of those who had been instrumental in the anti-colonial days of 1862 and 1865, in forging these restrictions on British trade. The pro-foreigner voice of Mr. (now Lord) Farrer was dominant in the Board of Trade. But Lord Kimberly, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, did go so far as to communicate the desire of Canada to the Foreign Office. Lord Granville humbly asked Belgium and Germany if they had any objection. The former replied that the exemption of the clauses in question would necessitate the denunciation of the treaty and the conclusion of a fresh one. Germany answered in like sense, and added that there did not appear to be any immediate necessity for this. What other reply could be expected? It was by no means unfriendly, but it was enough to deter the then Administration from doing anything.

The matter slumbered for some years. In 1888, I moved for the papers which put the British public in possession of the facts. On April 21st, 1890, General Laurie, now a member of the Imperial Parliament, initiated a debate on the subject in the Dominion House of Commons. Three months later, the High Commissioner informed the Colonial Office that the Canadian Government held the same view as in 1881, and desired to be relieved of obligations in treaties "not only limiting

the freedom of action of the Dominion, but also tending to interfere with the extension of trade between different parts of the Empire, without corresponding advantages to the colonies."

In March, 1891, the United Empire Trade League was founded, and set before itself as the first obstacle to be removed the treaty clauses in question. At the same time the Agents-General of the Self-Governing Colonies waited upon the Trade and Treaties Committee then sitting at the Board of Trade, and urged the denunciation of the clauses.

A few months later, the Prime Minister received a great deputation, comprising not only many members of both Houses of Parliament, but representatives of working men's organizations throughout the country, upon the subject. Lord Salisbury's admissions were very important. He said:

"With respect to those two unlucky treaties (with Belgium in 1862, and Germany in 1865, precluding British Colonies from admitting British goods on more favorable terms than foreign goods) that were made by Lord Palmerston's Government some thirty years ago, I am sure the matter of the relation of our colonies could not have been fully considered. We have tried to find out from official records what species of reasoning it was that induced the statesmen of that day to sign such very unfortunate pledges; but I do not think they had any notion that they were signing any pledges at all. I have not been able to discover that they at all realised the importance of the engagements upon which they were entering. I think I can give you, with the greatest confidence, an assurance that not only this Government, but no future Government will be disposed to enter into such engagements again. We shall be glad, indeed, to take every opportunity that arises for delivering ourselves from these unfortunate engagements, but we can make no promise as to doing so at the price of other protective stipulations to which the trade of this country is pledged. The Government will carefully watch; and before a very long time has elapsed, no doubt some means of mitigating these evils may be found."

It may be asked why, under such circumstances, nothing was done to remove the disabilities. The fact of

the matter is that, throughout the latter part of 1891 and the commencement of 1892, the condition of domestic politics was not a little critical. The Opposition were gaining seats at bye-elections. The Liberal Unionists appeared, especially, to be losing ground. The slightest evidence of any determination on the part of Lord Salisbury's Government, derogatory to the fetish of "Free Imports," might have been utilized by "weak knees" to desert what looked like the losing side, and return to the patriotically abandoned ranks. Nor was the Conservative Cabinet itself of one mind on the question. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, then President of the Board of Trade, was openly hostile to all effort to secure the British market for British workers. His attitude on the recent representation of the Hop Industry as to the similar effect of foreign competition affords but too much ground for the fear that he still remains of the same mind. A danger lies there to the Unionist Administration, for Conservative members have been returned in scores, pledged by election addresses and platform undertakings, to further legislation advantageous to the workers. Nor can one see how, otherwise, the "new markets," so eloquently dwelt upon by Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, as being essential to British Trade, are to be secured.

But I must not anticipate. In the autumn of 1891, meetings were held in nearly all the great towns of Canada, under the auspices of the United Empire Trade League. I was able to hear personal evidence to the intensity and sincerity of the wish for the development of Empire Trade on the part of the great majority of the people. The General Election of 1892 in the Mother Country, showed that the personality of Mr. Gladstone had once more asserted itself and proved the wisdom of Lord Salisbury's prudent attitude.

Nothing was to be expected from



the Radical Ministry. Indeed, throughout its existence, its only thought was how to reconcile the divergent claims of its own supporters. Feeble at home, it had neither influence nor prestige abroad.

The Dominion of Canada again took the helm. All the self-governing colonies were invited to send representatives to Ottawa to discuss the question of Empire Trade. The Imperial Government appointed the Earl of Jersey to be present on its behalf. On June 28th, 1894, the Conference was opened and the Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell elected President. On either side of him sat some of the ablest statesmen of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The welcome of the late Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, was memorable. He said :

"On this happy occasion the delegates assemble after long years of self-government in their countries, of greater progress and development than the colonies of any Empire have ever seen in the past, not to consider the prospect of separation from the Mother Country, but to plight our faith anew to each other as brethren, and to plight anew with the Mother Land, that faith that has never yet been broken nor tarnished."

Two resolutions were agreed to unanimously :—

1. "That provision should be made by Imperial Legislation, enabling the dependencies of the Empire to enter into agreements of commercial reciprocity, including the power of making differential tariffs with Great Britain or with one another."

2. "That any provisions in existing treaties between Great Britain and any Foreign Power, which prevent the self-governing dependencies of the Empire from entering into agreements of commercial reciprocity with each other, or with Great Britain, should be removed."

Nothing could be clearer. There was no dissentient voice. Lord Jersey's report was able and statesman-like. On the very first night of the ensuing session of the Imperial Parliament, an undertaking was obtained from the Government that the section in the Australasian Act of Constitution, forbidding the conclusion of any commercial arrangement with an over-

sea colony not extended to foreign countries, should be repealed. This was done in March, 1895, and arrangements between the Dominion and New South Wales, as with New Zealand, are now under discussion.

The general election of 1895 showed most clearly that no subject was more popular with the electors in the great industrial centres than that of Commercial Federation, and with rare exceptions they contributed largely to the great Unionist majority. It was therefore not surprising at the recent Conference at Brighton of the National Union of Conservative Associations, to find the following resolution proposed by Mr. Towles, M.P. for Haggerston, and who, mainly on this question, had converted a large Radical majority into a Conservative victory, seconded by the representative of the Lancashire and Cheshire Working Men's Federation, carried unanimously by the delegates from all parts of the country :—

"That this Conference endorsing the unanimous resolution of the Inter-Colonial Conference held at Ottawa, in 1894, 'That any provisions in existing treaties between Great Britain and any Foreign Power which prevent the self-governing dependencies of the Empire from entering into agreements of commercial reciprocity with each other, or Great Britain, should be removed,' is of opinion that twelve months' notice should be given as soon as practicable to Belgium that Her Majesty is desirous of eliminating Article 15 from the treaty of the 23rd July, 1862, and to Germany that Her Majesty is likewise desirous of eliminating Article 7 from the Treaty with the Zollverein of the 30th of May, 1865, which clauses preclude the treatment of British goods in the Colonies and dependencies of the British Crown upon more advantageous terms than Foreign goods, and thus deprive British Trade and Labor of the new markets essential to the relief of the depression of the past three years."

The offer by the proprietors of *The Statist* of a prize of a thousand guineas for the best scheme of Commercial Federation, and the appointment by the Prime Minister and Lord Rosebery of the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Playfair as the Judges, affords further

proof of the trend of public opinion, and that the efforts of the past have not been wholly barren of results. Lord Salisbury said, "Public opinion must be framed and formed before any Government can act." It has been framed and formed, nor is evidence wanting that the feeling of the country is shared by the leaders of the present Administration. The declaration of Lord Salisbury in 1891, and on more than one occasion since then, have been clear and emphatic. The despatch to Colonial Governors of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated Nov. 28th, 1895, shows also what is Mr. Chamberlain's view:—

"I am impressed with the extreme importance of securing as large a share as possible of the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies for British producers and manufacturers, whether located in the colonies or in the United Kingdom."

This is the whole policy of the United Empire Trade League, and expressed in scarcely different terms to those of its own formula.

"The development of trade between all parts of the British Empire upon mutually advantageous terms, and on a preferential basis."

It is perfectly clear that it is quite impossible "to secure as large a share as possible in the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies," unless the colonies are released from treaty engagements to which they

were not parties, prohibiting their giving customs advantages to British goods. This is the sole effect of the clauses to which such ample reference has been made.

On July 30th, 1894, this official declaration was made in the House of Commons by the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after consultation by the Government with the Law Officers of the Crown:

(a) They do "not" prevent differential treatment by the United Kingdom in favor of British colonies.

(b) They do prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favor of the United Kingdom.

(c) They do "not" prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favor of each other.

The Mother Country is therefore the only land under these "unfortunate" engagements, and it is to be hoped that no further time will be lost in obtaining release from them. At the same time it is impossible to ignore the troubled state of European politics at the present time, especially as regards those affairs in the Far and Near East which touch British interests so closely. However anxious Lord Salisbury may be to free English trade from all foreign trammels, he alone is able to gauge the fitness, or even the possibility of the occasion, having regard to matters of even more pressing necessity.



## FORMATION OF A SPHINX.

BY WYNDOM BROWNE.

"YOU require a good shock to develop you, to arouse your dormant faculties, and set in action those forces of your nature that are clogged by your indolent, drowsy temperament."

The speaker, rising from her seat and clasping her hands behind her, strolls meditatively across the room. The action is a masculine one, but not unbecoming to her slender, somewhat frail-looking figure. She turns and walks back, pausing before the large, indolent-looking occupant of an easy chair. With her small head tilted back and her hands clasped loosely in front of her, she looks down at him, her pretty face is 'mocking and mischievous, but wholly sympathetic.

"I know you are capable of great things and could astonish us all with your cleverness if you but chose, which you don't. Why you are such a sleepy, placid spider that if a fly did walk into your little law parlor, you'd never know it! You have been a whole year trying to 'work up' a practice, or as Aunt Fanny says, 'waiting for it to drop into your lap, and beseech you to take notice of it.'

"Well, (melodramatically,) I forsee that you must follow the example of your friend Underwood, and marry an heiress."

There is a glint of amusement in his fine gray eyes. He does not change his attitude, but only answers quietly: "You are the one woman of all the world for me, Irene, and you I will marry."

A slight color diffused her pale face, and as she sinks into a chair she has the air of one who sees the uselessness of battling against fate. Her eye-lids droop heavily, listless depression expresses itself in every curve of her figure, while her slim white fingers intertwine nervously.

"Yes," she says with a little choking laugh, "and we will take up our quarters in Poverty Row, and the study of literature in the shape of duns, and attain agility by dodging our creditors in the street."

He sits upright now, and his face flushes angrily.

"What a little savage you are, Irene. If I had not known and loved you all my life, I would think you heartless. I would not press my suit with you, did I not know that I could give you a happier home than you have now. It may not be so luxurious at first, dear, but you are not one to count luxury the principal ingredient of happiness, I do not know that you have ever told me so, still, I have always thought that you loved me, Irene."

She gazes steadily out of the window. Yes, he is right, she has always loved him. But life has ever turned its seamy side towards her and she has learned to put aside sentiment. She is inured to the querulous irritability of her aunt. How would his temper stand the test of petty economy, and constant self-sacrifice, she asks herself.

Then, in answer comes memory and rolls back the years, and reveals to her a boy and a girl in a sunny garden; she can almost feel the heat of that sultry August afternoon. The girl is seated on a bench over which a gnarled old apple tree throws a loving shade. The boy comes towards her holding out a large pear, which he offers her. The girl refuses to take it, clasping her hands firmly behind her to resist the temptation; the boy persists in offering it to her, and finally drops it into her lap and runs off in pursuit of a striped cat that has been unwary enough to invade the garden. The



girl slowly unclasps her hands, toys with the pear, holds it up and inhales its tempting sweetness, and then, alas for self-denial, eats it. Presently the boy returns, hot and breathless; the girl holds the stem of the pear in her hand, and as his eyes fall upon it he cries out:—"Why, what a pig you are, Irene, you have eaten all my pear!"

She is ashamed of that piggish little girl, and can hear the shrill, aggrieved tones of the boy quite clearly above the deep tones of the man as he questions:

"Will you marry me, Irene?"

She laughs a little tremulously as she answers:

"Oh, yes! When I become an heiress."

He turns sharply and leaves her. And then, when the sound of his footsteps have died away, she slips down on the floor, and burying her face in her hands on the seat of her chair cries bitterly.

\* \* \* \* \*

A boisterous, ruffianly wind comes sweeping around the corner, whistling shrilly, and piling the snow into ridges, and tossing it into the faces of the chance pedestrian who, with head bent and shoulders squared, attempts to round the corner and keep his footing on the slippery pavement.

As she leans against the window frame and looks listlessly out, Irene feels a sort of miserable pleasure in the inclemency of the weather. Inside the room is full of shadows. The fire in the grate throws a flickering light on the stiff, old-fashioned furniture and marvellous red and white roses that bestrew the carpet, whose perfect state of preservation seem out of keeping with their years, and give them an unsocial look. Perhaps it was with a view to saving this furniture (very handsome in its day), that its owner considered herself better than her neighbors, quarreled with her relations, and rigorously closed her doors to all social intercourse.

She sits now with her chair drawn close to the fire, her feet resting on the brass fender. If time has been unable to dull the blackness of her hair or the brightness of her eyes he has fully avenged himself in the seams and furrows with which he has lined her face.

She is a masterly looking woman, and gossip says her late husband found her so to his sorrow; and when she had striven to console his last moments by assuring him that she would speedily follow him to a better country, he had answered, "You need not hurry yourself, Fanny;" and turning his face away with a sigh of relief, departed this life.

Whether it was the very comfortable provision his will made for her worldly needs, or out of regard for his dying request, certain it is that the years rolled by without any sign of speedy dissolution on the part of his widow. She looks up now from the mass of colored silks she is sorting, and surveys the listless figure at the window.

"Idling as usual, Irene. You are just like your father. There is not a drop of Barrington blood in you," she says sharply.

As both of her parents died in her infancy, Irene is unable to judge of the accuracy of this statement. She makes no answer, but reseating herself, takes up the work she had tossed aside upon going to the window.

It is a month since her lover strode wrathfully out of her presence. A long, weary month of self-reproach and uncertainty, with her nerves on tension, listening, listening for his step which never came. Of course he knows that she loves him, and would wait ten years, yea, a lifetime for him, if need be.

She feels that her aunt has read all the pain that this last month has held for her, in her every look and gesture. She drops her work and turns to her now with mute appeal for sympathy. She has a hungry longing for kind

arms to shelter her, for a kind voice to speak consoling words to her. But the face that meets her mute appeal is as expressive of sympathy as a granite boulder. Irene's face whitens and hardens, and she bends low over her embroidery.

The early winter twilight falls, inaugurating the carnival of shadows; they sprawl grotesquely across the snowy highway, and standing in the corners of the room stretch their long arms from side to side.

"Irene!"

"Yes, aunt."

"Draw the blinds, child, and light the gas; then go and see if the post-man has left anything."

The blinds are drawn, the gas burns brightly. The shadows dwarf and dwindle, and sulk in the corners. Irene lays letters and papers on the table beside her aunt, and resumes her embroidery.

Presently the aunt looks up with a contemptuous sniff from the letter she is reading, saying, as she tosses it to Irene, "So he is to marry Miss Ames and her money, is he? The girl is a fool. I wish her joy of her bargain."

Her small, even, brilliantly white teeth click together unpleasantly as she concludes, which is doubtless the fault of the dentist who made them.

Irene picks up the paper and unfolds it mechanically. It is only a formal wedding invitation, the words that compose it are clear and distinct; yet she broods over it, as if it were written in an unknown language. It is so hard to understand how it can be that the prospective bride-groom is the man who, seated where she is now, had said to her, "You are the one woman in all the world for me, Irene, and you I will marry."

She carefully folds the invitation, places it in its envelope, and gathering up her work goes slowly out of the room. Her aunt hears her heavy step upon the stairs, the closing of her room door, smiles grimly and taking

up the evening paper, is soon engrossed in its contents.

A vast majority of human lives are lived in the shadow. The sorrows of one life are but as a drop in an ocean of misery. Why should she note them? Irene may cower in grief and misery in the dark room overhead, but there are many who grieve. The ranks of the mourners are ever full.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following morning dawns, bright, clear and intensely cold. The white sunlight is reflected in millions of dazzling rays from ice-incrusted snowbanks and ice-laden trees. The sidewalks creak and groan beneath the feet, and all sounds strike sharply on the air.

Irene descends to the dining-room to see that the preparations for breakfast are complete. Her movements are characterized by an antagonistic sharpness and decision foreign to her usual, gentle demeanor; her voice seems to partake of the metallic clearness of the morning, which has so little of springtide sweetness.

Despite the brightness of the morning, the room is not cheerful. The long, low-topped, old-fashioned side-board, laden with solid old silver is picturesque; the round claw-footed table a treasure for a connoisseur. But the ruling spirit is evidently a sombre one, or the heavy damask curtains that muffle the French windows would have been long superseded by drapery of a less funereal-like aspect.

Aunt and niece seat themselves at the table in silence. The elder woman studies the face opposite her with sarcastic amusement from behind the coffee urn.

"Irene is a true Barrington after all," she tells herself; "and now that I am to have a sensible woman for a companion, instead of a moon-struck girl, I shall leave her my money. There will be some people surprised when they discover that I did not sink it in an annuity as they sup-

posed," and she laughs a quick short laugh of satisfaction. not sympathetically smiling and expectant, but a little harsh, a little bitter, and of sphinx-like imperturbability. Madam wants no echo to her joys or sorrows, and finding none, is satisfied.

Madam's disconcerted laughter is a luxury in which she does not often indulge, and she casts a suspicious glance across the table ; the face opposite is

# IAN MACLAREN.

God surely set within his vibrant soul  
 Love's tend'rest chords attuned to that great song  
 Which bears the mystic depths of life along,  
 If but our stricken ears could hear it roll,  
 God surely touched his pen that so the whole  
 Of dear humanity might feel the strong  
 Compelling tide of life above all wrong,  
 The secrets of a love that scorned control.  
 Nor ever shall our hearts forbear to leap,  
 For lo ! he builds on Love's foundation deep  
 A higher life for man, and there he rears  
 Fresh thoughts of God while runs our tale of years.  
 Unneeded is my praise ; his fame shall sweep  
 Unfading on a flood of happy tears.

Toronto.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

## WITH A VOLUME OF GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

I would that I could send thee by this mail,  
 Fair lady ! knowing well thy love for books,  
 (And learning but augments thy engaging looks)  
 Some first edition rescued from a sale ;  
 Or Surrey's sonnets ; or some lover's tale,  
 Bound in old calf, and copper plates therein ;  
 Or some romance on vellum thumb'd and thin :  
 How Robin sighed ; how Anna still grew pale.  
 Yet here's a work wrought by a *Goldsmith's* art,  
 (I trust that it will please thee as't has me)  
 And fashioned into cunning symmetry ;  
 The gold he moulded was the human heart ;  
 And he has made those gentle virtues shine  
 In Angelina's breast, which dwell in thine.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.



## JOEY MASON.

BY CONSTANCE M'LEOD.

AS the afternoon sun, shining through the purple haze of late Indian Summer, fell softly on the great marsh of the Tantramar,\* it fell also on the sleeping figure of an old, old man. He lay on a grassy hillock beside the tide river, not far from where it empties into Cumberland Basin. As the warmth of the blazing sun beat down on his head and face, he stirred uneasily from time to time, and finally drew himself into a posture half sitting and half lying and gazed about him in a blinking, unseeing fashion. It was evident that he was drunk, or had been before the sleep had partially sobered him. Finally he came to himself, and sat with bowed head as if thinking, occasionally looking up along and across the marsh and the bay in a wondering way, and then sinking his head on his breast again.

The brilliant sun shining from a cloudless sky glorified everything around except his poor unlovely self. In gentle undulations the marsh stretched away on every side, broken here and there by the canals with their turf dykes, and dotted with the barns for storing the hay crops. Here the ground was gray where the aftermath had been closely cropped, and there in a green spot some cows were contentedly browsing, and in the distance a line of waggons wound along a crooked road. Here, riding above the marsh was Cole's Island "in a nest of green," and there was Aulac with a freight train smoking on a side track at the little station, while farther away along the horizon rose the height of Fort Beau Sejour, famed in history and poetry. Farther to the left along that ridge was Point de Bute, with old Acadian hearth-stones hidden in

its fertile fields and old French apple trees in its tangled woods. But it is safe to say that Joey Mason meditated on none of these things. In his time he had had little enough to do with history and poetry, and a great deal to do with the tough struggles of life, and the foes that dwell within. His mind might well have been filled with thoughts of early hopes now buried deeper than any forgotten hearth-stones, and resolutions more gone to waste than the apple trees on the hills yonder, for the battle of life had been against him.

Joey had been a man of medium stature and ordinary muscle, but now his form was shrunken and bent with age and exposure, so that he seemed small and pitiful-looking in the extreme. A dingy, tangled, white beard covered his cheeks and chin, and on his upper lip was the stubble of two week's growth. Through the holes of his battered felt hat protruded locks of grizzly hair. His clothes were worn beyond description. So ragged and tattered were they, that they scarcely covered him, and as he sat there he was the picture of absolute misery.

Looking up presently, he saw a head cautiously lifted from a bank not far away and near the end of the railroad bridge, and then rather less cautiously ducked behind the bank again. While he stared at the place where it had disappeared, so dull that he scarcely knew that he had seen it, the face appeared again. After scrutinizing Joey for some seconds, the owner of the face clambered over the bank and sat down beside him.

"Haven't got a match, have you?" asked the stranger, drawing out a short clay pipe.

\*In the Province of New Brunswick.

As Joey mechanically felt about in his ragged pockets, he turned and looked inquiringly at the stranger. He was a large man, rather well dressed, and as Joey's eyes travelled blinkingly up to the stranger's head, he took off his hat to shield the feeble flame in lighting his pipe. Joey saw that his head was shaven, and with a start recognized the fact that this must be an escaped convict from the penitentiary in Dorchester ten miles away.

The stranger saw the start, and answered it with a nod as he said, "I made sure you would be a safe one before I came out. Perhaps we are in something of the same box. Thanks; so long!"

The convict swung himself up and was away over the railroad bridge on his way to safety, while Joey stared after him with an air of injured dignity that would have been amusing had it not been so pathetic. A convict claim equality with him! His back unconsciously straightened with indignation at the thought. Poor Joey! He had been the despair of the W.C. T.U., and the warning in stock for the Bands of Hope for years, but he had never fully realized his condition. In his estimate of himself, he dwelt largely on his good points, and carefully suppressed all mention of his failings. Consequently, as his wits grew duller from the effects of drink, his pride grew greater. His pompous and precise way of speaking always amused his benefactors, and if they could have seen the pride within, they would have been astonished. That pride was touched now. The chance words of the convict had given him a shock that sobered him most effectually and set his mind to work in such candid self-examination as all the homilies of his friends had never set up.

He saw himself as he had been in his youth, the Doctor's trusted servant and right hand man. How often on a day like this he had driven the

Doctor away over the marsh or up through the woods to Dochester, enjoying to the full the fresh bracing air and the management of the high-spirited horse. Unconsciously his eye brightened and his chest expanded. What a fine fellow he had been and no mistake! Janet anyway, thought him the finest fellow in the parish. And Janet herself, who was ever like her? She was only the housemaid at the Senator's, but no lady could be prettier or brighter or sweeter mannered. Half the young men in the parish would have given the world and all for her favor, but she would have no one but Joey. The butcher's young man was in a bad way for love of her, but in spite of his smart airs, it was no use. How well Joey remembered it as if it had been but yesterday. The butcher's young man was now one of the great men of the county, the retired cattle exporter, and his son a bank president away in the States. Joey had met his old rival as he had stumbled hither yesterday.

Joey dwelt on his courtship and on the voyage on the *Mary B.*, where pay was better than in the quiet village. He could see Janet now, with her apron and shawl flying in the wind, as she stood on the knoll above the landing to wave him a farewell as the *Mary B.* weighed anchor and set sail out into the rolling red water of the Bay of Fundy. Then there was the last return and the marriage, and the tidy little home, and then one after another the three little ones. From the time of his first voyage the drink habit had been gaining on him till it destroyed the happiness of their home. Joey did not care to dwell on that part. After a while came Janet's death from hard work and a broken heart. Then there had been less to restrain him, and it had been down, down all the way. When his sons were grown they sailed away for the West Indies on the same ship, the year of the Saxby gale, and never came home again. Then the daughter who

had tried to care for him had died, and her husband had gone to the States. Then, in his loneliness, he had drank harder than ever. Now here he was, a poor, miserable sot, with only his old summer rags in which to face the winter. Only last Saturday the Lady Bountiful of the village had given him a whole suit of clothes, and had got him to promise to give up drinking, telling him it was never too late to mend.

Joey had made the promise in all honesty, but the old habit had been too strong for him. Now, as he looked down at his old broken shoes, those words came back to him with a strange persistence, "Never too late to mend." As he pondered on his poor, misspent life and the misery of his condition, he began to wonder if, after all, he could not bring back something of his old self. He looked helplessly about and out on to the bay, fast filling with the incoming tide. He thought of the old doctor's son at the Cape, who would, he knew, give him work and a home as long as he could keep sober. Just then he saw, beyond where he sat, a tiny mushroom button pushing up among the grass, and the sight brought the light of a new resolve into his dim eyes. He rose unsteadily, but gradually overcoming the stiffness of his joints, he marched off with something of resoluteness in his step, muttering to himself, "Never too late to mend."

After borrowing a basket he retraced his steps to the marsh, and with almost a look of brightness in his face, he tramped about gathering those edible mushrooms, which even till late in the fall flourish on the fertile soil of the marshes. When his basket was full, he took them to one who had often been a customer when Joey was sober enough to gather the mushrooms. He explained that he was going to give up drinking, and use the money to go to the Cape in the morning to the doctor's son, who would give him a home for the winter. The good wo-

man sighed with distrust, but gave him a generous price and from the kindness of her heart added a comfortable overcoat.

By this time the bright afternoon sun had set in clouds, and one of those high winds so frequent in this part of the country had risen with the turning of the tide, and the damp sweeping up from the marsh chilled to the marrow. As darkness settled, the scattering snowflakes of the first storm of the season fell on to the stiffening ground. Joey had forgotten that he had eaten nothing that day, but as he returned the borrowed basket, and went on past the place where he was accustomed to get his drink, a terrible sinking came over him, and an impulse almost too strong to be resisted, urged him towards the door. He stoutly resisted for the first time for years, and shaking his poor head feebly, as if in answer to an actual person, he muttered, "No, no! I have given all that up. 'It is never too late to mend, you know.'"

He tottered on into the night and fast rising storm, still shaking his head and occasionally repeating, "Never too late to mend." He stumbled once or twice and recovered himself, but finally a great weakness and a lightness in the head came over him, and the falling snowflakes bewildered and blinded him, and poor Joey fell and did not rise again. The benumbing cold lulled him to a quiet sleep, in which an angel of mercy seemed to whisper to him of the years of usefulness he vainly dreamed were before him yet. There in the path he was found in the early morning, quite dead, and before night-fall again he was laid in a pauper's grave.

As the people saw the solitary hearse go by, their remarks were as various as their characters, and only the wisest among them blamed themselves that such things could happen in a land in which they had a voice in the governing.



# GASTLE ST. LOUIS.\* UNDER THE ROSES.

PART II. ; 1759-1834.

BY J. M. LE MOINE, F.R.S.C.

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope, down  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high  
Mine own romantic town."

SCOTT'S MARMION.

THE Castle and Fort St. Louis under England's domination has had its sunshine and its shadows; its dark as well as its bright, radiant

more than once social pageants and many festive displays.

Facing the site of the fort, long since vanished, a few yards to the west, lies the well-known area, *La Grande Place du Fort* (since 1862, the Ring), mantled in foliage and trees, planted when Mayor Thomas Pope held out at the City Hall. Our warlike ances-



HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

Built in 1892 on the site of Castle St. Louis, Quebec.

memories; its anxious hours of seige and alarm—nay, even of blockade, followed by the welcome roar of artillery, proclaiming British victories;

tors knew it as the *Place d'Armes*. In days by gone, have met, not for military drill, but for annual roll-call, on St. Peter and St. Paul's Day, June the 29th, the city militia—an important—though a very pacific body. It continued for years, until dropped about 1850.

Hark! to the rousing cheer of the

\*For the use of several incidents relating to Chateau Saint Louis, especially for the period of French occupation, full acknowledgment is due to Mr. Ernest Gagnon's volume, *Le Fort et le Chateau St. Louis*, 376 pages. For further particulars vide *Quebec Past and Present*, p. 463; and *Picturesque Quebec*, pp. 60, 70, 68, 72-76, 92, 118, 463.

British soldiery, as they plant on the Grande Parade, facing the historic Chateau, on the 18th of September, 1759, the day of the capitulation of Quebec, the solitary gun, drawn from the Heights of Abraham through St. Louis gate. Captain John Knox, of the 43rd. Regt., tell us how his brave commander hoisted the English flag, after taking possession of the keys of Quebec from de Ramsay, its late governor. He says: "the three companies of Louisbourg Grenadiers and some light infantry, under the command of Lt.-Col. Murray, preceded by fifty men of the Royal Artillery and one gun, with lighted match, and with the British colors hoisted on its carriage, the Union flag being displayed on the citadel. Captain Paliser, with a large body of seamen and inferior officers, at the same time took possession of the lower town, and hoisted colors on the summit of the declivity (Mountain Hill) leading from the high to the low town." (Knox's Journal.)

But the lordly castle of other days, riddled by the shot and shell of the English fleet, tenantless, uninhabitable, was not thoroughly repaired until 1764-5, when General James Murray, first Governor of Quebec, had his Royal Commission read on the adjoining square, prior to his taking possession of the Castle as his official residence. A decade later, and the occupant (Sir) Guy Carleton, so appropriately named the "saviour of Quebec," might notice, from the Chateau windows, the arrival on the Levis shore, on the 5th November, 1775, of Benedict Arnold's hungry and worn-out continentals, eager to cross the St. Lawrence, and land at Wolfe's cove above. But a wise precaution had induced Lt.-Governor Cramahe to remove to the Quebec side the Levis canoes and water conveyances before the arrival of the invading host. The wave of invasion, triumphant at Montreal, Sorel, Chambly, Three Rivers, St. John and elsewhere, was hurled back

by the granite rock of Quebec. On the 31st December, 1775, at 9 a.m., the intrepid chieftain, Guy Carleton, could from his parlor windows look down triumphantly, but not scornfully, on the New England soldiery, escorted to the Grande Parade—426 rank and file—marched up prisoners of war, from the Sault-au-Matelot assault, to await, crest-fallen, the orders of His Excellency before being detailed to their respective prisons.\*

Might one not unreasonably infer, from the official etiquette that has ever prevailed among naval commanders frequenting our port, that the youthful captain of the sloop of war Albemarle, Horatio Nelson, present here in 1782, paid his *devoirs* at the Castle, to the distinguished Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand, and partook of the hospitalities usually shown to visitors of distinction? At his romantic time of life did Nelson, like many subsequent lovers, indulge in a sentimental promenade on the famed Castle terrace? Did he ever, at the witching hour when the citadel evening-gun calls to barrack military beaux, meet there the adorable Mary Simpson, the girl for whose sake he was, he said, ready to quit the service? Southey, as well as Lamartine, in their biographies of the hero of Trafalgar, state that violence had to be used to tear the smitten Horatio from his Quebec charmer. Miss Simpson, after marrying Major Matthews, Secretary to the Governor, removed to London with her husband who became Governor of Chelsea Hospital. In one of her letters she mentions attending the funeral of Lord Nelson, her first love, whom she had not forgotten. She died in England in 1830 at an advanced age. Is not this a pleasant little episode of Quebec history?

A titled visitor of no ordinary rank entered the portals of the Castle in 1787, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, subsequently William IV., King of England. He was then a royster-

\*See old Quebec Gazette, 16th Aug., 1765.



DUFFERIN TERRACE IN WINTER.

Drawn for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

ing middy on board H. M. frigate *Pegasus*, anchored in the port below the Chateau. A grand ball was given there in his honor by Lord and Lady Dorchester. Mr. De Gaspe, the author of the *Canadians of Old*, has a spicy account of the merry entertainment. Instead of inviting to dance the demure ladies of rank officially presented to him, the sailor-prince picked out indiscriminately the youngest and prettiest girls as his partners, and had a very good time. Like other princes that followed, he had eyes for more than the scenic beauties of Quebec. The *Croniques des salons* recall a boyish lark of his in Champlain's fortress. The Royal middy, in one of his peregrinations, was struck

with the uncommon beauty of a young girl in the humbler walks of life. Determined to find out who she might be, he followed her to her home. But alas! the stern parent, advised of the Duke's marked attentions to his youthful daughter, rushed out in the street after him, and laid his horsewhip vigorously on his royal shoulders, the Prince ejaculating in vain, "*Ne frappez*

*pas! Ne frappez pas! Je suis le fils du roi.*" No mention, however, is made of the escapade in the Court Journal.

Occasionally, the castle opened its doors to rather unexpected, but not the less welcome visitors. On the 13th March, 1789, His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, had the satisfaction of entertaining a stalwart woodman and expert hunter, Major Fitzgerald, of the 54th Regiment, then stationed at St. John, New Brunswick, the son of a dear old friend, Lady Emilia Mary, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This chivalrous woodman was no less than the dauntless Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, the true but misguided



CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS IN 1834.

Reproduced from an Old Print.



patriot who closed his promising career in such a melancholy manner in a prison during the Irish rebellion of 1798. Lord Edward had walked upon snow-shoes through the trackless forest from New Brunswick to Quebec, a distance of 175 miles, in thirty days, accompanied by a brother officer, Mr. Brisbane, a servant and two "woodmen." This feat of endurance is pleasantly described by himself in his correspondence.

Tom Moore, in his biography of this generous, warm-hearted son of Erin, among other dutiful epistles addressed by Lord Edward to his mother, has preserved the one telling of this overland trip.

Four years after the visit of the Duke of Clarence, on the 11th August, 1791, there arrived at Quebec George III's fourth son, Edward Duke of Kent, his brother Col. of the 7th Royal Fusileers. The frigates *Ulysses* and *Resistance*, had brought from Gibraltar this fine regiment, which the Duke commanded during his stay in the city, 1791-94. On the 12th August, there was held in his honor, at the Chateau St. Louis, a grand levee, whereat attended the authorities, civil, military and clerical, together with the gentry. In the afternoon "the ladies were presented to Prince in the chateau." Who, then, attended the levee? Did the Prince dance? Who were his partners? There is no register of names; no list of Royal Edward's partners, such as we have of the Prince of Wales, his grandson, visiting Quebec in 1860—merely an entry of the signers of the address, in the Quebec *Gazette* of the 18th August, 1791. Can we not then re-people the little world of Quebec of 1791, and bring back some of the chief actors of those stormy, political, but frolicsome times? Let us walk in with the "nobility and gentry" and make our best bow to the scion of royalty. There, in full uniform, you will recognize His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, one of our most popular

administrators. Next to him, that tall, athletic military man, is the Deputy Governor-General, Sir Alured Clark. He is now in close conversation with Chief-Justice William Smith; around there is a bevy of Judges, Legislative Councillors, Members of Parliament, all done up to kill, *a l'ancienne mode* by Monsieur Jean Laforme, court hairdresser, with jabots, powdered periwigs and formidable pigtails.

Here are Judge Adam Mabane, Secretary Pownell; Honorables, Messrs. Finlay, Dunn, Harrison, Holland, Collins, Caldwell, Fraser, Lymburner; Messrs. Lester, Young, and William Smith, Jr. Mingled with them you also recognize the bearers of old historic names, Messrs. Joseph de Langeueil, Baby, DeBonne, Duchesnay, Duniere, Gueroult, de Lotbiniere, Roc de St. Ours, Damburges, de Rocheblave, de Rouville, de Boucherville, Lecompte Dupres, Taschereau, de Tonnancour, Panet, de Salaberry, and a host of others. Were these gentlemen all present? Probably not all. They however, were likely to be. The *convenances* required their presence.

A volume would not suffice to detail the brilliant receptions and state balls given at the castle during Lord Dorchester's administration—the lively discussions, the formal protests originating out of points of precedence, burning *questions de jupons* between the touchy magnates of the old and those of the new *regime*; whether La Baronne de St. Laurent\* would be admitted at the Chateau or not; whether a de Longueuil or a de Lotbiniere's place was on the right of Lady Maria, the charming consort of His Excellency Lord Dorchester, a daughter of the great English Earl of Effingham; whether dancing ought to cease when their Lordships the Bishops entered and made their bow to the representative of royalty. Unfortunately, Quebec had then no Court Journal, so that the generations following can have but

\* This fascinating French lady had come with him from Gibraltar.

faint ideas of all the witchery, the stunning head-dresses, the *décolletés*, and high-waisted robes of their stately grandmothers, whirled around in the giddy waltz by whiskered, epauletted cavaliers, or else courtesying in the demure *menuet de la cour*.

We are now nearing the stormy era of "Little King Craig." Troublous times are looming out portentously for the earnest, hospitable, but stern Laird of the Castle, Sir James Henry Craig. The lightning cloud, however, will burst over his successor, Sir George Prevost. As oft before, the trumpet of Bellona has sounded; this time at Washington, on the 18th June, 1812. "Prepare for the Invader," is repeated with bated breath in the streets of Quebec. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," would have been the reply of warlike, fighting Sir James H. Craig, had he been at the Chateau when hostilities broke out from beyond the border. Soon tokens of battle of a foreign pattern will stud the approach to the castle.

"Five cannon taken at Detroit, are now lying in the Chateau court," says the *Quebec Mercury*, of 27th October, 1813, whilst the prisoners taken at Detroit, brought down to Quebec, await embarkation for Boston, for purposes of exchange. Quebec was martial with United States uniforms—American prisoners—the Yankee Generals Winder, Chandler, and Winchester; Col. Winfield Scott, later on General Winfield Scott, who culled laurels in the Mexican War, and so many other officers and privates, that the Governor of Canada scarcely knew how to dispose of them.

"The result of the American defeat at Queenston," says the historian, Robert Christie, "had been important. One general officer (Wadsworth), two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, a multitude of captains and subalterns, with nine hundred men, one field-piece, and a stand of colors, were the fruits of the victory, the enemy having lost in killed, wounded, missing and prison-

ers, upwards of fifteen hundred men.'

Sir George Prevost may possibly have, from the terrace of his Chateau, been watching the embarkation of the invaders on board of the transports anchored in the harbor below, after having witnessed in the September previous their arrival as prisoners at the Union Hotel, facing the castle.

We find in the *Quebec Mercury* of 15th September, 1812, the following item:—"On Friday, arrived here the detained prisoners taken with General Hull at Detroit. The non-commissioned officers and privates immediately embarked on board of transports in the harbor, which are to serve as their prisons. The commissioned officers were liberated on their *parole*. They passed Saturday morning at the Union Hotel, where they were the gazing-stock of the multitude, whilst they, no way abashed, presented a bold front to the public stare and puffed the smoke of their cigars into the faces of such as approached too near. About two o'clock they set off in a stage with four horses for Charlesbourg, the destined place of their residence."

What changes the wheel of time does bring round! Eighty-three years after that date, Hough's "stage and four horses" might occasionally be met on the same road, conveying a jolly squad of United States tourists, mayhap some of the grandsons of the Invaders of 1812, not to Charlesbourg as a forced "place of residence," but to the romantic ruins of Chateau Bigot, all bent on having a good time.

Did the chieftain of St. Louis Castle locate those prisoners at Charlesbourg proper or in that other adjoining locality, Beauport, in Judge De Bonne's former stately old mansion, on which the eastern and detached wing of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum now stands. Tradition has ever pointed to the latter building. They had not been under restraint much more than a week when, by the following advertisement in the *Quebec Mercury*, dated 29th September, 1812,

we find the British authorities attending to their comforts with a truly maternal foresight:

"COMMISSARY GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
QUEBEC, 28th Sept., 1812.

"Wanted, for the American prisoners of war, comfortable, warm clothing, consisting of the following articles:

Jackets,  
Shirts,  
Drawers,

Moccasins or Shoes,  
Also 2,000 pounds of Soap."

From this it is clear John Bull intended his American cousins should not only be kept warm, but suitably scrubbed as well. Two thousand pounds of soap foreshadowed a fabulous amount of scrubbing.

Col. Scott remained in Canada from the date of his surrender, 23rd October, 1812, to the period of his departure from Quebec, say May 1813. But he was on *parole* the whole time.

Benson J. Lossing relates a creditable anecdote concerning the majestic and humane Colonel, later on christened by his country "Old Fuss and Feathers" on account of his love of dress and display on his imposing person. It mentions Col. Scott as interceding with the British authorities to secure better treatment for some of the Irishmen taken prisoners who were supposed to have violated their allegiance as former British subjects, and his succeeding in his humane mission.

Tradition points out, as the residence of the American officers, *paroled* later on in Quebec, the dwelling in St. Louis street formerly occupied by Wm. Smith the historian, and since enlarged and fitted out for the Union Club.

More than once, as it has been previously stated, the grand old chateau wore a funereal aspect. Mr. Ernest Gagnon, in his interesting sketch of the Chateau Saint Louis, quotes a striking passage from *Vie de Madame C. E. Casgrain*, the mother of Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the historian. This lady, in relating one of her first visits to the castle, on 4th Sept., 1819, tells

of the silent groups of city visitors, attracted to view for the last time, the inanimate remains of its late occupant, Charles G. Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, Governor-General of Canada, an old Waterloo man. The Duke had fallen a victim to hydrophobia, contracted from the bite of a tame fox, which he had thoughtlessly petted on the market-place in Sorel, before joining a hunting party. Madame Casgrain vividly portrayed the harrowing scene preceding his death on the Upper Ottawa; how the first attack of the dire malady on the brave Governor, was noticed in the woods, when he was induced to return to Quebec; how on his nearing the stream, his horror of water was such that he frantically ran into the woods where, in his frenzy, he was heard repeating to himself, "Charles Lennox, die like a man! Shall it be said that a Richmond was afraid to meet death? No, never!" After struggling very hard, he was overpowered and secured by his attendants, taken to the boat and tied down. The noise of the waves brought on another furious attack. Death closed the tragedy, at Richmond, long before he reached the castle. A tablet marks his grave, in the Anglican cathedral, at Quebec.\*

On the 15th March, 1824, the *elite*

\* Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, notices in 1819, a curious appliance of the Duke's for convivial purposes at the castle. "Among the curiosities of the place, is a famous round table with a circular place cut in the middle. This, it seems, is occupied by the host when he drinks wine with his friends who are arranged around him. That there may be no impediment to conviviality, not even the usual trouble of circulating the bottle, there is an ingenious machine of brass, shaped a little like a sextant, which can, at pleasure, be attached to the table, or removed; the centre embraces a pivot, on which it moves, and the periphery of the circle, sustains the bottle; the machine revolves in the plane of a horizontal circle; in other words, on the circular table; this is effected merely by touching a spring. The contrivance is certainly as important as it is original."—*Silliman's Tour from Hartford to Quebec, in the autumn of 1819, p. 292.* There is no record of this ingenious machine of the Duke's, having been patented, no doubt very useful, and as the Professor remarks, important "and calculated to save trouble, should the genial nobleman ever have 'twelve-bottle men' dining at the Chateau!"



of Quebec met at the Chateau to found the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec. On the 5th Sept. of the next year, the great Duke of Saxe-Weimer, attended by a guard of honor paid a visit to Sir Ralph Burton, Lt.-Governor at the Chateau, in the absence of Lord Dalhousie, and was saluted on his departure, by 21 guns.

\* \* \* \* \*

In bringing to a close this brief sketch, may we not recall how many representatives of royalty, under French and under English rule, Viceroy, proud Dukes, distinguished Earls, martial Counts and Barons, occasionally held there their court, in quasi-regal style, in order to keep up the prestige of France's *Grand Monarque* (Louis XIV.) and thereby im-

press, the surrounding Indian tribes with his might; or as worthy representatives of the British crown in the new world: Champlain, de Montmagny, Dailleboust, Lauzon, D'Argenson, de Mézy, de Courcelles, stern old Count de Frontenac, La Barre, Callières, de Vaudreuil, de Ramsay, de Longueuil, de Beauharnois, de la Galissonnière, de la Jonquière, Duquesne; General Murray, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir F. Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir James H. Craig, Sir George Prevost, Sir James Kempt, Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, Earl Dalhousie, Lord Aylmer?

SPENCER GRANGE,  
Quebec.



ARMS OF FRANCE, UNDER HENRY III.

## OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR READING.

BY MADGE MERTON AND THE EDITOR.

### Part I.—A BOY'S READING.

PARENTS in this Canada of ours, have little too concern in what their children read. It is in the training of the children that the hope of our country lies. If children's minds are kept pure in the early stages of their growth, fewer preventative laws will be needed for adults. And yet only a small percentage of the fathers and the mothers recognize their duty in this particular.

The Plaistow matricide case is still fresh in the minds of the people and illustrates the demoralizing tendency of the sensational literature with which our boys may easily supply themselves. No motive for the cold-blooded murder of their mother by Robert Coombes and his brother, other than that produced in the minds of the wretched boys by the pile of cheap romances and blood-thirsty tales which was found in the house at Plaistow, has been given.

Less than a month ago, four youths wrecked a New York Central train. The engineer was killed, and a number of other employees were seriously injured. The boys' intentions, as declared by themselves, was to get plunder; and in order to accomplish their purpose, they had resolved to kill all the passengers who resisted. And these boys were yet in their teens! As in the Plaistow case, a quantity of "penny dreadfuls" was found in the possession of one of the youths.

Canada and the United States are flooded to-day with a class of literature which is sense-destroying and soul-damning. The wisdom of the Canadian Government prevents the distribution of certain literature which

would, in their opinion, have an evil effect on fully-formed minds of men and women, but the plastic mind of the youth has no guardian in law, and is subject to all the influences which are exerted by this evil literature. It is senseless to keep cutting off the top branches of the trees you desire to kill. It is equally foolish to try to keep grown-up people from desiring doubtful literature, if the youths and maids are, in their habit and thought-forming period, to be allowed to revel in tales of bloodshed or licentiousness.

Searching for advice on this subject, I turned to Edward W. Bok's recent book for young men, entitled "Successward," and I carefully scanned all its pages for some advice as to "reading." To my utter disappointment,—would it be ungentlemanly to say "disgust"?—I found not a word of advice or warning. Cards, wine, tobacco and dissolute society, bad hours and bad habits are all treated of, but not a word as to the proper food for the mind.

How many men can look back over their own lives and see, with a shudder, the time and energy they wasted on the "penny dreadful"! They have not yet forgotten the numbers of these wild tales they read on the sly in the unguarded hours of their youthful pastime; and, perhaps, they will remember how careless father and mother were in regard to the books their boys perused. The kindly interest and delicate control was not present to prevent the sowing of the tares or the whirlwind. No warning hand pointed out, in a friendly way, the dangers of this exciting pathway; no directing finger directed the latent ambition to better spheres and more profitable employment. They were

allowed to wallow in the reeking filth of a criminal and blasphemous literature, to engender a taste for that which satisfied not, for an opiate which lulled the senses only to destroy them. A proper appreciation for the real, the natural and the simple was destroyed by a constant vision of of the unreal, the unnatural, and the complex and imaginary sets of circumstances.

Parents should provide their boys with literature suitable to their ages and dispositions, so grading their reading that they will desire better books as the years are added. This literature is plentiful and inexpensive. In almost any town, the boy who desires books may get them from the Sunday School libraries or the Mechanics' Institutes. The trouble with the Sunday School libraries is that those who buy the books for them, are unable to distinguish between good fiction and bad and hence taboo a great deal of the best of the world's literature, by condemning all fiction except the story of the boy who got converted and went as a missionary to the Fiji Islands. The fault of the Mechanics' Institutes and Public Libraries is that too often they are not free. They should be supported by a general tax on the community, so that the poor man's son may have an abundance of wholesome mind food.

Outside of these two means of getting books there is another—too little used—and that is, buying them. Think of all the reading there is for a boy between twelve and eighteen years of age, in the *Boy's Own Annual*, for two dollars, and then there are the cheap editions of Scott, Dickens, O'Malley, Kingston, Ballantyne and all the rest of them.

But let me speak particularly of Henty's books, for I have read many of them. Where can a boy get a better idea of Harold and the battle of Hastings, of the differences between the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans, than in "Wulf the Saxon?" Then

think of such titles as "When London Burned," "Beric, the Briton," "Through the Sikh War," "With Wolfe in Canada," "The Dash for Khartoum," "With Lee in Virginia," "St. Bartholomew's Eve," "With Clive in India," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "The Lion of the North (Gustavus Adolphus)," and his latest books,\* "A Knight of the White Cross," being a tale of the siege of Rhodes by the Order of the Knights of St. John in the time of the Crusades, "The Tiger of Mysore" and "Through Russian Snows." What delightful tales these are, and what a taste for history they engender!

There are other recent books, which may be mentioned. "Hallowe'en Ahoy!" by Hugh St. Leger,† is a splendid tale of sea-faring life, with much information about ship handling. "Under the Black Eagle," by Andrew Hilliard, is an illustrated Russian story. "The Secret of the Australian Desert," by Earnest Favenac, gives a graphic description of the early days of the white settlers in that Anglicized colony. Other new books worthy of mention are, "At War with Pontiac," by Kirk Munro; "For Life and Liberty" and "The Cruise of the Rover Caravan," (not a sea tale), by Gordon Stables; "The King's Recruits," by Sarah M. S. Clarke; "A Gentleman of France," "The House of the Wolfe," and "The Story of Francis Cludde," by Stanley J. Weyman; "Fergus McTavish," "The Wilds of the West Coast" and "Up Among the Ice Floes," by J. Macdonald Oxley, of Montreal.

Among the older books are, "Tom Brown's School Days," "Gulliver's Travels," "Captain Cook's Travels," some of R. M. Ballantyne's tales of North America, such as "Ungava," "The Dog Crusoe" and "The Young Fur Traders," some of W. H. G. Kingston's sea tales, such as "Old Jack," "In the Eastern Seas," and "Saved from the Sea."

\*Henty's Books can be procured from The Copp, Clark Co. or William Briggs, Toronto.

†London, Blackie & Son; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.



A class of books suitable for older boys, is the "English Men of Action" series, including descriptive biographies of Wolfe, Gordon, Havelock, Livingston, etc.

There are numerous elementary books on science which will teach a boy to think as well as interest him. The books of the Rev. J. G. Wood are invaluable. "Petland" tells about all kinds of animals that boys love. "Strange Dwellings" describes the habitations of animals. "Out of Doors" is a volume of practical natural history. Richard Kerr's "Hidden Beauties of Nature" tells many tales of the deep sea inhabitants. Lewis Wright's "Popular Handbook to the Microscope" is very instructive. In elementary astronomy the best book I know is "Consider the Heavens," by William Steadman Aldis.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House have issued some charming Canadian books for boys. "Forest, Lake and Prairie" is well illustrated, and gives a good view of Western life, but is not of a high grade in literary style. E. R. Young's books are better. They are entitled "By Canoe and Dog Train Among the Cree and Saulteaux Indians" and "Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-Fires." Among others are "A Veteran of 1812," and "Lion, the Mastiff" by A. G. Savigny.

When this article was written up to this point, I came across an article in *Book News*, by Edward E. Hale, D. D., entitled "Books for Boys," and I find that he recommends as being best suitable for a boy's reading, books of travel which have adventure in them. He recommends Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Arabian Nights, Grimm's Fairy Tales, and a few others of the standard imaginative works. "Try Parkman's histories," he says, and every Canadian should take the advice to heart. Get your boy to read Parkman's books through—every library has them—and he will have placed a solid foundation for

a study of the history both of his own and other lands. Dr. Hale recommends Scott, Cooper (these are especially good for Canadian boys, but they must be read under guidance), Dickens—not Marryat—Weyman and Stevenson; and Thackeray and the Kingsleys when he is old enough. For poetry he seems to like *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*. For Canadian boys I would suggest that volume compiled by the Hon. G. W. Ross entitled "Patriotic Recitations;"\* and, by all means, a Tennyson. If his parents were Scotch, he will be sure to get Burns.

When I was a boy, I read "St. Elmo" to my mother, and I have never forgotten it. What a boy learns by heart or reads aloud remain with him all through life. Read what Dr. Hale says on the mother's influence:—

"I have seen a fine boy of seven sitting at his mother's feet and reading Shakespeare with rapt enthusiasm; and I have known other boys, who seemed as quick and as intelligent, who could not be made to read Shakespeare before they were fifteen or sixteen years of age. It may be observed in passing that no woman can better occupy herself than in reading aloud to her boys, before they are old enough to read with pleasure themselves. I knew a spirited woman who read fifteen of the best of Scott's novels aloud six times, as six different boys came to the age of enjoyment. And I rather think that those young fellows, as they grew into life, always looked back on the evening with Scott as an evening of special pleasure."

On this point Mrs. Burton Harrison says:—

"In nothing is the mother's sphere of influence over her boy at home more clearly defined than in aiding his choice of reading. The boy born with a love of books is the possessor of a little kingdom of his own, secure and blessed. Nothing can dispossess him; he is never dissatisfied; no hunger or thirst of spirit but can be appeased. To wander in this realm of his, hand-in-hand with her son, is a privilege his mother should recognize and use to its utmost limit. If it be her ill-fortune to find in her child a lack of interest in reading for himself, a great deal may be done to inoculate the youngster with interest, which is the harbinger of pur-

\*Published by Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto.

suit, by reading aloud to him. I have seen a heedless boy hushed, then captivated, by the heroic passages from Shakespeare and Scott (authors he had persistently avoided for himself) thus administered, and afterward rather shamefacedly go back to pore over their pages at every opportunity of leisure."

In conclusion, let me say, that on a boy's books and papers depends, to a very great extent, the course of his life. Parents who do not recognize this, and fail to direct and control their boys' reading are committing a crime against the society of which they form a part, and a sin against themselves. If they can afford to buy the books for the boys they should do so, and let every youth have the nucleus of his own library. If they cannot do this they should see that their sons have entrance to the best libraries in the neighborhood, and to the best books in those libraries. Allowing a boy to associate with "penny dreadfuls" is like allowing him to make companions of criminals and lepers. The idle moments of a boy's life are his weak points, and unless they are jealously guarded the poisoned arrow of vice may enter and unman him.

THE EDITOR.

## Part II.—A GIRL'S READING.

The time to form a girl's taste for reading is before she begins to read. Her mother, her father, her home environment, her baby outlook on life will have set her feet in one or another direction before she can spell the words or hold the book. The reading time will confirm or change her trend of likes or dislikes, build up or raze her character blocks, but the books are not at the root of the matter. With many children it is not so much a keeping away of bad books, as the providing of good ones that is needed.

But there are more kinds of books than simply good and bad ones. There are profitable ones—those which teach

something or inspire the reader to learn something. It may be they teach of pudding-making, or keeping guards on temper, giving up something nice, living down some sorrow—books that strengthen, that show life as it is—the littleness of its vanity, the unequalled grandeur of its unselfish strength—books that honor old age and venerate childhood, that unlock the mysteries of nature, and point to the Divine through them all.

There are books which are simply silly, dealing with the foam of life, teaching nothing, yet not morally bad. They advance no thought. The mind stagnates during their perusal. They only avail to waste time.

Then there are books that give forth from every page the miasma of the soul that produced them. They hurt and poison every eye that peruses them. It is no excuse to read them because others read them, or because they are the fashion of the hour. They will blister through their influence long after their wretched names have been forgotten. They idealize the evil in human nature, glossing it carefully with a veil of spurious virtue. Such books are written by people of warped sensibilities for people of warped sensibilities. If the authors' readers were of their own kind alone it would be only the stirring of a foul pool to feed an already foul stream. But one of the evils of to-day is that most people think they must read every new book that falls from the press—that their little world stands waiting and burning for their opinions. There is something to be said for the reading of old books. They must be out of common to live. Time sifts them in a way, though the sieve is a coarse one.

Nowadays we hear of crimson sunflowers, or navy blue flags, or some such outlandish combination of nouns and adjectives. We used to hear of "fates" and "secrets," varieties of "marriages" and "sins." Now, we read of flowers new to botanists, and

women, new or old, women who did or didn't, or were in the way.

There is a great deal too much sentimental prudery about holy things, between mothers and daughters, but there is an unblushing familiarity with unholy things that is pitiful. Mothers are to blame if daughters give their confidences to others, but the deplorable lack of interest is accentuated by frivolous or prurient books.

Even among helpful books many girls read too many of one kind—all romance, all history, all science, all biography, or all philosophy. If they would have well-balanced brains, the mental diet must be varied. What is the happiness in possessing a slab brain or a slab character—rounded on one side alone. It may be an interesting monstrosity to the world at large, but infinitely uncomfortable to live with.

It is hurtful to keep up a pretence of reading everything. One need not be expected to wallow in the lake to get a drink. Reading to be able to say "I have read," is responsible for many an unattentive eye, skimming over half-conned pages.

Assimilation of thought and inspiration for thinking are the true objects of serious reading. It is vain to pretend to remember everything, or to distend the mind with disconnected, indigestible lumps of knowledge.

And humor—blessed be pure humor! The rest and benefit of a hearty laugh have counteracted the ills of life, times out of number. The deftness of intellect which comes from the quick appreciation of comical situations and witty sayings, is not to be despised by even the most ponderous brains. The man of melancholy has it not, and he has missed a good having.

The true use of reading is to build character. There are, let us be thankful, no male and female ethical quali-

ties. What is right for a woman is right for a man, and a girl should read the same books her brother should read. In so-called "books for boys," courage is extolled, physical endurance is lauded, and a true deference and a proper reward go to the one in the right. In most of the books for girls, there are too many dolls and too much tears. The girls would be the better for imbibing the courage and endurance of their brother's books, with even the Indians thrown in. Men have written for their boys out of their own experiences as both boys and boys' fathers. Most mothers have been too busy to write for their girls, and there have been unreasonable books idealizing little prigs of children who never could have existed.

In the Pansy books there is such an unreal glamor of goodness, that it either proves oppressive, or tends to make the believer in it very dissatisfied with ordinary life and human beings. The works of A.L.O.E., which are old-fashioned now, added to the good characters a few bad ones. They were like the little girl who had the little curl,—when "good," they were "very, very good," when naughty, "horrid."

Miss Alcott's books are true to life, and they are among the classics for younger people. Some boys have read her stories, and many more would have read them had they not been so widely labelled "Books for Girls." A boy hates to be caught doing anything "girly-girly." The lines have for so long been drawn so very tightly. As a matter of fact, a boy gains in having presented to him the refinement of good girls' lives. His nature needs the ameliorating influences of pictures, birds, flowers, and children. He needs the heart of his mother in him, and it would be well if boys read the best of their sister's books for softening; the sisters, their brother's books for strengthening.

Let the girls read "Robinson Cru-



soe," "Ben Hur," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Rudder Grange" and "Westward Ho!" and if they must have a love story, "April Hopes," in which Howells has mirrored the sweetest bit of girlhood, eyes ever glimpsed at. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote of a paradise which she called "An Old Maid's Paradise." Her husband, Mr. Ward, afterwards invaded it, but the glory of the natural surroundings, at least, remain unchanged, even if the dainty little maid and the dapper little cat are less prominent now than then. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" may properly come next, and then "Dream Life," for in those two there is so great an estimate set on women that it does a girl good to read them as being a man's opinions. I hope the young girl will want to read Dickens and some of Hawthorne. I trust she will read Parkman and get her Indians from authentic sources. Scott should come to her naturally, and so should Emerson, Lamb, Holmes and Thoreau. John Strange Winter, with her pigmy graves and the sunlight meadows on the mountains, comes fresh from human nature to the hearts of her readers.

Poetry is the jam of literature. And jam is not to be tabooed because it is not bread and butter. Whittier, with the white old Quaker-soul of him written into his verses, will help

any girl. Tennyson comes, of course, and Longfellow, while Burns comes to the Scotch children, at least, as a heritage. Jean Ingelow the young girl will read, and Havergal, perhaps. Scott's poems will make her feet tread to the clatter of the hoof-beats, in Hood she will see the world all a-gley; in Mrs. Browning, a sweet, strong soul, looking out through dim-sighted eyes in a far-off world. Wordsworth and Robert Browning she will read for earnest study, and Shakespeare she will read and re-read and weave into her life.

When the same books are written for and read by both boys and girls, when there is an agreeable amalgamation of the strong and the tender, a boy will not have to wait for the woman he loves to live gentleness into his life, a girl will not wait to learn of her hero among men, an admiration for physical endurance, and a courage that goes straight to the hardest place.

When boys and girls read more nearly the same books, that proverbial first year of married life will be robbed of half its misunderstandings. Men and women will be more companionable when they absorb thought from the same sources, live up to the same ideals, and measure their deeds by the same principles.





## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

When the Spanish South American colonies first revolted against a decrepit home government, certain of the European powers manifested a desire to interfere on Spain's behalf. These European countries feared the growth of constitutional government. Great Britain, on the other hand, was in sympathy with the struggles for constitutional freedom in Southern Europe and in Southern America. Mr. Canning hoped, by the help of the United States, to prevent any interference with the South American revolutionists, and with this idea in mind declared that he would call in the New World to restore the balance of the Old. In pursuance of this concurrence of ideas, President Monroe of the United States, promulgated, in December, 1823, what is commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine. It laid down that "The American continents, by a free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subject for colonization by any European power." No further territory could be acquired by discovery and occupation. All territory owned by them might be colonized, but no future European colony was to be established within the borders of any independent American State. Its immediate object was to prevent France from helping Spain to recover her lost South American colonies.

Would this doctrine, in its pristine

glory, be any basis for United States interference with Great Britain's establishing what she believes to be a proper boundary line between British Guiana and Venezuela? Or would it be a basis for preventing France from using the Isles de Salut, French Guiana, as a penal colony? It would certainly prevent—if the doctrine had International Force behind it—Great Britain conquering Venezuela, but it cannot be used as indicated in the two questions asked above.

But the trouble is that the Monroe Doctrine is an inchoate principle which has grown conveniently in the minds of the United States diplomats and statesmen, and they have tried, with poor results, to apply it to sets of circumstances which it was never framed to meet. Lord Salisbury has dealt a heavy blow to this doctrine in his recent despatches to the United States Government. He has fearlessly relegated it to the rear benches of the international playhouse—so far back that it has little chance of seeing the stage, much less being a factor even in the shifting of the scenery. He has by his thorough, manly and dignified exposition of England's position, won golden opinions from the bulk of the British people.

### FORMOSA FULLY OCCUPIED.

The history of the Japanese occupation of Formosa, between June 1st and Oct. 15th, by "the victors and veterans from Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei," is well told in a recent issue

of *Harper's Weekly*. It required 50,000 Japanese troops, some hard fighting and much re-organizing, to bring this Chinese wilderness into order. But "against the solid discipline and thorough preparation of the best army in Asia, they (the Black Flags) wilted," and now Formosa's camphor forests, her timber, her drugs, spices and tea gardens, her gold mines and her rice fields are ready for development.

#### ALCOHOL AND TEA POISONING.

"It is a well attested fact that the insane asylums contain from one-third to one-half of alcoholic patients." Such is the recent statement of Dr. Tison, at the last meeting of the French Association for the Advance of Science. He says that this mental alienation is due to the destructive effect of alcohol on the nervous system. This man has made a special study of the matter of alcoholic poisoning, and says that medical efforts to cure it are not available because the patients are unwilling to be cured. Hence, a social treatment is necessary to prevent excess, and special institutions should be erected to receive inveterate alcoholics.

Medical men are fast arriving at the general conclusion that tea and coffee are poisons. Tea-chewing is seen to have most disastrous effects, causing, in a short time, a kind of neurosis. Professor Virchow, of Berlin, says that caffeine (the active principle of tea and coffee) is nothing more or less than a strong stimulant, and in large quantities is poisonous like brandy. Two French physicians have recently given special attention to the subject, and detail the results from heavy tea and coffee drinking as caffeic dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, vertigo and painful cramps at night. But they assert that the symptoms subside with cessation of use, being much less persistent than those of alcohol-poisoning.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the evil effects of over-indulgence in

weak and strong drink. Every mother and every father owe it to themselves, their children and the State, to be temperate in the use of tea, coffee and liquor. They should cultivate that broad view of life which considers present actions with a view to future as well as present results.

#### THE CANADIANS FOR CANADA.

The number of Canadians who cross the Atlantic Ocean each year is very large. Some are bent on pleasure, some on a wider education or a greater culture, and some on business. The great majority of these cross by steamers flying foreign flags and sailing from United States ports. It is a case where personal pleasure and comfort are considered of more importance than the duty of patronizing enterprises controlled by their fellow-citizens. They cannot be blamed for their conduct. The fault is Canada's, and the loss is Canada's.

From London comes the gratifying report that Mr. Chamberlain has decided to subsidize a fast mail service between this country and the British Isles. The Canadian Government had previously proposed to grant a subsidy, but before the projectors of the line could or would undertake the enterprise, the assistance of the Imperial Government had to be secured. According to the reported arrangement, Great Britain will grant a subsidy equal to one-half of that granted by Canada, such sum not to exceed £75,000. This assures the success of the line, the minimum speed of which will, no doubt, be set at twenty knots per hour.

While this movement is important in itself, as enabling Canadians to spend their passage money on British ships, and as enabling passengers to come direct to Canada on well-equipped sea-carriages without touching foreign soil, it is also important from another point of view. It shows that Canada is gradually passing from the position of a mere possession or colony



to that of an important, component part of "Greater" Britain. The day is coming, although we of the present generation may not see it, when Canada, and Scotland, and Ireland, and India, and Australia, and South Africa shall be parts of a whole—each working out its own destiny within the common destiny of that whole. This evolution has begun, is going on, and, so far as we can foresee, is likely to continue.

#### THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Another example of this drawing together or consolidation of the Empire is seen in the proposed Pacific Cable. Once it was a dream of the dreamers; now it is a scheme of the schemers; it promises to become an act of the actors. A commission, consisting of two representatives from Great Britain, two from Australia, and two from Canada, is to be appointed by the Imperial Government to consider this scheme for bringing the whole British Empire within speaking distance of Windsor Castle, without the use of the stranger's land, water or machinery. Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon never laid such foundations for a great Empire as the democratic statesmen of "Greater" Britain are doing to-day, and amid it all, a Canadian may be pardoned for an exhibition of pride when he recognizes that in this movement Canada and Canada's statesmen have taken the lead. On them lies the great credit of having conceived and initiated these two special features of this consolidatory movement.

#### CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS.

The amount of snap and enterprise displayed by some of the Canadian weeklies is exceedingly pleasing to an interested observer. The *Toronto Week* recently celebrated its thirteenth anniversary. Its whole aim has been to help the growth of Canadian literature, and to cultivate a high degree of thought and criticism among the Cana-

dian people. Its efforts are to be applauded.

The Brantford *Expositor* has moved into a new home, and celebrates the occasion by a "Souvenir Number, 1852-1895." But this beautiful issue is more than that; it is a volume of Canadian history which is invaluable. John King, Q.C., Toronto, writes of William Lyon Mackenzie, and an old picture of the patriot is published for the first time. Other valuable historical articles are contributed by Hon. James Young, Galt; William Houston, M.A., Toronto; and William Buckingham, author of "Life of Sir Alexander Mackenzie," Stratford. The illustrations in this forty-four page number are magnificent, and give an exalted idea of the enterprise that exists to-day in Canadian newspaperdom. Mr. T. H. Preston, the editor and publisher, is ex-President of the Canadian Press Association, and a man of broad culture, rare ability, and unbounded enthusiasm.

The *Toronto Saturday Night* is another paper that is displaying a commendable enterprise, and that along national lines. The leading story in its Christmas number is "A Reconnaissance at Fort Ellice," by William Bleasdel Cameron, with illustrations by J. C. Innes. It is an exceedingly accurate and dramatic portrayal of some past scenes in the wonderfully picturesque history of the Canadian North-West. The drawings by Mr. Innes are exceedingly bold and powerful in conception, although slightly lacking in careful attention to detail. "A Matter of Necessity," by John McCrae, is another excellent piece of work by a young man whose verse has often appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. "Jim Lancey's Pass" is written in the natural and forcible style of E. E. Sheppard, or "Don" as Canadians know him best. "Henderson of Strathgannon," by Joe Clark (Mack) is another charmingly written tale.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

On the evening of November 27th, in the city of Paris, Alexandre Dumas, the younger, passed away at the age of sixty-eight. Dumas Sr. wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," his son wrote "Camille." As a novel "Camille" was a sensation, as a drama it was a triumph.

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A Toronto barrister has blossomed out as an author of a volume of fiction. "The Woman in Blue" by Lincoln Hunter is a wild, weird, improbable, disheartening tale with a large percentage of hypnotism and the morphine habit. Mr. Hunter displays considerable power in the treatment of his unpleasant and somewhat antique theme. To those who like startling details and soul-frightening situations, the book will be welcome.

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Of an opposite character is the mild tale of love from the pen of another Toronto writer, Louie Barron. "Zerola of Nazareth" (Chas. J. Musson, Toronto, publisher) is the tale of the courtship of Theon a Jew of the first century, and Zerola the sister of our Saviour. A wicked Egyptian captures the girl and carries her off to Rome. She and her seeking lover have wonderful escapades but everything ends happily at last. The story is told in the language of the present but consists of descriptions of personages and events which have long been familiar to the readers of the four Gospels. The language of those descriptions is very chaste and at times powerful.

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The early settlers of Acadia were French and they were from 1710 to 1755 under British rule. By 1755, the country which gave their ancestors birth and which had so grossly neglected them was but a memory to the Acadians. "The two hundred who founded the colony had grown to seventeen thousand souls, a small nation with habits, tastes and traditions of its own. \* \* \* By little and little, the accumulated labor of several generations had pushed back and limited the sea, had encroached on the forest; the wilderness blossomed as the rose; the tiers of rising upland smiled with the golden grain." On the gentle slopes that lead to the Basin of Mines, guarded on each side by Cape Blomedon and Cape Fendu, was the famous Grand Pré Village. There were other settlements at Port Royal, Beauséjour and Pigiguit. But this happy people clung to their ancestral traditions and refused to take an oath to an English King because that oath required them to express a willingness to take up arms

against their French kinsmen across the Bay of Fundy or in Canada. Because they refused to take this oath they were "heaped pell-mell in ships and scattered on a dozen coasts, like leaves whirled away by the winds of autumn."

These quotations are from Edouard Richard's recent valuable work on Canadian History entitled, "Acadia, Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History." His object in this work is to properly place the blame for this inhuman deportation. In his preface he says: "This book will, in my judgment, effectually clear England's Home Government's honor of the deepest historic stain ever attached to it. Let the stigma be obliterated which England has hitherto borne; burnt it into the foreheads of Lawrence, Belcher Wilmost, Morris and their accomplices." Parkman and the compiler of the Nova Scotia Archives have arrived at the same result, but have not used the same route and have not presented, Mr. Richard believes, the circumstances in the proper light. The compiler comes in for his utter condemnation as having omitted the facts which Mr. Richard summarizes as follows: "It is clearly apparent by the documents which I have produced, all of an official nature, and by some others also which I have seen, that, in the autumn of 1713, only a few months after the signing of the treaty of peace (Utrecht), the Acadians announced to Lieutenant-Governor Vetch their intention to leave the country; that from that moment they prepared for their departure, but were prevented by Vetch under the pretext that they had to await the arrival of Governor Nicholson; that the latter, without regard to the conditions of the treaty and the formal orders of the Queen transmitted to him by Mr. de la Ronde, and without any other motive but to give time and deprive the Acadians of the rights granted to them by the treaty, referred their request to the Queen; that, subsequently, after having refused to transport the Acadians in English vessels, he also refused to French vessels entry into the ports of Acadia; that their determination to leave the country was such that they built vessels themselves; that wishing to procure at Louisburg rigging to equip them, they were refused permission; that, having applied to Boston for the same object, they again met with a refusal, and, moreover, their vessels were seized."

These facts and many more are proven in the 780 pages which, \* Mr. Richard, himself a descendant of these French Acadians, devotes

\* New York, Home Book Co.; Montreal, John Lovell & Son.

to a thorough analysis of this period of Acadian history. The style is peculiar, but the reasoning and the methods are above reproach. This book should be in every Canadian library.

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Canadian children have to thank Mrs. Trill for some nice books, but for none more than her latest one, even if she is ninety-four years of age. Her kindly love of God's broad, natural creations enables her still to appreciate the same objects as please innocent childhood and youth. This collection of "Cot and Cradle Stories,"\* issued under the editorship of Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, will be appreciated by all classes, and especially those who have learned to love her other delightful books, such as "Lost in the Backwoods," and "Pearls and Pebbles." The titles of the stories give a good index to their character: "The Queen Bees," "Blind Willy's Dream," "Midge, the Field-mouse, and Her Family," "The Pet Bantams," "The Little Builders," "The Swiss Herd-Boy and His Alpine Mouse," etc., etc. They are all charmingly simple, yet graphic, interesting, educating and noble. The purity of language, tone and sentiment makes them a strong contrast to much of the trash printed for the perusal of children.

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The China-Japan war has turned the eye of the world upon the Island of Formosa. Information about the Island and its people has been eagerly but vainly sought. The literature on the subject is scanty and for the most part unreliable. The announcement of a volume by the renowned Missionary, Dr. G. L. MacKay, who knows Formosa better than any other living man, will therefore be especially welcome at the present time. Dr. MacKay is the Missionary hero of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, but his name and fame are in all the Churches. He was educated in Toronto, Princeton and Edinburgh, giving special attention to Theology, Natural Science and Medicine. In 1872 he began his labors in North Formosa with headquarters at Tamsui. At that time the field was, from a Missionary viewpoint, virgin soil. There was not a church, chapel or native Christian anywhere in its cities, plains or mountains. Dr. McKay has carried on his work with almost no foreign helpers. He believes in a native Church and a native ministry. With that in view he began his work in 1872, a stranger, alone, ignorant of the people, their language and customs. To-day there are in his mission, scattered throughout North Formosa, sixty organized native churches, four of them self-supporting; a living baptized membership of 2,719; a communion roll of 1805, and each one of

the sixty churches is ministered to by a trained native preacher. At Tamsui he has established Oxford College with fifteen students in training for the ministry, a girls' school for the education of girls and Bible women, and a hospital and dispensary. Visibility is given to the work in Tamsui, Bangkok, Toa-Tiu-tia, Sin-tiam, and other cities by college and church buildings, fourteen of which are of stone, that in size and style would do credit to Western Christianity and civilization. In carrying on this work Dr. MacKay has come into the closest relations with the people. Indeed, his wife is a Chinese lady. Being a cultured student as well as a sharp-sighted observer, he has studied *con amore* the habits and customs of the Chinese in the North and West, of the Pepo-hoan in the East, and of the savage tribes among the mountains. One scarcely cares to speak of hardships and hair-breadth escapes in such a life. They are every-day occurrences. He was the first to face the hatred of the foreigner there; and many a time it would seem that the Chinese assassin in the dark or the Chinese mob in the open street, would rid the Island of the "Foreign Devil." Or, escaping the Chinese rage, there were the savage tribes, the "Black Flags," in the mountains and their stealthy head-hunters on the border-land, who more than once lay in ambush for "the black bearded barbarian." His new book\* is suggestive of thrilling experiences, but a wise reserve is manifested. Dr. MacKay is known to be a man of indomitable energy, fearless courage and apostolic faith and zeal. But his book is much more than a record of conversions, chapel building and Missionary adventure. It will be read by thousands who care for none of these things because of its instructive chapters on the geology, botany and zoology of Formosa, and its studies in the ethnology of its inhabitants. These chapters are intensely interesting, and are of permanent value. The book is written in a direct, terse and vigorous style. The many illustrations and maps add greatly to its interest and value.

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"A Daughter of a King, by Alien, published in cloth about a year ago, has now appeared in a neat paper bound edition. New York: F. T. Neely; Toronto: The Toronto News Co. The book is a reply to "The Story of an African Farm."

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"A Christmas Canticle and Other Measures," is the title of a dainty little booklet of verses by E. H. Stafford, a Toronto poet.

\* "From Far Formosa; the Island, Its People and Missions." By George Leslie MacKay, D.D. Edited by Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Maps and Illustrations 8vo, cloth, \$2.00. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.

\*Toronto, William Briggs.



The style of the booklet itself is very charming, while the contents are worthy of attention. Mr. Stafford's verse does not soar very high, nor does he touch the most sublime strings of the poet's lyre, but his verses are clear, simple and carefully polished. He is lacking in powerful imagery but is deeply thoughtful. His descriptive poems are by far the best, his love of nature being his most noticeable characteristic—that is, judged through his verses. (Toronto book stores).

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One of the latest issues in Longman's Colonial Library is "Joan Haste," by H. Rider Haggard. It is a lengthy and conventional English love story. The illustrations are very attractive and make the story more impressive.

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Those who have made themselves familiar with Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man" and Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution" will find a recent book interesting. It is "The Christian Consciousness" \* by J. S. Black, and deals with its relation to evolution in morals and in doctrine. Mr. Black studies everything, like Kidd, in the light of history; the English method as op-

posed to the German or Austrian. For instance, he shows how men have changed their views in reference to slavery, alcohol liquors,



FRONTISPIECE FROM "COT AND CRADLE STORIES."

gambling, woman's place in society, etc. The book is not dry but rather of a decidedly interesting character.

\* Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. Cloth \$1.25.

## IDLE MOMENTS

**ALWAYS DID.**—"Do you know what Boozey got for Christmas?" "Sure! He got full."

**THE REASON.**—Cholly Lallygag—Why do you love me? Miss Pert—Because men are so scarce.

**IMPOSSIBLE.**—He—Why can't we be good friends? She—Because I intend to marry you.

**MEMORIES.**—Medium—The spirit of your wife wishes to speak with you. Widower—Tell her I won't give her a cent.

**WILLING.**—Mrs. Enpec—This is the anniversary of our marriage; don't you think we ought to celebrate? Enpec—Certainly; have you any crape?

**COLLATERAL EVIDENCE.**—"Johnny," said the minister, "I hope your father lives in the fear of the Lord." "I guess he does, sir. He never goes out on Sunday without he takes his gun."

**MORE LOVING THAN IT SEEMED.**—Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism, and he was rubbing her arms, when she said: "Walter it is too bad that mamma is such a trouble to you." Walter replied cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma, if you are only just alive, we don't care how much you suffer."

**A DEADLOCK IN THE HOUSE.**—"Mamma." "Well, Freddy?" "You licked me last week for whaling Jimmy Watts, and papa licked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps walloped me." "Well?" "I'm wondering mamma, what'll happen sometime when it's a draw."

**GRANDPA'S ABSENTMINDEDNESS.**—A little girl who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said: "He walks around thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

**BIGAMY PROHIBITED.**—"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday-school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?"

said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

**THE CONQUEST OF OPPORTUNITY.**—At a picnic given the waifs of Chicago, a plate of tarts was passed to two little urchins, evidently chums. One, whose mouth was too full for utterance, and plate too full for even an extra tart, shook his head; not so his neighbor, who added the tart to his pile of goodies. In a few minutes number one had so reduced his plate that he asked for the refused dainty, when he was told they were gone. Whereupon his little friend was heard giving him this philosophical advice: "The time to take tarts, Bob, is when they're a passing!"

**HOW A NEWFOUNDLAND EARNED CANDY.**—One summer afternoon a group of children were playing at the end of a pier which projects into Lake Ontario, near Kingston. The proverbial careless child of the party made a backward step from the pier into the water. None of his companions could save him, and their cries had brought no one from the shore; when, just as he was sinking for the third time, a superb Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier into the water, and pulled the boy out. Those of the children who did not accompany the boy home took the dog to a confectioner's on the shore, and fed him with as great a variety of cakes and other sweets as he would eat. So far the story is, of course, only typical of scores of well-known cases. The individuality of this case is left for the sequel. The next afternoon the same group of children were playing at the same place, when the canine hero of the day before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods. There being no occasion this time for supplying him with delicacies, the children only stroked and patted him. The dog, however, had not come out of pure sociability. A child in the water and cakes and candy stood to him in the close and obvious relation of cause and effect, and if this relation was not clear to the children he resolved to impress it upon them. Watching his chance, he crept up behind the child nearest the edge of the pier, gave a sudden push, which sent him into the water, then sprang in after him, and gravely brought him to shore.







UNACCOMPANIED.

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## SOCIALISM—ITS TRUTHS AND ERRORS.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.



AFTER nearly a century of discussion by some of the most enlightened and eminent minds of the age, the very mention of the word "Socialism," still produces a shudder to most persons. It is believed to be a species of Communism, Nihilism, if not Ku Kluxism. It is certainly time these prejudices were swept away, and Socialism and Socialistic doctrines were recognized as plain practical matters fit for statesmen to consider—nay, which the public men of every civilized country are bound to consider, and, as a matter of fact, are considering whether they are conscious of it or not.

Formal definitions are difficult, and not easily understood in the end. The best we can do in abstract questions is to bring them down to simple every day parables, and then the romance and the horror alike fade. The Socialist cherishes the conviction that he has a great, new and over-shadowing gospel, which the world does not understand and which is for the healing of the nations. The rest of the world, who, for the most part have given the subject no attention at all, imagine that Socialism is a base plot to destroy individual property and plunder the rich for the benefit of the poor and the shiftless. Both these views are delusions.

Let the veil of misapprehension be removed and see exactly what Socialism means, what there is of good in it, and what there is which is foolish and extreme.

First, then, Socialism, as the name implies, is the right of the whole people or body politic to regulate certain things in the interests of the whole state, and in order to make things fair and just to all, certain individual rights must give way, be abridged, or swept away. Surely there is nothing to be alarmed at in this. It means nothing more than organized government. The first Statute ever passed by a Legislature was essentially socialistic, for it was a recognition of the right of the majority to make regulations for the benefit of the mass, and that, too, at the expense of individual rights and desires.

To illustrate. The criminal laws are all essentially socialistic. If a man makes life unpleasant to me—stands in the way of my progress and promotion, my individual prerogative in the abstract is to kill him and thus put him forever out of my way. But society steps in and says: "You cannot do this. The unlimited right to kill would make the conditions of life unsafe and uncomfortable for the great mass of us, and therefore, we decree that no one shall kill his neighbor ex-

cept in self-defence." If I find a "pearl of great price" somewhere, the possession of which will add enormously to my comfort and honor, my natural individual right is to take it, if I have the physical power to do so. But at an early stage of human history it was discovered that rights of property were essential to human happiness and so laws were made restraining my natural right to seize possession of things I craved.

From the beginning of human legislation down to the latest and most advanced Statute of the most enlightened nations, the tendency has been for society to widen and multiply its grasp of human affairs, and to enlarge its right to interfere with individual rights and desires.

To illustrate. Civic government is an enormous step in the direction of Socialism. It is not a natural crime for me to leave a pond of stagnant water on my land. It was nature which created the pool and hence strictly natural that it should remain. But the City Council thinks otherwise and passes an ordinance to drain the town, and not only does my pool go, but the tax collector, against my will, puts his hand into my pocket and takes away my money to pay for doing it, though I may, as an individual, be directly opposed to the whole business. I do not want the town drained, but the majority do. Who will say this is not rank Socialism?

Take another case. My neighbor is poor, but he has a number of children. That is his look-out. I am surely not responsible for his children. Let him take care of them as best he may. I am rich and have no children. That is my good luck. This is the purely individualistic view. But what has society already done in most enlightened countries? It has proceeded to build school-houses and employ qualified teachers. It has said to the children of my poor neighbors: "Enter this school room and enjoy the blessings of an elemental education free, notwith-

standing that your father has no means to pay;" and it next sends its officer to my house with the imperious declaration that he proposes to take a hundred dollars from my pocket to pay for this school-house and these teachers, though I have not a child to educate. Can any one fail to see that this is rank Socialism?

But again. It is said that these things simply indicate that society takes certain things into its hands for the general good, but does not interfere with freedom of action between two individuals. Let us see. Nova Scotia has a large coal mining industry, at which several thousands of men are employed. These are necessarily crowded together at the several Collieries. Naturally they form Lodges or Unions in order that as a class they may get fair-play from the owner. Misunderstandings are certain to occur in the matter of wages, etc. Hence there will be strikes and lockouts. The Legislature of Nova Scotia has declared that there shall be no strikes or lockouts, but that when the rate of wages is called in question on either side, the matter shall be referred to a Board of Arbitration duly constituted by law, and its decisions shall be binding on master and men. But the enlightened world has not condemned this. On the contrary we find the most eminent men of the day advocating the application of compulsory arbitration, to all large labor centres.

The landlord and his tenant surely upon abstract principles have the right to make what bargains they please between themselves. No one would think of interfering with them. Look at the Irish Land Act of 1881, which completely revolutionizes the original contract.

It will be seen we are getting pretty well on in Socialistic ideas, and yet the consensus of practical statesmen is that these things are all right and are great steps in the direction of progress and justice. What men socialistically inclined propose in addition



to what has been done is not essentially different and is no more abhorrent to the abstract idea of individualism. That the state should own the telegraphs and operate them in the interests of the people is no different in principle from operating the post office and not nearly as socialistic as the compulsory free school system. If the post office and the telegraph should be managed by society, instead of by individuals, why not railways? The only question is that of expediency. In principle there is nothing disturbing. The usual test applied to Socialistic legislation is the general good of the mass—of the preponderating number of persons. The instant society is satisfied that the ownership and operation of railways by the state would be generally preferable to the present system, mitigate existing evils and make matters easier and better for the masses of the people, wherein would such a step differ from any other ordinary every day piece of legislation?

Thus far the right of society to regulate things to suit the interests of the majority has been dealt with. But the Socialist may very fairly claim that this power of society has been exercised not unfrequently in the interests of an individual or individuals, at the expense of the masses.

For illustration. Take a protective tariff. This is not a bad thing in its original aim. It is a proposition to restrict importation of foreign goods, in order that home industries may be encouraged. Such a doctrine will have difficulty in finding a sanction in the Sermon on the Mount, and it would probably not find itself recognized in the lofty sentiments of Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World." But, putting aside for the moment the fact that God's laws which are founded on love and not on selfishness, are eternal and immutable, and any departure from them involves certain confusion and disaster, let us take merely the sordid idea of the nation's material

well-being. The only way that the home manufacturer can be benefited is by tariff duties which shut out his brother living outside. But what of the protection of the masses who require the article manufactured? Domestic competition? Beautiful, if certain. But what is to happen if those engaged in a given productive industry, combine, and in this way not only control the price charged, but are in a position to stamp out all attempts at competition by the inexorable iron hand of a Trust? What about sugar? What about illuminating oil? What about rope and cordage? Who fails to see that the law-making power, that is the people, for they create it and keep it alive, has enacted laws whereby a half dozen large and wealthy concerns are permitted to roll in wealth by virtue of a legal power which has been conferred upon them to rob millions of their fellow-beings of a trifle each? The plutocratic element is very much agitated over the Socialistic tendencies of the day, but the representatives of this class have never declined to accept and absorb the favors which society has conferred upon them, and are righteously indignant, when any party proposes that we shall have a little healthy individualism in sugar and oil, and have all special privileges removed.

The reason this phase of the question is referred to in this connection is to point out that not only has society a right to make any law or regulation which promotes the public good, but that as a matter of fact society has not only the power, but has exercised it to the fullest extent, to make regulations hostile to the public good and in favor of a few privileged persons. Result, enormous wealth accumulated in a handful of persons who have enjoyed these special privileges and wide-spread poverty and distress among the masses they have fleeced. This, of course, is a palpable reversal of the ordinary laws of sound legislation. It is opposed to

God's laws and the teachings of nature. It has been accomplished not as a deliberate degeneration of society, but under specious disguises and by the inordinate influence which wealth has been able to exert through the sordid instincts of very human legislators. But it has done its work, and gradually the masses will awake to a realizing sense of the actual position. Then the remedy for plutocracy will be applied—probably with a heavy hand. The masses will go back to laws for their own good, and will strip away the special privileges of the few. When this process begins we shall hear loud cries against the horrors and abominations of Socialism. But let it be understood in advance that no difference in principle is likely to be introduced. The right of a free people to legislate concerning their own affairs is marked by no limitation except that it shall not conflict with God's laws, and that is only a moral limitation. But this may be borne in mind. One evil is likely to lead to another, and excess in one direction leads to excess in the opposite direction when the pendulum begins to swing back. If the masses at an early stage take legislation into their own hands for their own benefit and if they go too far in their reaction and press radical doctrines to extremes that are dangerous and unjust, the cause will be that the millionaires and plutocrats carried things with a high hand when they dictated the laws, corrupted Congresses and Legislatures, fleeced the people and greedily gathered into their own garner the savings of the poor and the tribute of the toilers.

The purpose of this paper is to deal practically with questions of legislation, and not merely to indulge in altruistic ideas, though these are equally important and infinitely higher and nobler. But the disciple of altruism would be absolutely hopeless at this era in a Legislature, and the most necessary thing is to imbue those having the immediate responsibility of direct-

ing legislation with sound ideas. Let us for ever give over all fear of either Socialism or Socialistic ideas. They are at the bottom of all legislation. Without Socialism we should never have had a city drained, nor the masses educated. We should never have had a Factory Act, nor a regulation of the Liquor Traffic.

But to a practical legislator the great question at present is, What are the bounds to the law-making power? In the narrow sense, the ordinary politician would answer, "In the United States, the Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. In England, no limitation—Parliament can do anything except make a man a woman." But the mere legal limitations do not represent fully the thought—what are the moral limitations to legislation? How far can majorities go in imposing their will upon the rest of the community? Are there not things which majorities have no right to impose upon minorities?

To illustrate. The majority in a given State believe in the Protestant religion, and are opposed to Roman Catholicism. Will that justify Acts of Parliament forbidding the celebration of the Mass, and the driving of Roman Catholics out of the country at the risk of forfeiting their lands and liberties? Every enlightened person will answer no, and the reason given will be that experience and sound opinion have agreed that religious liberty and freedom of worship must be tolerated in order that liberty should be enjoyed at all. For if a Protestant majority can drive out a Roman Catholic minority to-day, then a Presbyterian majority can drive out a Baptist minority to-morrow, and so the work of exorcising would go on until only the strongest would survive.

Again, to illustrate. A majority believe that Sunday should be observed as a day of rest. A minority do not believe in a day of rest every week. As a consequence, some persons will

close their places of business on Sunday, while others will keep theirs open. Those who close will find that their neighbors are getting an advantage of them in the way of business, and consequently will enact a law that all business and labor must be suspended on Sunday. In so far as such a law is based upon the economic fact that it is better for society at large that one day in seven should be a day of cessation from active labor, such legislation is justifiable. When, however, it is based upon religious grounds it comes in direct conflict with the principle of religious liberty and the rights of conscience, for I may have no religious convictions in regard to Sunday observance, and, therefore, while it is not unreasonable to ask me to conform to regulations made in deference to demonstrated economic principles, it is an outrage to impose upon me rules founded solely on any school of theology. Equally would society be violating sound principles of liberty if it undertook in any way to prescribe how I should spend my enforced leisure.

Two propositions have now been pretty well established :

First, Society has an undisputed right, which has been already enormously exercised, to make regulations in the interests of the majority of the people and in abridgement of individual rights.

Second, That this right of the majority to legislate is bounded or limited, and some things there are which majorities are not at liberty to do, without destroying the whole contract upon which Society exists.

The problem of the day is the fixing of these limits—the reduction to a principle of the rights of the majority to impose laws; that is, the stating of a dictum which will define the realm of individuality which may not be invaded by legislation.

One thing may be noted in this connection. Both Socialism and Individualism are consistent with true liber-

alism. A law to compel all persons to contribute to the education of the masses, is a great liberal and progressive measure which will have the sanction and support of every enlightened citizen. That is Socialism. A law which enacts that no religious tests should be applied to any individual, and no religious duty imposed upon him, is also a great liberal and progressive measure, and marks the difference between the Spanish Inquisition and nineteenth century civilization. This is Individualism.

A few things, essentially Socialistic, which no governments or legislatures have yet done or attempted, undoubtedly may be done without infringing in the least upon any wholesome recognition of individual rights. And many of these things beyond all question ought to be done now, if we are to have anything like fair play and justice for the masses. First, let us enumerate some enactments that may be done consistent with a full recognition of the principles of liberty.

(a) Society may lawfully and properly take charge of railways, telegraphs and telephones, the instant it is satisfied that the public interests would be promoted by so doing. To do so would be essentially Socialistic, but not a bit more so than the ownership of the post office, and less so than compulsory education.

(b) It may nationalize land, by making all the increase in values due to the efforts of the industrial masses, inure to the benefit of the State. It is Socialistic, but not a whit more so than to compel me while living in a town in Maine to pay taxes on property which I own in New York city, to build a system of sewerage, improve the streets, and beautify the Central Park. None of those things will inure to my personal benefit, but I am compelled to contribute for the benefit of the community. In like manner, if it is wiser and more just to the community at large that the increment of land values should be



distributed among the people whose efforts produce them, rather than go into the pockets of selfish and effortless individuals, what doth hinder the law? What moral principle is violated?

(c) It may repeal all special privileges which have been bestowed upon individuals and corporations, whereby these have been permitted to grow enormously rich at the expense of the masses whom they were permitted to plunder. This is one of the Socialistic steps that ought to be taken at once. The existence of a special privilege under the sanction of law is a blot upon the State, because it is an injustice to the many, and, still more, because it breeds a spirit of greed which never can stop short of corruption. Given a corporation with a special privilege, and a legislating power composed of individuals amenable to selfish considerations, and corrupt influences are born and bred on the instant. This is a terrible truth which ought to be reiterated until it has rung round the world, and awakened the public conscience of nations. The plain duty of the hour is to sweep away every vestige of special privilege, and to abolish everything which stands in the way of absolute even-handed justice to the whole people. Whiskey Trusts, Sugar Trusts, Iron and Steel Trusts, Oil Trusts, Rope and Cordage Trusts, Coal Trusts—all these should be destroyed without compunction, and every law-maker be imbued with but one ideal and pursue but one aim, the rights and interests of the people at large.

(d) It may decree that the profits of franchises improvidently granted to corporations should accrue to the benefit of the whole people. Let no one say that this is confiscation. In every instance provision should be made for a liberal interest upon the money *bona fide* invested by the corporation, but, above that, Society has a right to its own. To illustrate: A corporation obtains a franchise from

the City of Chicago to construct a street railway through the principal streets, for a distance of say ten miles, *and for nothing*. A few hundred thousands are spent in building and equipping the railway. Then it is opened for traffic, and charges five cents a head for passengers. At the end of the first year it is discovered that it has an earning capacity sufficient to pay a liberal rate of interest on \$20,000,000, immediately, and prospectively on \$30,000,000. The concern is turned into a joint stock company with a capital of \$30,000,000, which soon becomes worth par, and the two or three original promoters become many times millionaires. What follows is that hereafter these speculators and their descendants reap unlimited capacity for power and pleasure out of this railway. Their families roll in luxury, while the millions of people who are compelled to use the railway derive no advantage whatever—that is, they have no share in the profits which their franchise confers. If this franchise was retained for the benefit of the city, then every man who entered the street car would be paying his taxes every time the five cents is dropped into the box. But under existing conditions all the enormous profit goes to a few greedy individuals, and the body politic is left to pay the taxes. The rights of property must be respected. The doctrine of confiscation is obnoxious and vicious. Nevertheless it will be, indeed, strange if Society, which has improvidently and unwisely granted these enormous franchises, can find no way of regaining them, on the basis of giving the possessor a liberal rate of interest on all the money actually and legitimately expended in the enterprise, the surplus profits reverting to the city.

Upon like basis Society may so fix legacy duties as to eliminate the millionaire factor as much as possible from the State. At this very point the clearest and nicest shades of dis-

inction must be drawn. A millionaire is a perfectly proper institution provided the money is accumulated by just and legitimate means. How many men ever honestly and by fair means ever acquired a million of dollars in the course of a life-time? How are millionaires made? In England chiefly by land monopoly under which a few great landlords draw to themselves the increased values of land created by the industrial exertions of multitudes of people. In the United States and Canada, chiefly by three methods. *First*, the acquisition of franchises—railways, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, gas, etc. *Second*, special laws whereby certain lines of industry may be pursued at enormous profit, and at the expense of the many millions who have no special privileges. The Trusts embody substantially this class. *Third*, monopoly of land. None of these means weighed by any just standard, moral or economical, are either just, legitimate or fair. While, therefore, the law-making power should be applied with all vigor to prevent the *creation* of millionaires by reversion in the State public franchises or restoring surplus profits; by sweeping away all special laws, tariff or otherwise, which permit Whiskey Trusts, Sugar Trusts, Oil Trusts, Cordage Trusts, etc., to exist and flourish; and by restoring to the State the increments in land values, it is equally sound and proper to take measures to partially, at all events, eliminate the millionaire element which has, by unsound, unfair and vicious means, been already created. The only way this can be done without unduly trenching upon individual rights and liberties is to fix a limitation to the amount of wealth which any man shall bequeath. To say that one family which happens to own land in the City of New York which has reached almost inconceivable value, and has thus acquired a fortune of one or two hundred millions of dollars, shall continue forever to possess this immense aggregation of

wealth, and hand it down from generation to generation is to make a mockery of every ethical and economical law known to humanity. Property acquired by honest labor and thrift, by enterprise and success in business must always be held sacred. Fix the largest sum which the most mature human experience determines as the measure of human capacity in a fair field to accumulate within the compass of human life, and let this be the maximum sum bequeathable at death. Is that amount ten millions? Then the man who dies with \$75,000,000, must have acquired at least \$65,000,000 of his accumulations by unfair means and by plunder. He has robbed the nation by unjust methods of this \$65,000,000, and is it a startling proposition that it should go back to the people from whom it was improperly taken?

Some of the things which Society may do without unduly trenching on the domain of individual liberty have been referred to. It may be a long time before practical legislation goes that far. But looking over the affairs of the world coldly and impartially what fair-minded man can fail to see that existing conditions are monstrously unfair and call aloud for redress? Take the United States, for example. A nation of 70,000,000—boasting of being the freest, most progressive and equal of any commonwealth the world has ever seen. Less than four per cent. belong to a class that is able to roll in wealth, live in palatial houses, drive fast horses, travel over Europe, sail yachts, eat superb dinners and snuggle afterwards into luxurious sofas and sedans. Perhaps twenty per cent. more are able to enjoy some of the reasonable comforts of life by means of a small accumulation out of the earnings of their daily toil. The remaining 76 per cent. are toiling and struggling from sun to sun to get the means for absolute existence. They are without luxuries, without leisure for mental improvement and with no

opportunities for seeing the world. Part of these by steady employment are able to live fairly well. Many others unfortunately are unable to get work and suffer accordingly. Others are driven to accept a rate of remuneration which involves bare absence of starvation, and yet, with such hours of labor as dwarf the mind, shrivel the heart and embitter the soul. Is anyone so blind as to doubt that this class will some day take matters into its own hands?

At this present date, this four per cent. is the most potent factor in law-making. A Sugar Trust can get more done in Congress than a million of people in the East, West, North or South with a united representation. Political power may be said to be practically exercised by the twenty-four per cent. For the most part the seventy-six per cent. have followed along in the procession. It may be that this will last for a long time yet, but it cannot last forever. With all their drawbacks the proletariat have at this time unexampled opportunities of obtaining knowledge. The school house is planted in every parish. The daily newspaper is accessible to the poorest. The public meeting is open to every class. No political or social problem now arises in the nation that is not discussed in the humblest hovel in the land. The great moral truths upon which Society rests are getting down to the apprehension of all. It follows as day follows night, that sometime this seventy-six per cent. will arise in their power and take the reins into their hands. The more the power of

plutocracy is exercised, the more brazen and intolerable the demands of the millionaires, the sooner the revolution will come and the greater and more terrible will be the upheaval.

Socialism has its errors as well as its merits. The right of the majority to make laws for the good of the whole is unimpeachable and the farther it is exercised in the direction of securing equality of opportunity, full justice to all, and inciting to effort and progress, the better. But when it attempts to regulate morals or tamper with religious convictions it is a curse. It is equally vicious and absurd, when it seeks to destroy the great stimulating influence of competitive exertion; to wither manhood by dooming him to an effete and enervating system of the State Founding Hospital, with his wants anticipated and supplied without care on his part. The world stands at all times badly in need of reform. Much has been done and much remains to be done. Much of the evil of modern times is due to moral considerations, which can only be affected by the cultivation of higher ideals and the elevation of the human heart; much more is due to unequal and unjust conditions in society. These can be remedied by political agencies on socialistic lines. In that sense Socialism is all right—no one need be afraid of it, and no one need be alarmed that humanity will ever so far forget its instincts as to carry Socialism to the length of turning the nations of the world into gigantic Poor Houses.





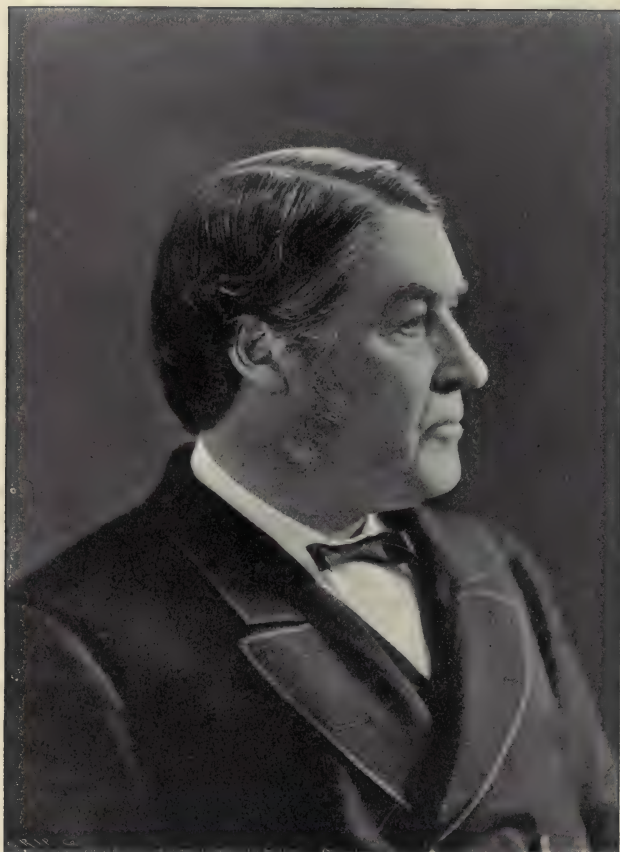


Canadian Types No. 2.

### A FREEMAN.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

One who has served his time as a servant to the Hudson's Bay Co. This one in particular—Bill Reid—accompanied Dr. Rae on his overland trip in search of the Franklin exploration party, and was the first person that found traces of the ill-fated expedition, for which he received half of the reward offered by Lady Franklin.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

## THE NAVY QUESTION AND THE COLONIES.

BY SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

**T**HE enormous advance made in the great Colonies of Australasia, South Africa and Canada during the Victorian era has naturally attracted attention to the means by which they may be drawn closer to the Mother Country and bound indissolubly to the Empire. It is a question of vital import both to the Colonies and to the United Kingdom. Yet we find a letter in *The Times* of August 15th last, containing the following *ex cathedra* statement :—

“Either means must be found for including the great self-governing colonies, containing 11,000,000 of our own race, in the system by which the navy is provided and administered, or they must be fairly warned that this cannot be done, and that they must see to their own safety.

On reading this solemn warning to the Colonies that they must pay or go, the intelligent reader would naturally look at the date to see if it was not in the time of George the Third. Finding that it was nearly the end of the nineteenth century, he would seek with alarm for the name of the great statesman who has undertaken to revolutionize the British Constitution. It could not be Mr. Gladstone, that great man whose personal influence in the Parliament of the United Kingdom was even greater than that of Pitt. He stands pledged by a declaration to Canada, as one of a Committee of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1865, consisting of the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty ; Lord de Grey (now Lord Ripon), Secretary of State for War ; Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer ; and Mr. Cardwell, Colonial Secretary, that if Canada would assume certain expenditure for land defence

on the frontier, “the Imperial Government fully acknowledged the reciprocal obligation of defending every portion of the Empire with all the resources at its command,” and, “that in case of war it would as a matter of course be the duty of any Government in this country to apply its means of naval defence according to the judgment it might form upon the exigencies of each particular time, and the Canadian Minister might be assured that Her Majesty's Government would not permit itself to be found in such a position as to be unable to discharge its duty in this respect.”

It could not be the Marquis of Salisbury, who stands at the head of the most powerful party this country has ever known, and who has politely met this jejune proposal by intimating that a divided control of the British Navy was not the way to strengthen the Empire. No one who reads Lord Salisbury's statesmanlike speech at Exeter in 1892, need fear his adopting this insulting tone to the Colonies. He said :—

“What is it that gives to this little island its commanding position ? Why is it that fleets from every nation, from every quarter of the globe, come into your ports ; that the products of countless regions are subject to your industry ; and that the manufactures in which the industry of your people compete are carried to the furthest corners of the globe ? What is it that gives to you this privileged position ? It is that your flag floats over populations far more numerous, and regions far vaster than your own, and that upon the dominion of your Sovereign the sun never sets.”

No statesman of the present day would venture to make such a statement as the one referred to ; as they all, of whatever party, hold the opinion so well expressed by the late Lord



Derby, when in the Little England days Sir William Molesworth moved his famous resolution in favour of a like proposal to relieve the Mother Country from the civil and military expenditure on account of the Colonies. Lord Stanley (as he then was), said:—

"I am compelled to come to the same conclusion as the Under Secretary of State, and with him to believe that the effect of this motion if carried out would be the entire abandonment of the Colonial Empire. To that step I will never consent. I believe it would be an act of political suicide unprecedented in the history of the world."

No, he would be relieved to find, not the signature of anyone having experience in public life, but that of Mr. Arthur H. Loring. It is true, he says, in another paragraph of this modest effusion:—

"In order to effect this it will be necessary to induce these Colonies to contribute to the cost of naval defence, and the people of the United Kingdom to admit the Colonies to a share in the ownership and the administration of the Navy."

I do not believe that any statesman of the United Kingdom who has given the question any consideration can be found who believes the latter part of this proposition to be practicable. I submit, then, that as even Mr. Loring declares it to be essential to his demand, he is bound to show how it is to be accomplished. Does he think that the unity of this great Empire will be promoted by holding the great Colonies up to obloquy by declaring that they are contributing nothing to the defence of the Empire, and are a grievous burden to the taxpayers of this country? How has Canada deserved to be made an object of such contemptuous attack? When Field Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons was serving in Canada there were 25,000 British troops there paid from the Imperial Exchequer. When Confederation was arranged, every important town in British North America was garrisoned at the expense of the Mother Country. To-day not a British soldier is to be

found in the country except a small force at Halifax, maintained for strategic purposes, and not used in connection with any Canadian necessity; and a force of marines at the important strategic harbor of Esquimaux, maintained at the sole expense of Canada. At the union, the 5,000 miles of British coast on the Atlantic and its fisheries were protected by the British Navy. That service is now performed by seven steam cruisers, owned, armed and maintained by Canada. At the union not a graving dry dock existed in British North America; now they are provided at Esquimaux, Quebec and Halifax, where the largest men-of-war are docked. Before the union British North America was composed of weak and isolated provinces, without the means of inter-communication by rail. The three Maritime Provinces were commercially dependent upon the United States, and in winter Ontario and Quebec had no outlet to the sea except New York, Portland and Boston. The great North-West was the abode of savages, for whose conduct England was responsible. It was only accessible from the Eastern Provinces through a foreign country, and British Columbia was in the same position. Without the expenditure of a dollar by the Mother Country all this has been changed. The rights of the Hudson Bay Company have been extinguished by purchase; the rights of the Indians acquired by treaties religiously observed, at the cost of a million dollars a year; civilization is rapidly changing the condition of the inhabitants, and law and order is maintained by a force of 1,000 mounted police. A great inter-oceanic railway has been constructed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, nearly 4,000 miles long, binding the Provinces together, and opening up 200,000,000 of acres in the fertile prairie district, between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains, to settlement, where millions of British subjects will ere long find happy

homes under the flag of England. The highest military and naval authorities declare this trans-continental railway, which brings Yokohama within 20 days of London, and nearer by 1,000 miles than *via* New York, and enables naval crews, soldiers and guns to be sent from Halifax to the fortifications at Esquimaux in six days, to be of inestimable value to the defence of the Empire. Far in excess of anything we were required to do in virtue of the compact with Lord Palmerston's Government, we arm and train annually about 38,000 volunteers; maintain a small permanent force of three batteries of artillery, two troops of cavalry, and four companies of infantry; maintain nine military schools in the various Provinces, in addition to the Royal Military College at Kingston, which has already furnished eighty officers who stand high in the estimation of the British Army—worthy compeers of Stairs, Robinson and Mackay, who died gloriously upholding the power and prestige of the British flag. I maintain that Canada is as much a portion of the Empire as any part of the United Kingdom, and that the annual expenditure to which she stands pledged of nearly \$12,000,000 per annum for services vital to the defence of the Empire, ought to save her from the misrepresentations that are calculated to undermine the unity of the Empire. The management of the defensive forces of Canada is confided to an officer selected from the Army by the Imperial Government, and the law provides that in case of war the command devolves upon the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Canada. The Lords of the Admiralty, after the most careful consideration, have placed on record the opinion that no better means exists of strengthening the naval power of the Empire by a moderate outlay than by fast mail steamers built under Admiralty supervision, and prepared to take on armament and to be available for Her Majesty's service as "Royal

Naval Reserve Cruisers," whenever required by the British Government. Canada stands pledged by Act of Parliament for £190,000 sterling per annum for a fleet of ten such steamships, six of which are now on the Pacific, and four more, that I trust will soon be put on the line between this country and Canada, bringing it and the Mother Country within five days of each other. These cruisers in time of peace will be strengthening the Empire by promoting commerce and inter-communication; be able to maintain that communication by their speed and armament when ordinary mail steamers would be compelled to abandon the route, and be ready if required to carry troops to any part of the world. The past history of Canada warrants the belief that one of the first things for which they would be utilized would be to carry brave Canadian volunteers to any part of the world where the honor or interests of this Empire are threatened.

Let those who sneer at what Canada has done to promote the unity and integrity of the Empire read the testimony borne by Lord Jersey, who so ably represented the Imperial Government at the Conference at Ottawa:

"Suffice it to say that the spirit which inspires me—and, I doubt not, inspires all my colleagues—is one of absolute sympathy with the far seeing policy that has called us together, and could there be any more fitting place than the grand Dominion of Canada? His Excellency has well pointed out her splendid position in this question. It is with wonder that I think of what Canada has done to bring the northern and southern parts of this Empire together. She has linked the two great oceans after an exhibition of courage and constancy and skill which has never been surpassed in the history of the world."

At that conference the representatives of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, united in a proposal to join this country in laying a Pacific cable to Australasia, free from the dangers that beset the existing lines, and declared by the highest military and

naval authorities to be of vital importance to the defence of the Empire. Is the past action of Canada not sufficient to prove that she is not insensible to the responsibility that devolves upon her as a component part of this great Empire, and that in the future, as in the past, she will always be found ready to discharge her duty to the utmost extent of her ability?

When her borders were invaded by a horde of lawless men from the United States, a call for volunteers was eagerly responded to, and in less than twenty-four hours, 14,000 men were converging upon their foes, who were driven back in confusion. When the insurrection in the North-West of half-breeds and Indians took place in 1885, 4,000 volunteers from the Eastern Provinces left their homes in mid-winter and crushed it, at an expense of several lives and \$6,000,000, without calling upon the troops at Halifax for a man. Major-General Brackenbury has put on record the fact that the success of the Nile expedition was due to the French Canadian voyageurs, who responded with alacrity to the call of Lord Wolesley, who knew by experience their value. A short time ago, when there were threatenings in the East, I was directed to place a regiment of Royal Canadian Infantry at the service of the Imperial Government, to be maintained by Canada. The protection of the flag of England is of inestimable value to Canada, and is deeply prized, but I deny that Canada costs this country a single dollar for any purpose whatever, either civil, military or naval. Does any intelligent man believe that if Canada were driven out of the Empire, and compelled to become part of the American Republic, that England, which now possesses the finest ports and the most valuable coal mines on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, would be strengthened by having neither the one nor the other on the Continent of North America, or that her power would be increased by having the arsenals and

port of the Gibraltar of America in the hands of a foreign power, advanced 600 hundred miles nearer this country than at present, or that her trade would be improved by driving 5,000,000 of loyal Canadians, at no distant date to be 50,000,000, behind the McKinley Tariff? No! instead of being able to reduce her army by a man, or her navy by a ship, she would be compelled to increase both largely to maintain her present power and influence. Believing, as I do, that the greatness of the Empire and the progress and growth of the Colonies, alike, depend upon maintaining indissolubly the connection between them, I need not add how intensely I have been pleased to see this insidious and mischievous proposal, calculated to disturb the happy relations now existing between the Colonies and the Mother Country, repudiated, as it has been, by the all but unanimous voice of the press.

In reference to the proposal of Mr. Loring and his Committee, *The Times* of September 7th, says:—

"Lord Salisbury, in acknowledging the communication of the Committee, remarks very particularly that 'it appears to be open to doubt whether the scheme proposed could be carried out in such a manner as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy.' The Committee, in their reply, endeavor to meet this very serious objection, but in our judgment, they do so with very indifferent success. \* \* \* The colonies are to be invited to share the control and the administration of the navy, in consideration of a contribution to be made by them towards the cost of its maintenance; and the committee express the truly astonishing opinion that 'a change of the kind suggested need not necessarily lead to any serious alteration in the present methods of controlling and directing the Royal Navy. We really must protest against a proposal to shift the centre of gravity of the British Empire in this light hearted fashion.' \* \* \* The Navy exists primarily for the defence, security and prosperity of the United Kingdom. The defence, security and prosperity of the United Kingdom depends on a world-wide maritime commerce. If, solely for the sake of argument, we assume for a moment that no single colony retains its connection with the mother country, it by no means follows that the cost of



the naval defence of the United Kingdom, with its world-wide maritime interests, would be reduced to any appreciable extent. \*

\* \* Thus the gratuitous defence of the British Colonies by the Navy, is perhaps the strongest bond of Imperial union that could be devised, because the Colonies obtain an appreciable advantage at little or no appreciable cost to the Mother Country. It is certain that the colonies would be less secure if they could no longer rely on the protection of the Navy; it is by no means certain that the cost of the naval defence of the United Kingdom and its commerce would be materially diminished if the Navy were relieved of the responsibility of defending the Colonies."

Again, *The Times* of October 2nd, says:—

"Hence the suggestion of the Committee, may, perhaps, be paraphrased as follows:—It is to the interest of the Colonies to contribute to the cost of the Navy; it is to the interest of the United Kingdom to encourage them so to contribute by affording them a share in the administration of the Navy corresponding to their contributions. The first proposition is not altogether indisputable, as we showed on a former occasion. The second proposition is, in our judgment, mischievous so far as it has any meaning, and unmeaning as far as it is not directly mischievous. Unless Mr. Loring, or the Committee he represents, can succeed in defining its meaning, and, at the same time, in purging it of the mischief, it seems to us to be little better than waste of time to discuss it as an issue of practical politics. Thus the whole stress of the argument manifestly turns on the meaning to be assigned to the words, 'a share in the administration of the Navy.' If it were proposed to give the Colonies a share in the control of the Navy, every one would see at once that such a proposal involved a complete subversion of the constitution of the United Kingdom, yet, if the word administration means anything less than this, it means nothing to the point." \* \* \* "But such a liability can only be realized on the terms suggested by Mr. Loring and his associates, either by an antecedent federation of the Empire, or by fatally weakening the authority, initiative, and independence of the supreme organ of Imperial policy. In other words, the Committee represented by Mr. Loring is, as Sir Frederick Young has pointed out, busily and not very profitably engaged in 'putting the cart before the horse.' Either the time is ripe for a federal constitution of the Empire, or it is not. If it is, the only logical, safe and prudent course is to organize the Empire on a federal basis, involving, as it would, the establishment of a system of common defence. If it is not, the establishment of a system of common defence

such as Mr. Loring recommends, cannot lead to the federation of the Empire, and failing to lead to it, must make for confusion, disruption and overthrow, by fatally impairing the efficiency and potency of the force which, as at present controlled and administered, guarantees the maritime security of every part of the Empire, maintains the stability and continuity of Imperial policy, and thereby sustains the loyalty and patriotism of every worthy subject of the British Empire."

\* \* \*

And again, *The Times* of October 19th, says:—

"In the first place, we may repeat what we said on Tuesday, that 'it must be clearly and without hesitation admitted that adequate naval defence of the United Kingdom and its world-wide commerce, involves the defence of the Colonies also; that, in fact, the maritime defence of the Colonies is a by-product of that naval supremacy which is vital to our very existence as a nation.' We can for this reason give no support whatever to any appeal to Colonial sentiment and opinion, which is founded directly or indirectly on the supposed requirements of local maritime defence." \* \* \* "In point of fact, the maritime defence of the Colonies adds little or nothing to the burden which the British taxpayer must bear in his own paramount interests, even if no Colonies were in question: Our maritime commerce is the very life-blood of the nation. In order to maintain its circulation unimpaired in time of war, the British Navy must be in strategic command of all the seas of the world. The United Kingdom has thus the strongest possible motive—that of self-preservation—for maintaining a naval defence adequate to its needs, and as the greater includes the less, a naval defence adequate to the needs of the United Kingdom and its commerce is more than equal to the local maritime defence of all parts of the Empire." \* \* \* "But, inasmuch as the maritime security of the Colonies is necessarily involved in an adequate naval defence of the United Kingdom and its commerce, the control and disposition of the latter must always remain unconditionally in the hands of the responsible Government of the United Kingdom." \* \* \*

*The Economist* of September 7th says:

"The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee has, of course, no other object than to maintain the Empire, and to promote good feeling between all the white subjects of the Queen. It is, however, impossible to read the letter they have recently addressed to Lord Salisbury, and the two little pamphlets issued with it, and not to realize that the

effect of their action is very likely to be exactly the reverse of that intended, and to cause ill rather than good feeling in the Empire. The propositions labored by the committee are, unhappily, calculated to give offence both in the Colonies and at home. They will seem to the colonists to embody an assertion that the Colonies are shirking their fair share of the work of defence. The electors of the United Kingdom will, on the other hand, feel themselves described as foolishly doing what is really somebody else's business." \* \* \*

"Of course, in both cases, the conclusions are very partial and very foolish, but that will not prevent their being freely indulged in if a controversy is raised over the question of colonial defence on the lines laid down in the pamphlets of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. Curiously enough it was the raising of these very points in a muddle-headed and ill-considered way which brought on the War of Independence, and lost us the American Colonies" \* \* \*

"At present our relations with our Colonies are of a very satisfactory and friendly kind. For Heaven's sake then, let us leave them alone, and not rush upon new plans in the hope of obtaining an ideal arrangement. In reality, the scheme of the Defence Committee is negated by two capital considerations, which though touched on above may be thus re-stated. The first affects us, the second the Colonies. If the Colonies contribute to the Navy, they must not only help to control the Navy, but they must have a voice in the use of the Navy. But a voice in the use of the Navy means that they must help control our foreign policy; and the people of Great Britain are, at present at any rate, not prepared to give up any part of the control of their foreign policy. They would consider a contribution to the Navy bought far too dear if it had to be paid by resigning the sole control of their foreign policy. But as we have shown, the colonists could not be expected to contribute to the Navy, and then be debarred from any share in the ultimate direction." \* \* \*

The *Spectator* of September 14th says:

"We will not yield to any one in our desire to see the Empire strong and united, and bound together in what Burke called 'an English communion.' It is because we so strongly desire that the present ties which bind us and the Colonies together shall not be strained and injured, that we very greatly regret the steps that have been lately taken by a well-meaning, but injudicious, body, which calls itself the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. The aim of these persons—the maintenance of the Empire—is excellent, but their way of carrying out their

aim is, in our opinion at least, directly calculated to bring nearer what the Defence Committee desire above all things to avoid—the destruction of the Empire. They want to bring England and the Colonies nearer together, and to do so they use language which will not only tend to make the electors here dissatisfied with the Empire, on the ground that the Mother Country is injured by the Colonies failing to contribute to the Navy, but will, at the same time, make the colonists suspicious that there are schemes afoot for making them pay a tribute to England under the guise of a contribution to the Navy. We make Englishmen discontented with the Colonies as a burden, and angry with the colonists as men who selfishly and meanly refuse to contribute to their defence, but leave other people to do the work, and at the same time enable the hot-headed colonists to talk of the revival of the spirit which animated Lord North and George the Third, is a singular achievement for men who are sincerely anxious to keep the Empire united. Yet, unfortunately that, or something very like it, would be the effect of a wide circulation of the proposals of the Defence Committee. So true it is that good intentions are often as injurious as evil acts. \* \* \* We wish that those who drew it up would consult Burke's speech on conciliation with America. They will find there an infinitely truer view of what should be our position towards the Colonies. But even on hard practical grounds, the notion of getting money contributions for the Navy, and giving the Colonies a right to help control our fleets, is a delusion. To make the Empire safe, the control of the Navy must be centralized in the Parliament and Administration at Westminster. \* \* \*

\* \* \* Our fleet under the Admiralty will not really be increased if we get £1,000,000 a year in colonial subsidies; we shall, in the long run, only decrease the estimates by that amount." \* \* \*

The *Advertiser* of September 7th says:

"The Premier fastens upon one weak point in the suggestions of the memorialists. They propose that the Colonies should be invited to contribute to the cost of the Navy, on the understanding that steps shall be taken to afford to them a share in the administration corresponding to their contribution. Lord Salisbury thinks it open to doubt whether this proposal could be carried out so as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy. The phrase 'open to doubt' is a very mild condemnation of an obviously impracticable idea. The scheme could not be carried out, and it is a waste of time to argue in its favor. The suggestion of the committee could only have even a meaning if we were prepared to establish a Parliament of



the Empire, such as some people have dreamed of, in which the colonists would be represented." \* \* \*

*The World of September 18th says :*

"A good deal of fuss has been made by some well-meaning, but mistaken, persons about the supposed duty of the Colonies—at all events, Canada and the Cape—to contribute something to the maintenance of our Navy. Australasia does do something of the kind already, but in the wrong kind of way. The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee's demand, in a letter to Lord Salisbury, that the Colonies should be asked to take part of the burden of the Navy on their own shoulders, and that, when they do, they should be given a share in its administration. Now, this would never do. If the Empire is to be safe, the control of the Navy must be centralized in the British Parliament, as it is now. I do not think that any money contributions to the British Navy from Colonial Governments would in any sense be wise."

*The Standard of September 6th says :*

"The great difficulty, as Lord Salisbury points out, is that to associate the Colonies in the administration of the naval forces of the Empire would be to incur the fatal risk of divided control. It is hardly a sufficient answer to point out, as the Committee does, that to some extent this danger is incurred already. The evil is one to be remedied rather than extended."

*The Army and Navy Gazette of September 14th says :*

"Practically the difficulties are enormous, and the benefits of the result are far from being demonstrated. This will be seen on investigation of the proposal as laid before the Government. It is urged to invite the self-governing Colonies of North America, Australasia, and South Africa, 'to consider the propriety of contributing to the maintenance of the Royal Navy, on the understanding that steps will be taken to afford them a share in its administration corresponding to their contributions.' As Lord Salisbury said in reply to this suggestion, 'it appears open to doubt whether the scheme proposed could be carried out in such a manner as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy.' The problem, which looked easy enough in theory, is really one particularly difficult of

solution. If the colonists do not care to subscribe until they are promised a voice in the control of the Navy, then they will not subscribe at all, for unity of administration is the indispensable condition of effective defence."

*The National Observer of September 21st says :*

"It only proposes that Her Majesty's Ministers should institute enquiries. Before we do that there are however, two preliminary questions to be settled. The first is, can we afford to make the experiment of establishing, or even endeavoring to establish, this very vaguely indicated form of administration in which the Colonies are to have a voice in proportion to their contribution? The second is, do they want anything of the kind? Lord Salisbury hit a very weak spot indeed in the pious imagination of the Committee when he instructed his Secretary to point out that, 'it appears, however, to be open to doubt whether the scheme proposed could be carried out in such a manner as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy.' The Committee's assertion that it could is not enough. Before we go further we ought to know what it is we are prepared to concede. To begin discussing an aspiration is at the best a waste of time, and when it is not improbable that incompatible views will be found to exist on either side, then it is worse, for it may only lead to conflicts of opinion which might never have arisen but for the discussion."

*The Colonies and India of September 28th says :*

"The Imperial Federation (Defence) League do not appear to have made much out of their recent burst of activity. The leading organs of the press severely criticize their suggestions, not only because they are not calculated to carry out the objects of the League, but because of the important question of the divided control of the Navy which they introduce. Instead of cementing the union between the different parts of the Empire, the proposals of the League seem calculated to promote ill-feeling in the Colonies, especially in view of the language in which they have been formulated. The policy they advocate has, however, received so little encouragement that, if the few gentlemen who are at the back of it are wise in their generation we shall hear no more about it."



## CANADA !

OUR great Dominion, glorious land,  
Broad as the continent and grand ;  
Bound on the east and on the west  
With oceans' waves, which know no rest.  
Thy territories reach the pole—  
Regions which none but God control !  
Wrapped in a garb cold, white and pure,  
In frost's strong grip, ice-sealed, secure,  
And yet no fairer land on earth,  
No land more free from plague and dearth ;  
Health flows from every mountain breeze,  
From inland seas and forest trees.  
Thy streams run deep and broad and vast,  
Majestic, ever rolling past ;  
Creating lakes—a stately chain,—  
Till lost in ocean's boundless main.  
Thy mountains, rugged, strong and high,  
Whose peaks rise upward to the sky,  
As solid bulwarks nobly stand,  
Glory and pride of all our land.  
Rich is the wealth which they contain,  
Immense and priceless, golden vein ;  
And metals of a baser kind,  
Illimitable there we find.  
Thy forests great and unexplored,  
With poplars, pine and maple stored ;  
And oak, and firs and timber vast  
Through many ages yet shall last.  
Thy rivers and thy lakes abound  
In finny tribes—rich fishing ground.  
Great Canada ! thy bounties rare,  
Nature's great treasure-house so fair ;  
So blest with God's abundant hand,  
To make a nation strong and grand.  
So may thy blessings ever be  
Thy glory and prosperity,  
And as the ages come and go,  
May providence much more bestow,—  
Grace, wisdom and a thankful mind ;  
Thy sons and daughters more inclined  
To honour Him who honours them,  
(Their greater comforts ne'er condemn),  
But as on stepping-stones may rise  
To noble deeds and sacrifice ;  
And as thy flag flies in the breeze,  
At home, or on the distant seas,  
May every nation, every land,  
Far off, or near, on every strand,  
Know it among the ensigns few,  
An emblem of the good and true.  
And may its graceful folds ne'er lack  
The Maple Leaf and Union Jack.

London, Ont.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

## THE CORNFLOWER.

*The Story of a Prairie Cornfield.*

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

**W**HE had finished planting the west eighty-acre field. The toe of my number nine boot was just pressing down the earth over the last hill of corn when our chore-boy hove in sight.

He was a curious bit of humanity that chore-boy. If I ever gave him two things to do, he proceeded at once to mix them up, or to forget all about one, or both. But let my sister Mary give him orders enough to puzzle the sharpest, and he'd carry them out. Sometimes I'd interfere. "What's the use of wasting your breath on the loon?" I'd say, and Mary would set her lips in a thin line, and remark, "He knows better than to forget." And it really seemed that he did.

Now, he seemed greatly excited. Up through the fresh-worked soil he came, making all sorts of signs to me. Presently I made out that I was wanted up to the house, and no dallying 'round on the road. Being a slow fellow, and pretty well used to Mary's urgent messages, I didn't put myself out any.

Half-way up the lane I stopped to light my pipe—did it on principle. Many a time I've proved the wisdom of having a pipe between my lips; it keeps the temper even and the tongue still. A man doesn't get to be forty without learning a few such lessons, especially if his house, his man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and his ass, and all that is within his gates, are ruled by an affectionate, despot, elder sister. So I went along, puffing away, and quite unprepared for the shot fired by the chore-boy from the rear:

"Say, boss, there's a daisy of a girl up to the house waitin' to see you. You'd better get a move on."

"What do you mean, sauce-box?" I said, turning angrily on him.

"Well, it's so, anyway. And the missis says you're to hurry up and settle 'bout the new schoolma'am."

Now, education is a good thing. I believe in it, and my father gave me all he could afford of it before I left Canada for this big prairie country to set about making a fortune; and when, with time, came experience and a goodly share of this world's goods, I was strong on it. No boy or girl should grow up in Millet county without the chance to get book-learning while I had my way. It gave me some worry, cost me some money, but never had I felt the wish to be free of it all until that boy delivered his news. There I stood, forgetting to draw on my pipe-stem, while up in Mary's prim sitting-room a girl waited to interview the head trustee of school section number seven.

I didn't know many women. Mary was about the only one I was on intimate terms with, and, heaven knows, I never pretended to understand her. The teachers who had come heretofore—well, there had been no 'daisies' among them—either elderly, sober men, or bright young fellows, earning the wherewithal to go through college. They had all deferred to me, and made much of my opinion, so we'd had no trouble. It seemed ridiculous that a man of my age and standing should be afraid of facing a bit of a girl, but they say everyone is a coward of something—a lion, a mouse, a mad dog. It was

girls with me. I couldn't bear them, that is I wanted no business or social relations with them. They were all right as a part, a necessary part, of a community, but I wanted no closer knowledge of them. Collectively they were not so bad, but individually nothing but a source of embarrassment.

I took a look at the old brown school-house just below to sort of encourage myself as I went, making up my mind to put up with it all like a stoic. She would giggle, of course, and blush, and shirk answering half the necessary questions.

Then I walked in and made the acquaintance of Miss Elizabeth Baker. It wasn't such a trial after all. Nothing could be more business-like and matter of fact than this first interview. She had a way of looking straight up at me—I was a lot the taller—and of coming right to the point on every subject that made me feel at ease with her right from the start. In truth I felt rather pleased than otherwise when the agreement was duly signed.

A month later she began her duties in the brown school-house, taking up her residence with the widow Graves across the road from us, and we naturally saw a lot of each other as time went on.

It beat all, the interest in education which sprung up in the neighborhood, I never saw the like of it. Strange to say it confined itself chiefly to the young men. Planting over, why every lad was for taking a term at school. Great louts of eighteen or thereabouts, who had avowed their school days at an end several years before, grew so studious you'd never believe it. On my first official visit two months after her arrival every seat was filled, a full dozen of our best young men were busy with book and slate. It was enough to make a man like myself interested in the education of youth, especially the youth of Millet County, feel that he hadn't labored in vain.

I don't deny it—I felt proud, and told Mary so that night at supper.

She was contrary enough to make all sorts of fun of the whole thing.

"You're blind as a bat, John, she said." "A heap Jem Buck, and Dick Ford, and the rest of that crew care about learning or about anything else but mischief. Didn't I try to get Jem to study Webster's spelling-book long enough ago, and he looked me in the eyes brazen as possible and said, 'thank you ma'am, but I've got tickets enough.'"

"What did he mean anyway?" I'm very patient with Mary. I have to be.

"When he was little he of course was given tickets when he earned them by good behavior and well-learned lessons, and the impudent fellow meant he'd outgrown such things as Webster's spelling-book. They're all alike. And its too silly in you believing all that nonsense about making up for lost time, when its just to make eyes at that pretty teacher they go and for nothing else."

"But I judge from the talk—"

"Talk!" she snapped, as she passed me the honey. "Actions speak louder than words, and the actions of these lads speak loud enough to be heard from one end of Millet county to the other. You're a ninny, John. Half of them are in love with Elizabeth Baker now, and the other half will follow suit, and you mark my words."

I did mark them, with an uneasy feeling let it be said, for not only was I interested in school matters in general, but I was beginning to feel a paternal interest in schoolma'ams, or to speak accurately, as I love to do, a schoolma'am.

Elizabeth Baker (she told me the home folks called her Betty—a pretty name), was from the city, and our wide prairies seemed a great and wonderful thing to her. She had odd little ways and fancies, and to watch our west eighty-acre field was one of them. I'd find her there after four on school days and on Saturday afternoons sometimes. She got used to seeing me about. Sometimes she'd go on quiet, and seeming



glad to be so alone; at other times she'd come up and watch me at my work, hoeing or cultivating, and talk all sorts of pleasant nonsense.

"I love to watch the sun-mother, kissing and coaxing each stalk to grow," she'd say. "You were planting it when I arrived on the scene, you know. And you were vexed with me because I was a girl." She had the gayest laugh! "How the fields stretch out! There will be a great rustling of silk some of these days, won't there?"

"Ripe corn is a pretty thing," I'd return, just to make talk, "but I like to see it growing."

She had a way of drawing the slim green stalks through her pink palms that was as nice a thing as a man need wish to look at.

"The wind is in love with it and so is the sun. They try to outstay each other every day. The sun will pretend to be young still at five o'clock, hoping the wind will go off discouraged. Now let us watch him go lingeringly down, and by and by we'll see the wind come back to stir it and whisper to it and give it good-night."

All this and more. I liked her fancies though I couldn't follow them, being of a slow turn by nature. But I knew where the bluest cornflowers grew, and I picked handfuls of them for her to wear in her belt. They looked well, and matched her eyes.

By and by I took to calling her 'Cornflower.' She'd laugh, and say, "A pretty name, Mr. Holmes, almost as pretty as Betty."

I tell you that was a summer! Such sunshine and showers as the days were crammed with! And the nights were beautiful, dewy and soft and warm, and covered over and wrapped up in stars. No wonder the corn shot up full and strong. Nothing could help growing with all its might. Our west eighty-acre field was worth looking at I can tell you, and when the ripeness touched it, and spread and deepened over it, 'twas like going to

church to me—made me think of the streets of gold, and such.

About this time I made a discovery—and kept it to myself. Going along the road one day I met another trustee, Dave Clark by name, and stopped to mention a little business matter to him. He was rather short in his answers, and after a while I got hold of his grievance. He was all behind with his work, and his nephew, Jem Buck, wouldn't quit school to help him along not for love or money.

"You ought to feel proud of that lad, Dave," I said. "He's got a future before him."

I'd heard this saying, about having a future, at a convention, and rather liked the high-sounding run of it, but Dave gave a snort of incredulity.

"Can't get a boy to take hold of a hoe any more," he went on. "They're married to the grammar and spelling-book. The idea of such great lubbers goin' to school! It's that pesky school-ma'am; she's bewitched 'em I think. Every fool one of 'em is head and heels in love with your Miss Baker, an' my work can go to the dogs of course."

*My Miss Baker, indeed!*

I went my way in a thoughtful mood. In love with her were they?

It was at this juncture that I made the discovery—the boys were in love, head over heels in love—and *I knew pretty well how they felt.*

Right here an old saying of Mary's came up before me. "Poor John! he's had about every disease he could manage to catch, but he's missed the love fever. We're not a 'falling in love' family, we Holmeses." I wondered grimly if she'd discover the symptoms of this disease in me. Once she had pounced on me, and put noxious drugs in me, and hot flannels and irons to me, before I knew I was taking measles. It saved my life she said. Now if she'd only been as clear-sighted in this later and more serious thing!

It had taken me unawares, one might say. I'd made myself believe that the pleasure I took in the society

of this young girl, in watching her, in listening to her quaint speeches, was a natural thing and not due to a foolish weakness of the heart. Love, you see, had kept his distance when I was young, and who would think of him taking liberties with an old foggy like myself? It was a comfort to me to know that Mary had not guessed, nor had Elizabeth Baker guessed, and neither of them would ever know 'till the Judgment day when there'll be so many secrets flying about that one more or less won't count.

I wasn't really sorry over it all. Love is a curious thing, it makes a man see better and hear better. There is youth in it, the old lover is a boy for the nonce.

Those walks on Saturdays, those chance meetings in the quiet lanes, the hand-clasp after service on Sunday afternoons, even the business meetings had been good to me. I had worked my farm, and made my bargains, and been the same shrewd farmer as of old in a way, and yet the difference was there. I knew it as I walked home that day, something had come into my quiet life. The softness of the summer days and nights, the gold on the ripening fields, the blue of the skies, the new sweetness in flower and leaf, had grown out of it. There isn't much satisfaction in lying to oneself in a matter of this kind. I didn't begin it.

I looked in the looking-glass that night, and saw what might have knocked the romance out of any man's head. Not that I was what would be called an ill-looking fellow. Indeed Mary was never backward in asserting that my looks were the best part of me. Big and broad-shouldered, a stubborn jaw, wide forehead, and dark eyes—not a bad picture, if old Time hadn't ploughed his furrows over it, and sprinkled a little of his dust on my head. I sighed as I looked. Energy and money had procured me many a coveted thing, but they could not work miracles—they could not

make me once more the penniless young fellow who had staked his claim and begun his life with ambitions as far-stretching as the rolling prairies. An odd sense of defeat took hold of me. Learned things, kind things, pleasant womanly things she had said to me, but to save my life the only thing I could call to mind for a while was a laughing remark of hers, "Oh Mr. Holmes, don't you sometimes feel like the father of Millet county?"

The very next day she came to speak to me on school affairs. A child had taken the fever, and she was for shouldering the blame on me. She had been urging us to put down a new well for some time. The old one had caved in, and the youngsters had been getting water in the creek just below. It should have been attended to, but I wasn't in good humor. Besides, I didn't like the way she spoke.

"I'll see to it when the rush of work is over," I said, and went on sharpening my sickle.

"The school-house is in a bad state of repair," she persisted. "It should be raised from the ground and freshly plastered, before cold weather comes. It isn't right to neglect such things."

I wasn't used to being told my business. No school-teacher had ever spoken to me in this way—to me, John Holmes, Chairman of the Trustee Board, and one of the most level-headed men in Millet county.

"It shall be attended to when the rush of work is over," I repeated.

The way she flared up was a surprise to me.

"In the meantime my pupils may risk their lives every hour in the day. You are doing wrong, sir." Her blue eyes seemed to hold only contempt.

"Nonsense," I said stubbornly, "they are no worse off than lots of others. I'll see to it after awhile."

"One is already very low with the fever, and two others are sickening, and you say '*after while*.' It's wrong, it's a shame, a burning shame Mr.

Holmes. I am both pained and surprised."

"I thought you a gentle, lady-like girl, Miss Baker."

"And I thought you a just and honorable man, Mr. Holmes."

There we stood facing each other. I wasn't prepared for rank mutiny, I was just a little afraid of Miss Baker. Surely 'twas years ago I called her 'Cornflower!' But I had my dignity to keep up. Never had Millet county heard of such presumption on the part of a teacher.

"I'm a plain old fellow," I said at length, "and I must tell you that you are taking a liberty in dictating to me in this matter. You'll own as much when you recover your temper."

She winced a little, and I felt I was a brute. But my self-love had been roughly handled of late by this same slip of a girl, so I went on coolly, "You are hired to teach, and I'd just suggest that you attend to your own work and leave mine alone. No good comes of meddling."

The color died out of her cheeks, the flash faded from her eyes.

"Remember," she said quietly, that the cry of a little suffering child goes straight to the ears of God. Who would care to be an unjust steward!" She made me a little bow and walked off like a princess.

By night I was ashamed. I might have been by noon if she hadn't as much as called me the father of Millet county.

"There'll be a heavy frost to-night," one of my men said as we came home to supper, "the air is full of it already."

I was about to give him some orders about the newly-dug potatoes, when the chore boy of whom I've spoken broke in on us. He was looking half-scared, half-glad, and altogether idiotic.

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, irritably.

"Oh nothin', only Miss Baker's gone and got herself lost somewhere."

Without a word, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, I turned and went westward, for I knew in a minute that somehow she'd lost her way in the forest of tall ripened corn which covered that eighty-acre lot. In one spot, shortly after I entered, I came across the bow of ribbon she had worn at her neck; farther in I found the prints of her high-heeled boots in the soft ground between the tall rows of tasseled stuff. Would she be scared? I hurried on. The sun went down and left the world peaceful and good; the stars came out in the deep blue overhead, a wild bird went singing to its home and mate and little ones. Nature touches me mightily at times, the quiet of the evening made itself felt. It grew so dark I couldn't trace her, but I went on boldly, and by and by came on a forlorn little figure.

Oh, Miss Baker! When you started off with your frock tucked carefully above the dimity petticoat to keep it from the dust, and your sailor hat sitting jauntily on your brown head, you never expected to meet with this adventure! She was sitting on the ground, and when she heard my step she lifted a sad and tired face in greeting. Naturally I forgot a good deal I'd intended remembering, when the smile came to her lips, and she lifted two little hands to me half in welcome, half in appeal. I noticed that her eyes were red with crying, and her hair in disorder about her face.

"Betty!" I said, and would have added something eloquent only that I couldn't think of anything.

There was only the rustling of the corn about us.

"Betty!" I repeated, being moved to it in spite of myself.

"Betty!"

Now I am not going to try to explain to myself or to any one else how that one word told so much. I only know that the first Betty told her I was ashamed of myself, that no more fever-stricken children would be piled on any conscience for all time; the



second Betty told her I'd be glad to put down a well with a pump and a drinking cup, but what the third Betty told her only she and I know, and she made answer with her heart upon mine. When the night of my last day comes, the memory of these minutes will be fresh and unfaded.

I had to break the intelligence to Mary. Her comment was characteristic of her.

"John," she said solemnly, "there's no fool like an old fool the world over."

I laughed at her. From away back among the past mile-posts my youth came skipping to keep company with love as is his custom. I enjoyed laughing.

"I'm in love with her, Mary; she's in love with me, Mary, and if this means being a fool, why, I only ask to be a fool 'till the end of time. How's that, Mary?"

And I snapped my thumb and finger derisively, a thing I hadn't dared to do for a score of years.

"Keep your mind on your farm, it will pay best," she said.

"Oh, as for that there's better things than land and dollars and dimes, and they're going to be mine

by the grace of God." I took off my hat, feeling this last was a sort of prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is September. The gold lies on the land everywhere, the gold of wheat stubble, and of ripened corn. At Christmas we will celebrate the fourth anniversary of our marriage. I haven't added any acres to the homestead, nor put any money in the bank, yet I'm a richer man by far than I used to be. There's a boy with his father's black eyes and sturdy constitution who rules the house. Just lately a blue-eyed girl baby came to share the job with him.

Sister Mary thinks the world of them. She is improving, actually getting funny. To-day, as I drove the cows down the lane to water, my Betty came to the door and called out:—

"John, please find the boy, he's toddled off in the corn, bless his little heart!"

"Hurry up, John," called Mary, "You know it runs in his family to get lost in a field of corn."

This was so nearly a joke on Mary's part that we all laughed by way of encouragement.

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#### "CHINOOK."

The air is soft and mild this winter morn,  
 The sky is veiled in fleecy mist and drest  
 In silver grey, while from the bland south-west  
 Comes the moist wind, the poplars to adorn  
 With crystal frieze, half-smiling, as in scorn  
 Of gems so lavish, motionless they rest,  
 Down-drooping calmly on each aged breast;  
 Frost-fretted twigs, of coming thaw to warn,  
 Far, far around the whitened bluffs are seen;  
 Their leaden look becoming snowy white  
 As the rime thickens, and a silver sheen  
 Glints rosily within the sunbeam's fitful light,  
 While far and near upon the charmed trees  
 Are woven soft a thousand tracteries.

"CON DELL."

Old Fort Carlton, Sask., N.W.T.

## THE NOR' WESTER.

The sky is clear, the air is keen,  
The snow-drifts lie the bluffs between  
In fleecy fold on fold ;  
Against the sky the poplars lean  
Their branches, thin and cold.

We follow in the woodman's tracks,  
And hear the echo of the axe  
Resounding from the bush,  
And listen to the throbbing cracks  
In ceaseless wave and hush.

Beside the bluff the cayuse stands,  
His rough mane torn to draggled strands,  
His eye and ear adoze ;  
He waits the touch of driver's hands,  
When the load homeward goes.

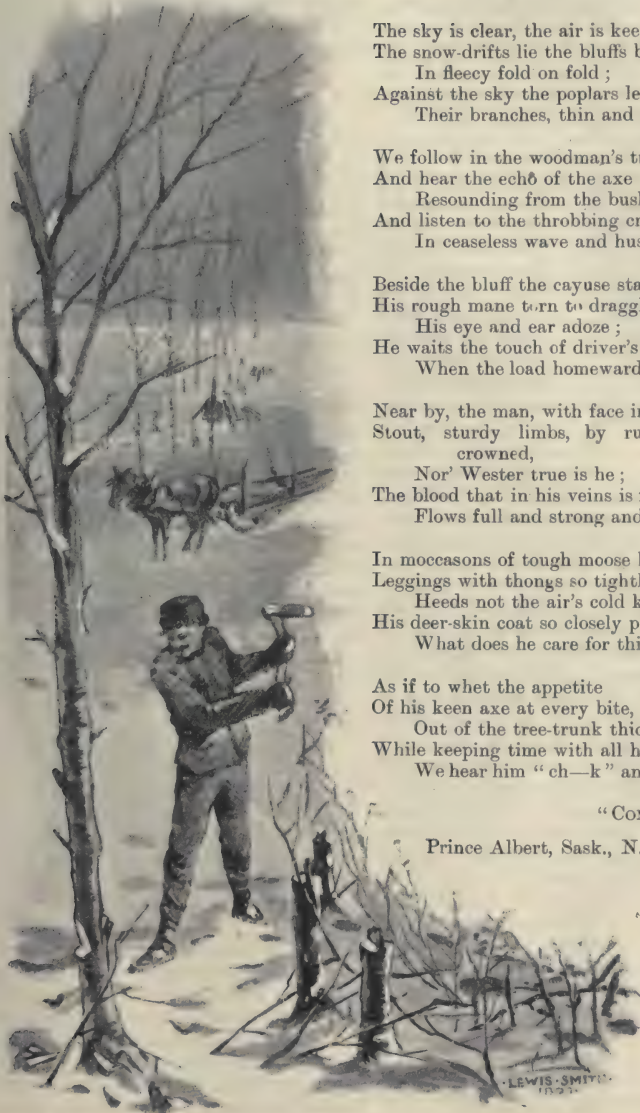
Near by, the man, with face imbrowned,  
Stout, sturdy limbs, by rude health  
crowned,  
Nor' Wester true is he ;  
The blood that in his veins is found,  
Flows full and strong and free.

In moccasins of tough moose hide,  
Leggings with thongs so tightly tied,  
Heeds not the air's cold kiss ;  
His deer-skin coat so closely plied,  
What does he care for this ?

As if to whet the appetite  
Of his keen axe at every bite,  
Out of the tree-trunk thick ;  
While keeping time with all his might,  
We hear him "ch—k" and "ch—k."

"CON DELL."

Prince Albert, Sask., N.W.T.



DRAWN BY LEWIS SMITH.

## TWO BEAUTIES OF THE BAGKWOODS.

BY C. C. FARR.

*With Illustrations by A. H. H. Heming.*

### PART II.\*



N the meantime the snow had ceased, the moon shone clear and bright. To the north and north-west the clouds hung black and threatening, but as they were apparently receding, there was every prospect of the night being fine. For some

miles Harry and Harold walked in comparative silence past the Chief's Island, where the spirit of the wicked chief who, though wicked was not wily enough to circumvent his enemies, was said to roam; but they saw him not; past the great limestone island, which, white and glistening, fronts the awful precipice where the enchanted frog lured the sacrilegious Indian to his doom; past the island of drunkenness, where, in days gone by, the Indians assembled to drink the firewater so lavishly supplied them by the Hudson's Bay Company, and many a tale of bloodshed and of murder could these silent shores have told if they could only speak.

"How still and silent it all seems," said Harry. "What a contrast is all this to the bustle of civilization. Not a sound except the creaking of our snowshoes have we heard since we left those abominable Indians. I wonder if there are any wolves here,

Harold. We only need a hairbreadth escape from wolves to complete our adventures."

"The wolf, my dear boy," answered the philosophical Harold, "is another favorite theme of the constitutional liar. When in Mattawa, I was told to beware of the wolves up here, as they were numerous and bloodthirsty. Mr. McTavish told me the other day that during his thirty years experience in this country, he had neither seen one nor heard one. An old fellow to whom I had stood a drink, and who evidently hoped for another, told me an excellent wolf story while we were in Mattawa, and I will tell it to you, so be prepared at this weird hour and in this silent land to hear a tale that shall fill your romantic and imaginative soul with horror, and to quote from the immortal Shakespeare, 'make your knotted and combined locks to stand on end like quills of a fretful porcupine.'"

"It appears that years ago—every impossibility happens years ago—a man had occasion to walk some distance through the bush alone. It was not very far from this identical Lake Temiscamingue, the lake of deep waters. Night overtook him, and ere long he heard the first faint cry or whimper. Had he been driving a horse, the horse too would have heard it, and at this juncture would have set back his ears and shown every sign of distress. However, he had no horse, which rather detracts from its interest as a wolf story. Need I tell you that ere long, that first faint whimper rolled up into an awful roar, and he

\*This second part of the story opens with the two young men returning from the Indian camp at the head of Lake Temiscamingue.



knew that he was pursued by wolves. Closer and closer they came, and the panting traveller knew that there was no other alternative but to set his back against a rock and fight for dear life. I spare you all the details of

The clubbing business of course came next, with the concomitant 'hot breath' and 'angry springs.' Then all was over. Nothing was left of the man but his boots, which, on account of his being fresh from England, were studded on the soles with nails, and the wolves could not eat them. You will notice that there is a trifling improvement in this version of the old yarn. There is no 'distant baying of the faithful hound,' nor are there heard the 'encouraging shouts of his friends coming to his rescue,' nor even does the 'welcome gleam of the farm house light' come into play, and above all the man who apparently was not a bad soul, and certainly not the double-dyed villain of a tale, is happily dead and done for. Of course all this was an encouraging feature about the yarn, but still I must have shown signs of a lack of faith, for the old fellow got quite hot about it, complaining of my 'sneerin' way,' as he called it, and finally, when I allowed that it might be true, but that such tales need proof, he answered, 'Proof d'ye want? Why there's proof enough to start a religion, man. The rock's there, and yer can see it to this day, if yer don't believe it.'

"I need hardly say, Harry, that I stood that man the expected drink, and thought he earned it. I say! how dark it's grown all of a sudden. Listen! What's that roaring noise? It sounds like the wind."

Instinctively, they turned their faces to the north, and were met by a gust of icy wind, a puff, followed by another colder still, and carrying a little snow.

They saw, as it were, a white mist descending on the hills on either side. Suddenly they were enveloped in a driving sheet of snow, not the soft, large flakes of an ordinary snow-storm, but a blinding, stinging dust, like grains of sand, and sharp as needles.

Everything was blotted out from sight,—to right, to left,—in front,



LILIAN.

'lolling tongues,' 'fiery eyes' and 'bristling manes.' I regret that I have to inform you that he had his trusty rifle with him, and that he slew numbers while his ammunition lasted.

behind, it was all the same. To face it was impossible, and breathing itself became difficult. The bitter wind seemed to pierce through everything. Their clothes, which had at times on their journey proved almost too heavy and warm, now appeared as if made of gauze, through which the wind seemed to be blowing upon their very hides. The roar of it was fairly deafening, and it was with difficulty that they could hear each other speak.

"This must be the festive blizzard," shouted Harold, "keep close Harry, and let us do what we can't help doing, go with the wind."

"Where shall we go?" shouted Harry back, "there is no track."

"Well! we'll make one," replied Harold, "any place is better than this, so come on, I'd just as soon be choked or frozen walking as I would standing still!"

So on they went, with the storm as their guide. Had the lake been narrow for the remaining four miles that intervened between them and the fort, they would not have experienced much difficulty in reaching it, beyond the danger of being overcome by the cold. But unfortunately the lake was wide, and the direction of the wind slightly diagonal to it, consequently they struck the shore too much to the west, though they at the time had not the slightest idea as to where they were. The bank rose steep and rugged before them, sparsely covered by a growth of stunted pines.

"If we could only climb that bank," shouted Harold, "we might get shelter in the bush."

But they could not climb the bank, at least Harry could not. Every time he raised his foot to take an upward step, a cramp would seize him in the thigh, and he would straighten back the leg with an exclamation of pain.

"It's no use," said Harold, "we must keep on the lake and follow the shore, though which way to go, goodness knows, I don't."

Saying which, he took, as is often

the case in such predicaments, the wrong one, nor did he discover his error until they had fruitlessly wandered for over an hour, and then there was no choice left but to retrace their steps. Harry, faint with hunger, with feet sore and with every muscle in his legs in pain, threw off the snowshoes, preferring to walk without them.

The wind had by this time abated somewhat, but had become many degrees colder. Daylight had dawned, but still the drifting snow hid everything but the shore, which they were now following. As they had been compelled by it to change their course to about a right angle with the wind, they suffered much from the cold, and were constantly on the watch lest their noses or ears should freeze. Harry began to drop behind, and often Harold was obliged to wait for him, until at length he told him to go on and leave him, as he would be obliged to lie down and rest. In vain Harold told him that rest meant death. He muttered something about not caring which it was, and threw himself down in the snow. In vain he shook him and shouted at him, his only reply was "I'm only sleepy. For God's sake, let me sleep."

Harold himself was, by this time, considerably spent, and he realized that perhaps the lives of both of them depended upon his own promptness, though when he looked at his friend lying there in the snow, the fine dust-like particles already gathering in his hair and settling in the folds of his clothes, he felt a pang that forced from him a cry for help, or rather a wail of despair. He never for one moment expected that he would be heard or answered, or if he did, the hope was but a forlorn one, and scarcely would he believe his senses, when out of the blinding mist of snow there came an answering shout, followed by the dim outlines of men coming towards them from the mist. In a few seconds he was grasping the hand of Mr. McTavish.



DRAWN BY A. H. H. HEMING.

HAROLD AND LILIAN.

"Lucky you came, Mr. McTavish. Poor Harry seems about done out."

"Done out," answered Mr. McTavish, "he's so near done out that a few minutes more and Master Harry would have been making his investigations

of the natives in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Saying which, he produced a flask and poured some of its contents down the throat of the nearly insensible man. The brandy soon took effect,



and Mr. McTavish, with the assistance of the man whom he had brought with him, soon had Harry on to his feet, and thus supporting him on either side, they led him on. Harold, who had likewise been refreshed by a pull at the flask, followed them. They were not far from the Fort, but as Mr. McTavish afterwards explained, it was providential that they had not been able to travel by themselves further than they did, for the course that they were taking would have led them inevitably into the open water, caused by the current through the "narrows," upon which the Fort was built.

Arrived in the house, Mr. McTavish at once ordered Harry to bed, but chancing to glance at his feet, a look of anxiety came over his face.

"How are your feet, Mr. Woods?" he asked.

"I have no feet," answered Harry. "I feel as if I had been walking on nothing."

But, indeed, judging by the appearance, one would have said that he was all feet. His moccasins were encrusted with layer upon layer of frozen "slush," or wet snow, so that they looked like two large balls of white ice. Mr. McTavish ordered a tub of cold water to be brought at once, and he himself went to work at one moccasin, while his man did the same with the other, and by dint of tearing and slashing here and there with a knife, they at length managed to set his feet free, and queer and white they looked. Into the cold water they were plunged, and then, for the first time in his life, Harry Woods knew the agony of frozen feet. As he often said afterwards, "The freezing was nothing, but the process of thawing out was like having your feet boiled, and that to die by freezing was easy and painless; like going to sleep, but that the pain of coming back to life and sense, was hardly worth enduring for the sake of living.

And so Harry Woods became an invalid in the house of Duncan Mc-

Tavish—a catastrophe for which his friend, Harold Mills, was grateful to him for ever afterwards. And though Harry would sometimes remonstrate to the effect, that Providence might have consummated like results at a less personal cost to himself, Harold would persist in saying that that was the way Providence usually worked; sacrificing one man for the good of another; and that, as a consistent Christian, he was bound to be thankful. After Harry had been comfortably esconced in his bed, and having eaten some breakfast had temporarily escaped from his pain by sleep, Harold sat by the warm stove, discussing their adventures with Mr. McTavish.

"A narrow escape," said Mr. McTavish. "If your friend had only tried to tough the snowshoes, instead of throwing them off, he would have been all right. You see, the snow on the top may be as dry as powder, but may be thoroughly saturated with water below, next to the ice, and if there is much slush, as we call it, it's the simplest thing in the world to get frozen feet. Lucky you shouted when you did, for we were just thinking of turning to the right, up the lake, and trying to face the storm, when we heard your shout."

"How was it, Mr. McTavish, that you happened to be looking for us as you did, just in the nick of time?"

Mr. McTavish burst out laughing before replying.

"Why, Mr. Mills," he said, "You surely don't imagine that the shindy you fellows kicked up at old Watawayses' ball, was of such common occurrence that we wouldn't hear of it right off. I tell you, I laughed till I almost cried, when I heard the history of it. Two thoroughly frightened Indians brought the word down that you two had started some time before the storm, and they were anxious lest you should get lost. One of them, indeed, was big Angus Wabikeeshik, the fellow you bowled over, and serve him right too; though, to do the poor

beggar justice, he had provocation. Betsy, the girl, your friend was so attentive to, was engaged to be married to him, and when he found that the old man wanted to sell her to your friend, after he himself had paid, I don't know how many beaver skins for her, besides keeping the old scoundrel for nearly a year, he got rather mad. Of course, I told him that if anything happened to you, he would be held entirely responsible, which frightened him considerably. We have to keep the fear of the law in these fellows anyway; but honestly I don't think the poor man was altogether to blame."

"Certainly not," said Harold, "and do you know, Mr. McTavish, that, after all it was not Indian nature we were studying, but human nature. By the by, who is that girl Betsy?"

She is the grand-daughter of Old Watawayses. Her father was a young scamp of a clerk we had here once. He was of good family; in fact, her other grandfather was a canon of some cathedral in the Old Country. I believe he's a bishop now."

"It would be an affecting sight to see the two grandfathers meet," said Harold sententiously.

At this moment the door opened, and two women entered the room, one old, the other young. The latter was a beautiful girl, so thought Harold, as he looked upon her while Mr. McTavish introduced him to the two ladies as his wife and daughter.

"You must be hungry," said Mrs. McTavish to Harold. "It is too bad to have kept you waiting so long, but we are lazy people, and Lilian and I have only just got up."

Harold followed them to the breakfast-room, wondering and indignant, that one so beautiful as the daughter of his host should have been allowed to waste her sweetness on the desert air, and he resolved he would do his utmost to prune all the many shoots of barbarism that he felt convinced must flourish in such primitive sur-

roundings. He rejoiced that circumstances had thrown in his way the chance of imparting to one, whom at first sight he intensely admired, if not actually loved, some of those doctrines of refinement and culture which are the shibboleths of modern education.

During the meal little was said by anyone. Mr. McTavish was occupied in reading numerous letters which had arrived that morning by the packet from Moose Factory. Lilian herself said little, a silence attributed by Harold to a natural shyness and diffidence at being brought face to face with one who had the ease of manner and courteous self-possession of a man of the world.

Mr. McTavish managed, however, to inform his guest that to move from there for some weeks would be an impossibility, therefore they must accept the situation and make the best of it. Of course, Harold thanked him with some feeling, and being thoroughly worn out with his night's adventure, soon pleaded want of sleep as an excuse for withdrawing to his room. He slept for many hours, and dreamt many impossible things. Lilian, Betsy, the fat Indian, and blizzards, were the principal subjects of his dreams, all beautifully mixed as dreams should be, and when he awoke darkness had set in. He arose and made his way to Harry's room, whom he found awake and restless.

"Well, old man! How goes it with you?" he asked.

"Oh, Harold, I am, or have been, suffering the tortures of the damned. I don't see what pain was invented for. They tell you, I believe, that it's to make you patient and resigned. I'm anything but patient and resigned. I fairly hate it, but as I can't help myself, I've got to bear it, and I don't profess to make a virtue of it."

"Cheer up, Harry! I begin to think that after all life may be worth living."

"You would not say that if you were in my shoes, or, to be strictly ac-

curate, on my feet. But I say, my old philosopher, what makes you so enthusiastic all of a sudden?"

"Do you know, Harry, that I've seen to-day the loveliest little girl that I ever met?"

"Don't talk to me of lovely girls. It's lovely girl that I am suffering from, and don't you go and get the disease."

"But this Miss McTavish is a perfect picture, Harry."

"I can well believe you. These beauties of the backwoods are just pictures, and it is from that standpoint alone that one should consider them. Perfect features and perfect coloring, but lacking life, and on no account could one call them speaking likenesses. By the by, how much grease do you expect this one will cost you?"

"Harry, your helpless condition alone saves you from condign punishment. Seriously speaking, you have no call to even formulate such insinuations against that noble old soul, The McTavish."

"All right, Harold! I sit, or rather lie, corrected, but I'll wager that your beauty will stick her head in a shawl, and giggle at you, or converse in long-drawn monosyllables."

"Well, you may be right, but I like the look of that girl, and I'll tell you another thing, I'll win her yet, even if she's made of wood."

"Thou shalt not worship any graven image. I myself bowed down to a wooden idol in Betsy, and behold the result, a shattered wreck, the victim of a taste for the romantic and beautiful. Henceforth I affect only the prosaic and plain. Now get thee hence, enamored swain, and leave me to my woes. The fact is, the little abuse I have bestowed, indiscriminately, has done me good, and I believe I could sleep."

And so Harold left him to get relief in sleep, while he himself went in search of the fair Lilian, whom he found comfortably seated before the fire. She had been reading, but had

hidden the book when she found out who the intruder was.

"Good-evening, Miss McTavish," said Harold.

The girl inclined her head, but said nothing.

Not very encouraging, thought Harold, as a commencement. How wonderfully beautiful she is. I wonder if she is as wooden as Harry thinks. I'll try and draw her out, just to see what she is made of. Then aloud—

"Do you read much, Miss McTavish?"

"No," answered Lilian, blushing and hanging her head.

"Do you like living here?"

"I suppose."

"Did you always live here?"

"No," answered Lilian.

Harold was nonplussed. He had evidently struck another Betsy. Better dressed it was true, but oh! such wooden inaccessibility, and as for monosyllables, she fairly out-Betsied Betsy.

"Were you ever in England," he asked, again coming to the charge. There was no lack of pluck or obstinacy, whatever you call it, in Harold.

"No," replied the girl nervously.

"Did you ever live anywhere else but here?"

"Yes."

"Where was that?"

"At Abitibi."

Now Abitibi, as Harold well knew, was at about the end of all things; one hundred and fifty miles further away in the bush, and he rightly conjectured that about the only accomplishments to be acquired there, would be a knowledge of the art of cleaning fish, and snaring rabbits.

"Do you know, Miss McTavish, that I think it a shame that a girl so beautiful as you are should have been allowed to live all her life away from civilization?"

It was not the right thing to say, and he instinctively knew it. The girl rose, with a flush of anger



upon her face, and turning to him said, "Do you really think so Mr. Mills? Excuse me, I think I hear mamma calling."

With this, she swept out of the room, leaving Harold uncomfortably conscious of having done that which he ought not to have done, and with an urgent longing in his heart, that Harry's feet would mend, so that they might escape from this land of incongruities.

After this interview, for some days, there was a feeling of constraint between Lilian and Harold. He would often catch her eye, apparently by accident, and he could not help thinking, that several times he caught there a mischievous twinkle, and as a matter of fact, instead of the rebuff which he had so palpably received checking his admiration for the girl, his admiration daily increased, until Harry told him plainly, when he came to him for sympathy in his love affair, that a man cooped up in that forsaken place, would fall in love with a bed post. But Harold never swerved from his allegiance, nor would he allow even, that Lilian was anything but perfection, though he acknowledged that her conversational powers must have been allowed to go undeveloped.

"I am not an ass, Harry?" he said one day, "I know refinement when I see it. It is true she may not have read much, she probably never had the chance that you and I have had, but that girl is never guilty of a solecism, either in speech or manners. There's something behind it all that I don't understand."

Three weeks had passed, and Harry was mending rapidly. He was able to walk a little, and it had been arranged that the two friends should start for home in a few days. Mr. McTavish had kindly insisted on sending the young men down with his team of Esquimaux dogs, so that now there was nothing in reality to delay them.

The relations between Lilian and

Harold had decidedly improved, though the young lady still maintained a certain reserve, and whenever Harold attempted to, what he would consider, improve her mind, she promptly snubbed him, and figuratively retired into her shell. They made daily excursions on snowshoes together, and both resented any accident that would deprive them of this recreation.

On such occasions Harold would mope in Harry's room, and become so crabbed that Harry would find him hard to bear, and advise him to "pop" at once, and so get out of his misery, at which, the independent, and, as a rule, somewhat over self-confident Harold would meekly express doubts that she would accept him.

"All the better if she didn't. There are two ways of getting out of a misery like that," answered the now cynical and misogynistic Harry.

While Lilian, on the other hand, complained to her mother that she really needed out of door exercise for the good of her health, which would elicit from that unsuspecting dame an exclamation of surprise, and even of pleasure, at the change that had come over her.

"Why, Lilian," she would say. "It used to be so hard to get you out of doors. You know how often I have told you that you should take more exercise."

"Yes mamma, dear," Miss Lilian would blush, and answer, "I know, and I am trying to be a good girl." Then she would kiss her mother, and feel as if a cry would do her good.

One day, in fact the day before that upon which it had been arranged that the two young men were to take their departure, Harold and Lilian were taking what they considered their last walk together, and as they wished to visit every favorite spot, they had started earlier than usual. Neither of them spoke much. On trips, under such conditions, thoughts take the precedence of words. Suddenly Harold said,

"I wish something would happen."

"What do you mean, Mr. Mills?" asked Lilian.

"Well, I mean something so that I could rescue you from some deadly peril."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Mills."

"Well, I mean if you could fall into the water, and I would pull you out."

Lilian looked amused, and said, "a person could not fall into the water when there are two feet of ice on it, unless, indeed, you were to cut a hole in the ice and put me in it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," answered Harold, though he could not help laughing—"can't you understand what I mean?"

"Oh, Mr. Mills do look at those lovely crystals on that rock."

Hang the crystals thought Harold, but he looked and acknowledged that they were pretty.

"I understand, Mr. Mills, that you are dreadfully clever," said Lilian with a mischievous twinkle in her eye that boded no good for the lordly Harold—"Do tell me something. Do talk learnedly for a little while."

Poor Harold felt himself blushing abominably, while the girl, except for the twinkle, looked so innocently unconscious, that he half thought she meant it and it flashed through his mind that the opportunity had come at last, to improve the mind of this wildflower of the woods. So he thought of all the clever things he knew of, and they did not seem to be so awfully clever after all. He thought of Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mill and a host of others, but he never realized before how little he knew about them. Finally he stammered,

"Have you,—er—have you ever heard of Huxley?"

"Yes, Mr. Mills, I think that I have heard of him."

"Well—er—you know"—said Harold, racking his brain to recall something that he knew about that learned man.

"Well! He wrote a book called the Data of Ethics and —."

"Excuse me, Mr. Mills, but I thought that Herbert Spencer wrote that?"

Harold was aghast. He dimly remembered that Herbert Spencer's name was somehow connected with that work, and worst of all, he realized that this child of nature was correcting his errors.

"Ah! Ah! yes, Miss McTavish." He answered with a sickly smile. "I believe that you are right, the fact is, those old Johnnies, Huxley, Spencer, and Carlyle, and all those, wrote about the same kind of things, you know."

"Why, Mr. Mills!" cried Lilian with some heat, "Carlyle was altogether peculiar in his writings. I cannot say that I have read more of him than his "Cromwell," and "History of the French Revolution," but I don't consider him a bit like the others, in fact, nearly every one of those men whom you have mentioned have distinctive styles and subjects of their own—"

"Miss McTavish," interrupted Harold, "How did you learn all this?"

"Why, at school, of course, and by reading a little since I left school."

"Where were you at school?"

"In Edinburgh."

"Why! I thought you said that you were never in England."

"Is Edinburgh in England, Mr. Mills?"

"Miss McTavish," said Harold, "you can write me down an ass. I have been a blind idiot, but I now bow down with reverence to you, and abjectly apologise for my misconception."

"Your apology is accepted," laughed Lilian — "And now, if you will give me a hand to climb up the bank, we will investigate those crystals."

Harold took the little hand, but made no attempt to climb the bank. Instead of that, he looked earnestly at her, and said:

"I should like to keep this hand for ever."

"It would be very uncomfortable," answered Lilian, with a nervous laugh, "to be dragged around the world like that."

"You know what I mean. I love you, Lilian. I loved you the first day I saw you, and now I want you to say that you will be my own wife?"

Lilian hung her head for a moment, then looking at him with a flash of indignation, she said:

"Consider how much grease it may cost you."

"Surely Lilian you did not ——"

"Yes, I did, and if I did what I ought to do, I'd hide my face in a shawl." By this time somewhat hysterically, "And—and—giggle."

"Lilian!"

"Yes," cried the girl who was now really crying, "And—and—I'd talk to you—in—in—monosyllables."

Harold, who had never dropped her hand all the while, now secured the other. He would have passed his arm around the slender waist, but snow-shoes are inconvenient things to make love on, distances have got to be observed, or there will be a fall, so he grasped the other hand and said,

"Lilian, my darling, don't cry. It was a beastly shame. I am really and truly sorry, but remember it was not I who said those things."

Lilian blushed when she remembered what she had said, "and poor Harry had never seen you; besides he was suffering so much from pain that he was hardly responsible."

But the rest of the conversation should not be recorded here, sufficient to say that they made a compact sealed with one of those objectionable monosyllables.

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A few days afterwards, for the little incident that took place by the rock, altered their plans, Harold Mills and Harry Woods took their departure for home. Not, however, before it was definitely arranged that Mr.

McTavish should bring his wife and Lilian to England as soon in the following spring as he could wind up his affairs, and induce the Hudson's Bay Company to send a successor in his place.

Our two friends enjoyed the comfort of travelling with dogs, and all the conveniences that the employees of the Company have learned to use. Angus Wabikeshik was their guide, and a more attentive, faithful servant it would be hard to find. He seemed to anticipate their every want, and especially attached himself to Harry, for whose lameness he no doubt considered himself responsible. When they had reached Mattawa, and their dusky guide was about to start back to Fort Temiscamingue, he shook hands with Harry, saying:

"Indian no all bad, him like other man. Him feel plenty love."

Harry never would tell how much he gave him, but there was the sound of clinking gold, and Angus' broad face beamed with smiles.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next year the two friends were on the Liverpool Docks watching the arrival of "The Nestorian," as she slowly steamed up the Mersey. Harold was fortified with a very powerful binocular.

"You'll break the glasses of that instrument, Harold, if you don't mind. Such constant gazing through——"

"I see her, I see her," shouted Harold, excitedly. She's waving her handkerchief. Bless you, darling! Oh, Harry, isn't she beautiful."

"Well, for my part, Harold, I prefer the 'Cunarders.' They're more——, Oh, I beg your pardon, Harold. Of course you mean your beauty of the Backwoods. She's all right, but I buried all my enthusiasm with the toe and a half that I lost last winter on Temiscamingue."

Three months later the newspapers gave the announcement and Harry Woods was, of course, the best man.

THE END.



## THE VENGEANCE OF LA TOUR.\*

In the Spring of 1645, Sieur D'Aulnay Charnisay sailed from Port Royal, N.S., now known as Annapolis, and appeared before Fort St. John, at the mouth of the St. John River.

At the time of Charnisay's arrival, Charles de La Tour was in Boston; his wife, Marie de La Tour, was left in charge of Fort St. John, with fifty men for a garrison. The Fort was steadily besieged for three days.

On Easter Sunday, when the heroic defenders were not thinking of an attack, Charnisay's troops, through the connivance of a Swiss soldier (one of the garrison), scaled the walls and were on the eve of victory when the spirited defence of the garrison, stimulated by Lady La Tour, caused them to retreat again for the fourth time. Reduced in numbers, and with part of their walls broken down, the garrison and its brave commander decided to capitulate on the terms offered by Charnisay, which were that the whole garrison would be allowed to depart unmolested.

It is said that as soon as Charnisay got possession of Fort St. John, and saw the meagreness of the defences and the small number of its defenders, he at once imprisoned the garrison, and either shot or hung them all.

The intrepid and dauntless Lady de La Tour, at sight of this treachery and cruelty, must have turned upon Charnisay and told him of his baseness, calling down upon him the vengeance of her husband.

Lady La Tour died within a few days after the surrender of her Fort, and some time afterwards, about 1647, Charnisay was drowned at a point between Digby and Annapolis.

“Oh Christ that I were spared this awful sight!  
What fiend is he, who, blacker than black night,  
Commits such crime? O, treacherous Charnisay!  
Now breaks my heart, in horror at this day!  
When final fate shall on thee trembling call,  
And thou dost enter the great judgment hall  
To know thy lot—  
Then, on thy fall, the whole Satanic brood  
That watch for thee, will seize the hellish food  
Of thy black soul, and, midst the raging flame,  
Purge it of blood but get no drop of shame.  
Live on, thou ever-shifting vengeful eyes,—  
Thy knightly life, 'tis but a book of lies.  
Oh, may the avenging power of fate  
So stamp my words upon thy withered soul,  
No jot or tittle ever shall abate.  
Live thou, and reach thy Royal fort: the goal  
Attained this day, now flees thy varying sight;  
For soon a sterner foe, with certain tread,  
Will in thy parched soul stir up such fright  
That thou wilt shriek for pity, and in dread  
Wilt call upon the Christ. E'en as the blood  
Of this dead garrison will drown your soul,  
That Christ himself turn not to stay the flood,  
So will the rush of Fundy's tide enroll  
And wrap thee round.  
Useless thy sword, thy strength of no avail,

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\* From “God and the Doubter,” a collection of verses by R. Belmont, St. John, N.B. Paper covers; author's edition.

Thy craft in vain ; no lies will save thee now—  
 The rocks alone will hear thy weakening wail,  
 Ghosts of the murdered ones thy spirits cow,  
 In vain thy hands clutch at the slippery kelp,  
 The far-off breakers dash with sullen roar,  
 No soul to pity, not a hand to help,  
 Thy lifeless form lies spurned upon the shore.  
 Thou living dead man know thy fate is sure,  
 And Fundy's wave wreaks vengeance for La Tour.  
 Soil not my name:  
 I feel my life-blood burst its narrow space,  
 And know that I must die,—it grows apace  
 This feeling here.  
 This, from your hated bondage makes me free,—  
 My fortress gone—this death means Liberty."

## THE ETHICS OF WAR.

BY BYRON NICHOLSON.



NE charming midsummer's day, a few years ago, it was my privilege to witness some exceptional military evolutions in the neighborhood of old Niagara. From an elevated spot were to be seen troops of prancing, restless cavalry, and long lines of artillery, the bright sunlight bearing down upon the sleek, shining coats of the horses, and dazzling coruscations glist from the burnished arms and accoutrements of their riders. Converging from several quarters, various regiments, some clad in bright scarlet tunics, others in dark green uniforms, were moving towards the brigade ground, to participate in their morning exercises. At the distance of my view, and without seriously thinking upon the subject, it was difficult to decide which most to admire—the sombre-garbed, ominous and practical-looking "Rifles," or the gay and spirited-looking "Infantry." Borne on the wings of a delightful breeze the strains of more than half a score of carefully trained bands reached the ear, producing sensations "felt in the blood and all along the heart,"—im-

parting to all not totally inert and pulseless, a sense of new and invigorated life. Only the fewest in this country can have been privileged to listen to the terrific and heart-arousing music, with full orchestral chorus, of Handel's "Gird on Thy Sword," but feelings probably not much inferior to those inspired by the recital of this mighty composition arose even then within the breasts of the assembled thousands, announcing once again that stern defiance, that indomitable pluck, that pith and valor within the British heart, to which history bears indubitable testimony through all ages.

Every wise man yearns that the day, when the grim contests of war must be enacted, may be long, long delayed ; but while the fervent Christian prayer of "Give peace in our time, O, Lord," should be the guiding principle of action, it is certain that no country is wisely governed that allows itself to repose in fancied security without the means of repelling invasion by a foreigner or promptly stamping out rebellion. The completest victory is not that which entirely avoids

a contest, but that which leaves the least evidence of struggle.

Not unnaturally associated with the simulation of warfare just referred to was the question of the justice of, or necessity for actual contests at arms. Data, which had recently been afforded by no less a qualified authority than the Duke of Connaught on the subject of the great advance in the moral and intellectual training of "Tommy Atkins," in the old land, and his abstention from crime and disorderly conduct while in active service, suggested doubts whether war itself has necessarily those brutalizing tendencies which are popularly attributed to its process, even by those who by no means coincide in the extreme doctrine that it is never justifiable except as a measure of immediate defence. Such doubts have at times since been considerably strengthened by a perusal of letters written by soldiers from the seat of war to their homes, in which it would be difficult to say whether a brave endurance of discomfort, an heroic exultation in danger faced and overcome, or a kindly flow of home affections, were the most striking characteristics. That which calls forth in those engaged in it, endurance, sagacity, promptness in resource, presence of mind, self-control, and contempt of death; which knits together officers and men by the strongest ties of mutual respect and admiration, by the sense of dangers shared and services rendered, by the tenderness and sympathy elicited towards the sick and wounded, can hardly be in itself the wholly evil thing which popular opinion is accustomed in our day to regard it, unless we are prepared to adopt the epicurean sentiment which would make comfort the chief good, and pain

"The something in this world amiss,  
To be unriddled by and bye."

True, these facts do not prove that war is not in itself an evil; and, unquestionably, if men were perfect war would cease. But the question really

is, whether men being what they are, wars are not among the modes of human activity by which man's spirit is trained to perfection and the ancient throne of wrong and sensuality, of weakness and cowardice, even of mere brute worship, made to totter to its fall. Unlike the conflict man wages with nature, in war he stands opposed to his fellow-man, and its immediate object is the destruction of human life and the works of human industry. But if the operations of Providence on nature be our guide in this matter, it is not thence that we can draw the moral that evil is to be encountered and good sought only on condition of not destroying the lives and works of men. We humbly trust, and we are learning slowly to perceive that the pestilence that walketh by noon day, and smiteth the thousands in our cities, is sent on a mission of healing, sent expressly to slothful and careless men, whose neglect of the laws of health is entailing incessant loss of life and deterioration of human and bodily powers. The plague smiteth fiercely, but with a passing blow; if we learn our lesson its good effects last forever.

Men are fallible and God is all-wise it may be answered, and men must not imitate the awful agencies of their Maker, because they cannot be sure that they will use them aright. To which we reply that man must act by the best light he has, and that powers given him are lawfully used if used with righteous purpose; and that when other means of suppressing wrong have been tried in vain, we have no alternative but to let wrong prevail, or to meet and conquer it by armed force. This appears to be a conclusive argument against banishing war from amongst the legitimate means of resisting evil. Mere destruction is no more the real and ultimate object of war than it is of the Arctic expedition, the exploration of Africa, or other noble enterprises in which life is risked. The real object of all justifiable war is to secure the triumph of what



is assumed to be right, where human diplomacy has failed to apply the agency of the law and that *combined force* of all against one, which is the strength of the law. Nor could the theorists who condemn war, irrespective of its cause or motive, find it easy either to "justify the ways of God to man," or to approve of any of those enterprises in which life is staked against success, for surely men are no less bound to regard their own lives as sacred than those of others. How, too, will they justify capital punishment, or any punishment, that inflicts bodily pain and injures health? Even the ordinary social mechanism, if strictly probed, the common occupations of men, the systems of labor that accumulate wealth at the expense of the health and vigor of the laborer, would scarcely stand the consistent application of the peace theory.

Upon the whole, it would appear, looking into these considerations, that the common sentiment about war needs some revision. Men naturally abhor blood and wounds, pains and mutilated limbs, and regard with instinctive awe the departure of the spirit from its home of flesh—an awe that is vastly deepened when such separation is sudden and violent. May such abhorrence never be less; may such awe never cease to guard with its mysterious sanctity the sacred life of man. But if man is sent into the world not to eat, sleep and enjoy the banquet of the senses, but to vanquish the evil that is in himself, and in the world; if no effort, no sacrifice of comfort and happiness, is too great to only accomplish the end of his existence; if we honor by universal acclaim the man who for right and truth exposes his own life, by what logic does that become evil in a nation, which in the individual is honor and virtue. We must meet and conquer evil in the form it happens to take, and if one of these forms be an armed host working wrong, either by its own spontaneous impulse, or at the bidding of

a master, what new law comes into operation whereby we are prevented from exposing our lives in this conflict as righteously as we expose them in conflict with the winds and waters in our search after scientific truth or for the produce of distant lands to minister to our needs and luxuries?

It seems to come to this—that war is among the various agencies by which man's will has to meet and conquer evil; and, that like all those agencies it may be either a noble discipline or a degrading and brutalizing excitement of the passions. Which it will be, in any case, depends much upon the motives of the nation which urges it, and on the general tone of morality among its people. If a nation holds national power as a trust, and if the duties towards its own people have not been miserably neglected, war becomes in the hands of such a nation a divine instrument of justice, and the men who carry it on are sublimed into the conscious ministers of eternal right.

Only a thoroughly materialistic misinterpretation of Christianity, a general epicureanism of habit, and confused notions about what determines the eternal well-being of man, could ever have led to such monstrous doctrines as those propounded by Peace fanatics in reference to recent wars. We turn from such theories to the facts, and find war looking all that is noblest and most manly in a nation, making heroes of peasants and of idlers, hushing the mean jar of faction, except among the basest of mankind, and stirring in the universal heart of a people a strange, delightful sense of brotherhood and unity. And if, startled by such results from what we are taught to consider an unmixed evil, we begin anew to examine the Peace theories promulgated to this day in Europe and America, they resolve themselves into principles, which, if duly carried out, would deliver over man to the dominion of evil—would postpone every noble motive and high

principle to a supreme love of life that would no longer be divine, because divorced from the idea of good, and would soon end in making men the slaves of circumstances, and the bondsmen of the brutes of the forest.

Surely the old Pagans had a nobler ideal than this of our modern quietists. If manhood, *virtus*, was then too exclusively seen in the strong arm and brave heart, at least these are the ground of all other excellencies in war, and a good Christian can no more be a coward and a materialist than he can be a drunkard and a thief. Women retain their instinctive sense of the truth of this matter, and we hold that the qualities in man which a true

woman admires are those which God and nature intended him to have.

War has its horrors, so have railways and every noble and useful enterprise, just because such enterprises are a new conflict with evil, and evil fighteth a hard fight and exacts toils, and groans, and blood before it quits its hold. But to redeem the world from evil is man's mission here, and never is evil more gloriously defeated than when armed nations rise indignant against incarnate wrong that has gathered head, sweep away the obstacles to the world's progress, and demean themselves the while as consecrated servants of light and truth.

#### ANGEL ROSES.

Oh, roses rare, so rich in God's adorning,  
Sweet tokens of a fond Creator's love,  
Must your swift-passing fair life's morning  
Have no continuance in the world above?

A sense subduing, dreamy, drifting feeling,  
Seemed quickly all my being to possess,  
While music on my ear came softly stealing,  
And on my brow was pressed a sweet caress.

Oh, roses pure, in angel form appearing,  
How came you here among the glorified!  
I watched you in my sick-room slowly nearing  
The roses' doom,—you faded, drooped and died.

"Our home is here in this Celestial city,  
We go to earth to sermonize God's love;  
The work fulfilled, with tender heartfelt pity,  
Our Maker's voice recalls us to our home above."

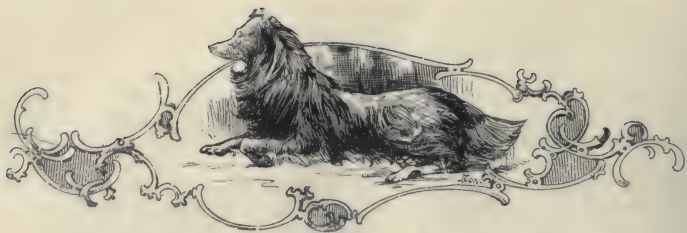
ADELIA MARLATT.

# S<sup>T</sup>. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"The maide that morn, whom first dost see,  
Thy wedded wife, ere long, shall be.  
Sing hey nonny nonny -  
Sweet Valentine Day."







## COLIN.

BY MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

“**W**HISHT, Colin, whisht ! What are ye growlin’ at?” exclaimed Elspeth Muir, as she turned the bannocks on the griddle, that hung over the glowing peats.

The collie retired beneath the deal table, but continued at intervals to emit low growls ending in a suppressed bark, and, at last, as a crunching step was heard on the snow without, he fairly lost all restraint and jumped towards the door with an angry bark.

Elspeth hurried to the door, letting the kirtled fold of her skirt fall to its natural place as she went, and reached it just as a loud knock fell on the panel.

As she opened it a great cloud of vapor from the warm room rushed out into the cold wintry air, and, for a moment, almost hid the big misty outlines of the object of the dog’s displeasure.

“It’s an awfu’ nicht to be out in, Mistress Muir. Is Kinneff at hame?”

“Is’t you, Linton?” said Elspeth. “Come in bye man an’ warm yersel, an’ hae a bite to eat. The guidman’s nae hame yet; he just steppit across the muir this afternoon to see the auld dominie—I doubt he’s nae lang for this world, puir soul!”

“I fear ye’re richt,” replied Linton. “I met the doctor this mornin’, and he telt me the dominie was fast slip-

pin’ awa’ tae his lang hame. But we munna complain—it’ll be a happy release tae him frae his sufferin’s.”

“Tam canna be lang now,” said Elspeth. “It’s only eight mile there an’ back, an’ he’s been gone four hours. Sae ye’ll just bide till he comes back, an’ maybe the wind ’ll hae gone down a bit by then. It mun be hard travellin’?”

“Aye is it—sair travellin’ indeed. I’ve just come up frae Cluny, an’ the snaw is a’ driftit into great wreaths across the road, an’ it blows into yir face like to choke ye. I had tae stop every here an’ there an’ tirn my back on it tae get my breath.”

“I wish Tam was hame,” rejoined Elspeth. “But he’s a muckle strong chiel an’ no easily beat by either man or wind. Sit down by the ingle Linton, an’ smoke yir pipe, while I mak’ the supper.”

Pete Duncan,—better known as “Linton,” the name of his farm, as Tam Muir was by “Kinneff,”—doffed his bonnet and unwound his long shepherd’s plaid; then, seating himself by the cozy fireside, he crossed his legs and proceeded with much deliberation to fill his short clay with the flakes of “Irish twist,” that he cut from a substance resembling a black rope’s end. This done, he relapsed into silence, and his face assumed a stolid expression of preternatural wisdom, as it emerged at

intervals from behind huge clouds of pungent smoke.

Meanwhile, Elspeth was busily occupied frying some savory bacon and potatoes, and in setting out the table; while Colin dozed in his corner, only partially opening his eyes, now and again, to bestow an affectionate glance at her kind, cheery face.

Presently, the sound of voices was heard without, and the dog pricked up his ears, and began beating a tattoo of welcome on the floor with his tail.

"That'll be the laddies," said Elspeth. "They've just been out in the byre, beddin' the kye," and as she spoke, the door swung back letting in a blast of icy wind and small particles of snow, followed by two ruddy-faced youths, the elder of whom might have seen some twenty winters and the younger scarce fifteen.

"A stormy nicht, lads!" said Pete, removing his pipe from his mouth. "And how are a' the beasties?"

"Oh, gey an' thrivin'," replied Jimmie, the elder of the boys. "But I doubt it'll gang hard wi' the ewes. They're folded in the nether heugh, an' I'm feard the snaw'll be driftin' in on them. Is faither no back yet, mither?"

"No yet, Jimmie. I wish he was! Is it blawin' as hard as ever?"

"Aye, mither, an' waur. But faither's no' the man to fear a bit storm."

"Weel laddies, I'm thinkin' ye'll be gey hungry; an' as for Linton, he mun be fair famished—he's been down at Cluny; sae we'll jist sit down an' hae a bite o' supper, an' keep some hot for yir faither."

They all sat down to the welcome repast, and did full justice to the simple though abundant fare which Elspeth had provided.

Little was spoken during the meal, for hard-working men generally season their food with silence, and Elspeth was too busily occupied waiting on them; but occasionally she would look up nervously when a louder blast of wind than usual would whistle and

sough round the walls of the farmhouse, making the rafters creak and moan.

Supper over, Pete resumed his place by the fireside, and replenished his old clay pipe, while the boys sat in front of the fire, watching the cheerful glow of the peats, and Elspeth set herself to wash up the dishes. Colin still lay stretched out on the floor, with his head turned towards the door, at which he would glance uneasily from time to time, and prick up his ears, as if expecting to hear his master's step.

"What a wise cratur' a dog is," said Pete, after a while. "Fu' weel does Colin know that his master's on his road hame."

"Wise! did ye say?" exclaimed Jimmie, "Ye should just see the way that dog carries on, Maister Duncan. Man, I sometimes believe he kens what ye're thinkin'! The ither day, efter I had driven the sheep into the fold, I missed an auld ewe wi' a lame leg. I lookit round to see if she was near bye, but could get no sicht o' her, so, efter I had fastened the lave o' them in, I whistled on Colin tae gang an' search for her wi' me. Weel, I couldna see him onywhere about, though he was there only a few meenits afore, so I set off by mysel', an' I hadna travelled a quarter o' a mile afore I met him drivin' the ewe in front o' him. He had seen that I had missed her, an' startit off alane, when I was fastenin' the gate to look for her. See there now, how weel he kens I'm tellin' ye o't!"

The dog had come quietly up to Jimmie's side while he was speaking, and now sat on his haunches, gazing up into his face and wagging his tail in a pleased kind of way.

Elspeth had by this time finished her household duties and was sitting near the rest of them, but she did not join in their conversation, and her anxious face betrayed that her thoughts were out on the moor. At last, she could contain herself no longer, and glancing up at the big Dutch clock in the corner, exclaimed:—

"Half past ten, and Tam no' hame yet! Jimmie there's something wrang wi' him. He should ha' been here an hour syne, even if the roads are bad."

"Aye, mither, ye're richt," said Jimmie. "He wadna stay at the dominie's a' nicht, I'm thinkin'?"

"Na, na; nae fear o' that!" replied his mother. "Tam wadna stay away a' nicht frae hame without lettin' us ken, if he had tae come through fire an' water, far less a snowstorm. But now I come to think o't, he telt me he would step round to the saddlers on his road back tae get the grey mare's bridle mendit."

"That 'll keep him an hour langer then," said Pete.

"Aye, will it; but he should be back by now even though."

"Never fear, mither," answered Jimmie. "Faither wunna be lang now, I'm thinkin'."

"What's the matter wi' the collie I wunner?" enquired Pete. "See how he's carryin' on at the door!"

For some time the dog had sat watching Elspeth's anxious face intently, and when she had begun to speak of her fears for her husband he had stolen away unobserved to the door, and was now scratching vigorously on it with one paw and whining impatiently.

"Maybe he hears Tam comin'," said Elspeth. "Open the door Davie an' look out!"

The lad opened the door and went out, and the dog followed; but there was no sign of any human being around. The wind still blew with terrific force, carrying fine particles of snow before it that filled the air and obscured everything beyond a few paces distance from view. Davie walked down the road for about a hundred yards, and shouted "Faither! Faither!" at the top of his voice, but there was no response. Even if there had been he could have heard nothing, unless it had been quite close, for the howling of the wind. So he turned back again to the house, stumbling

through the drifts that obstructed his path. The collie, however, had disappeared in the darkness; but Davie thought nothing of that, supposing he had gone round to the stable—one of his favorite haunts.

"There's no sign o' him on the road yet," reported Davie, as he re-entered the house.

"Oh ye needna worry yersels about Tam," said Pete. "He'll tak care o' himsel' if any man can, I'se warrant. But I'll just bide here till he comes hame, tae hear how the auld dominie is, if ye dinna mind, Mistress Muir. They'll no' be expectin' me back the nicht, up at Linton, as I purposed gangin' on tae Pitfour if the storm hadna come up."

"'Deed, an' ye're richt welcome, Linton," responded Elspeth. "Sit doon again, an' dinna mak a stranger o' yersel'."

They all resumed their places by the fireside, but the conversation soon flagged as the minutes passed, for no one was in a mood to talk, and the men-folk only made a pretence of it for Elspeth's sake.

Half an hour went by, and no sign of Tam, though they had repeatedly opened the door and peered out into the darkness beyond. The suspense had become unendurable, and Pete was just about to announce that he would start down the road to look for him, along with Jimmie, when a scratching was heard on the door outside, accompanied by a short bark.

"There's Colin wantin' in," said Davie. "I thoct he wadna care tae bide out lang on a nicht like this."

He opened the door and let him in, but the animal's long hair was filled with frozen snow, and he was panting hard, with his tongue hanging from his mouth. Evidently he had strayed away much further than the stable; and no sooner was he within the house than he ran to Jimmie and began jumping up on him and tugging at his clothes, and then running back towards the door, accompanying his actions



with short yelps and impatient waines.

"What ails the dog?" said Pete.  
 "He's actin' strange."

"He kens mair than ye would think," returned Jimmie. "He wants me tae gang out wi' him, an' I'm gaein' tae! Davie, rin ben the house an' bring me my plaid and shepherd's stick! Ye stay here wi' mither, an' Maister Duncan 'll maybe come along wi' me?"

"That I will, Jimmie, lad!" replied Pete.

"Dinna fash yersel', mither, we'll be back again inside o' an' hour am' thinking—the dog wasna awa' ower half that time. We'll find out ony-way what he wants us tae gang wi' him for."

Elsbeth's face had turned deadly white, and her limbs trembled, but her courage and presence of mind never forsook her for an instant. She went to a little cupboard and returned with a flask of whiskey, which she handed to Pete.

"Pit that in yer pouch," she said. "Ye'll maybe need it. An' ye'll tak care o' Jimmie, Linton, an' no' let him out o' yer sicht?"

"Trust me for that Mistress Muir," he replied. And winding their long plaids around them, and donning their bonnets, the two were speedily out on the road, preceded by the dog.

The storm was now past its height, and, though its fury was by no means spent, it was possible to make headway against it without being blinded by the drift. The moon had risen too, and though, of course, it was not visible, it succeeded nevertheless in shedding a faint, misty light that enabled them at least to avoid stumbling over the drifts that crossed the road at frequent intervals.

Still it was no easy task to plough knee-deep through that fine, compact snow, sometimes sinking to the armpits in a wreath there was no getting round, and that too in the teeth of the wind that had now veered round to the north, and was becoming more icily cold every moment.

The dog ran on in front of them—turning round every few minutes and waiting till they caught up with him—but shewing unmistakably by his eagerness that he wished them to hasten on as fast as possible.

After following the road for about half a mile, Colin turned off into the less frequented cart track that crossed the moor in the direction of the dominie's.

As if by a common impulse, Pete and Jimmie exchanged glances; not a word was spoken, but each saw in the other's face a look of fear that needed no interpreter. If the dog were leading them to where Tam was, as they suspected, this turning off across the moor meant that he had come straight from the dominie's towards home, instead of going round by the highway to the saddler's first; and that implied that he had been out at least an hour longer than they had supposed. It meant something worse, for they had been consoling themselves with the hope that he had turned into some farm-house on the road, to which Colin had tracked him. But now, that hope was taken from them, for there was not even a sheiling on the moor after leaving the dominie's cottage, and he might have wandered off the cart track in the darkness, and lost himself amongst the drifts in the hollows. Further, there was no chance of his being still at the dominie's, as that was four miles away, and the dog had only been gone half an hour.

They pressed on in silence, insensibly increasing their speed, and filled with dark forebodings; but the snow on the open moor was piled up into great wreaths, and all vestige of the track was lost. Every few minutes one of them would stumble and sink almost to the neck in a hollow that the snow had filled and hidden. Poor Jimmie's strength was fast giving way; and, as he struggled to his feet for the twentieth time with Pete's assistance, a groan escaped from him.

and he almost sank back again into the snow.

"Here Jimmie, lad, ye mun hae a wee mouthfu' o' this tae keep up yir strength," said Pete, taking the flask from his pocket.

"Na, na!" exclaimed the lad, bracing himself up, and starting on again. "No' a drap for me, I'll dae weel enough, an' it may be sair wantit yet, Linton."

The thought seemed to lend him fresh courage and strength, and he bravely struggled on by the side of his big companion till they reached the bottom of a slight hollow. Here the dog suddenly left the course they had been following, and struck off at right-angles up the howe, increasing its speed, and not waiting any longer for them to overtake him.

They soon lost sight of him in the gloom, and were groping about looking for his tracks, when a series of sharp, quick barks was heard straight ahead, and, a moment later, Colin reappeared, plunging through the snow towards them, in a state of wild excitement. As soon as he had reassured himself that they were following, he turned again, and bounded back in his tracks.

"Faither's there!" cried Jimmie, hoarsely. "God send that he's alive!"—and he plunged forward after the dog, like a man possessed, leaving Pete struggling and panting behind him. In another minute he came suddenly upon Colin lying crouched in a little hollow with his back towards him. Jimmie bent forward over the dog, and a great cry burst from his lips, for there lay the body of his father, half covered with snow, and the faithful animal stretched out over his chest licking the cold, white face.

In a moment the lad was down beside the prostrate form, clearing the snow from around him and striving to discover some sign of life. When Pete came up, he quickly tore open the frozen coat and shirt, and pressed his ear to his heart. For some time

he could hear nothing, but at last he fancied he detected a faint pulsation; and the two of them were soon busily at work rubbing and chafing him and turning him round. Once more Pete listened, and this time there was no mistaking the throb of the river of life. Bye and bye a faint tinge of pink began to appear on his lips, and in half an hour Tam heaved a deep sigh and opened his eyes.

Meanwhile, in the farm-house, Elspeth was sitting in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. For an hour she had borne up bravely, trying to persuade herself that her husband had sought shelter in some cottage on the road, to which Colin would lead Jimmie and Pete. But as the slow, weary minutes passed and no returning steps were heard, her heart began to sink within her, and the Star of Hope to set. Davie tried hard to cheer her up—though even he, with all a boy's disposition to look at the bright side of things, was beginning to feel anxious—but he could not drive away that great horror of darkness which was descending upon her. The monotonous tick of the Dutch clock became an agony, for each beat seemed like the stroke of a hammer, driving a nail into her husband's coffin. Once or twice the despairing cry burst from her lips—"O Tam! my Tam!"—but the heavy hours dragged on, and she sat at last like one in a trance. All sense of her surroundings was gone from her, and time seemed to have merged into eternity. The only thing that remained was her great, silent love for Tam, and a thick cloud seemed to hide him from her sight.

Davie had fallen to sleep by the fire, and the clock had just struck two, when she was suddenly called back to life by a loud barking outside. She sprang to the door, and Colin rushed in, fairly beside himself with joy, and began jumping up on her and gambolling around the room like a mad thing. Then the sound of familiar voices struck on her ear, and next moment

she was encircled by her husband's arms and had fainted on his breast.

A little later, when she had recovered consciousness and they were all gathered round the cheery hearth, Jimmie said, "Mither, it was Colin that brought faither back frae the grave."

Elsbeth said nothing, but she rose quietly, and crossing over to where the dog sat by her husband's side, she flung her arms around his shaggy neck and pressed her lips tenderly to his forehead; and the tear that stole down upon his head was a tribute of gratitude from a true and loving heart.

### DEATH OF THE THIRTY-FOUR.

An incident of the Matabele war in Africa, when thirty-four English soldiers were surrounded and slain by six thousand of Lo Benguela's warriors. They died singing their National Hymn.

Singing the "Death Song"  
With voices clear and strong,  
Loud rolled the words along,  
"God save the Queen."  
Singing at the hour of death,  
Singing with the dying breath,  
Singing, though all hope had left,  
"God save the Queen."

Only thirty-four were they,  
British veterans worn and grey,  
Many thousands fought that day,  
There they bravely fell.  
Fighting till each shot was gone,  
Though two-hundred were to one.  
Oh, their work was bravely done,  
Bravely done and well.

Fighting with the savage band,  
No escape on either hand;  
Only thirty-four to stand,  
'Gainst the savage host.  
Shut in by that living hell,  
There they bravely fought and well.  
Made each shot its message tell  
Ere the day was lost.

With their ammunition gone,  
Hope of succor there was none,  
As the savage host came on.  
Then they sang and died,  
Singing with the dying breath.  
Singing at the hour of death,  
Singing while a man was left.  
There they sang and died.

Waiting not for farewells said,  
Kneeling on their gory bed,  
Singing till each man was dead  
Died the Thirty-four.

There they died, a noble band,  
Died on Africa's burning sand,  
Faithful to their native land  
Died the Thirty four.

Loyal Englishmen were they,  
Loyal on their dying day,  
To their dear homes far away,  
Loyal to their Queen.  
Thus they sang, the Thirty-four,  
Sang when they could fight no more,  
Sang till life itself was o'er.  
"God Save the Queen."

### EVENTIDE.

The day is past and the toilers cease;  
The land grows dim, 'mid the shadows grey,  
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings  
peace

At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,  
As he homeward turns (with the long day  
done),  
Looks out to the West, with the light on his  
face

Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not, (with their sin-dimmed  
eyes.)  
The promise of rest in the fading light;  
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies  
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky  
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch  
wide  
To the calling birds, as they homeward fly  
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,  
Of the rest He sends to the hearts he tried,  
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—  
God's eventide.

JOHN McCRAE.



## A HOLIDAY BUSH ADVENTURE.

BY DR. G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL.

**I** WAS a month out from Scotland, and on my way from Toronto to County Bruce to look up an old school-fellow and barrack's mate, who from lack of lucre had been led to migrate to the Canadian wilds and assume the role of bushman and farmer. The railway—there was no line to Kincardine or Saugeen (Southampton) in these days—left me at a by no means inviting wayside station on the edge of the wilderness, where I sought the means to proceed to Grahame's, forty miles beyond. But the outlook was far from assuring, since horses absolutely were not to be had—everything in the cattle line that possessed four legs appeared to have “gone to the logging bush.” Finally, in desperation, I strolled into the inn opposite that which had received my belongings, in the hope of here discovering some solution of the difficulty—the station-master “fancied” there “might be” some one here from the Bruce district.

Scarcely was the hostlery entered, however, than I became aware of a tall, well-remembered, broad-shouldered form, a trifle tempered by age perhaps, and with a fair sprinkle of grey in locks and beard, but, nevertheless, the veritable *amigo* who had lured me across the Atlantic. Surrounded by a group of open-mouthed rustics, he was in the midst of a glowing description of a “deer drive,” and, as I crossed the threshold, “Hark” had seized the buck by the throat, bringing him to his knees, while “Jack”—

Here the narrative found abrupt ending, and both my hands were pinned in a vice-like clasp that caused their every joint to protest with anguish. “Where did you drop from?

—of all persons—such luck—women delighted—devour you alive—three months at least!” And having gabbled these incoherences, he clapper-clawed me again, not for a respectable pump-handle shake, but a devil of a backwoods jiggery-jiggery that was like to have wrested my arms from their sockets.

The following morning we departed for the region of Inver-Huron, a hamlet on the lake of the latter name, in the vicinity of which Grahame and some scores of canny Scots had hewed out farms from the forest wilderness, that stretched away to the east and north until estopped by the rocky shores of Georgian Bay.

Though mid-November, no snow cumbered the ground, and there had been next to no frost—the weather was as mild as April in Midlothian, for this was the forerunner of one of the “open” winters that sometimes overtake this region, and almost invariably, so said, follow or precede a season of abundant snow and exceptional cold. Hence the journey was made by means of an open four-wheeled anomaly, in the vernacular termed a “buck-board—a “singecat” sort of vehicle, eminently suited, by the way, to such soft and oft-times next-to-impassible highways as was our lot to traverse.

Such a row as greeted our arrival! The hounds first discovered us, and gave reverberating echo in response to their master's shout. A couple of black boys—darkies never lose their nonage until threescore and ten, when they attain the dignity of “uncles”—rushed to take the horses; and an instant later the whole place was in an uproar. Dogs fairly upset us with their rude welcomings; the blacks

stretched their sooty faces in an ivory ecstasy of delight; loud greetings in unmistakable Inverness "burr" were shouted from half-a-dozen throats; and the rabble dispersed only after

wife!" "My sister Mary!" (where is there a name like Mary?) and "My son John's wife!" all of whom gave welcome with that innate grace and warmth that especially appertains to



"Hark had seized the buck by the throat."

"Jennie," Rab's favorite mare, allowed the freedom of the lawn, and pretty nearly of the house too, for that matter, came prancing into the *melée*.

At the door stood three fair dames, and I was duly presented to "My

D

the Highland Celt, and causes the guest to at once feel literally *at home*.

Dressing was made short shrift, for it was presumed we must be famished after two score miles of jolting through sloughs and over rocks, roots, and fallen

tree-trunks. And, indeed, such was not far from the truth, for the juicy venison, grilled chicken, hot scones and maize bread that constituted the chief portion of the repast met full justice and appreciation. Then a delightful evening before the huge fireplace, blazing high with maple and hickory logs, and a quiet rubber with Rab and his spouse pitted against Miss Mary and myself.

Up with the dawn, after a toilet a

not been favored with so much as a glimpse of a deer afoot. My bag scored only a few grouse and hares, unless I count a grey fox,—this latter a most incomprehensible creature with a trick of climbing trees. It sounds like a whopper I'll admit, but foxes do climb trees in this country, trees, too, that are of considerable size; and as they are intolerable nuisances to the farmer, vulpecide, far from being deemed a crime, is encouraged.



"In the vernacular known as a buckboard."

little more elaborate than usual, I descended to the verandah, only to be lugged off by Rab to see the dogs and hear their individual praises sung. By the time we returned the ladies were down, and adjournment to the breakfast-room immediately followed.

A fortnight of such surroundings and delightful social atmosphere passed only too quickly. Though several of the antlered race had fallen before the guns of Rab and son, I had

I found no occasion to repine, however, though obliged to pull a long chin and assume a look of disappointment whenever Rab alluded to my unfortunate "luck," for the evenings at whist by the fireside were, by long odds, to my mind, the best portions of the days. As the time allotted to my visit had already gone—passed only too quickly—much against inclination I felt obliged to announce my departure, though such only served to raise a storm of protests and reproach,



the point being made that the roads were "bad," I bound to "stay a couple of months at least," etc., to all of which it was deemed necessary to respond *à contre cœur*.

The morning of the New Year—I had arranged my leave-taking for the next day—we set out for a section of forest that had not hitherto been driven, and where, indeed, as Rab insisted, we would certainly "jump one or more deer." He would station me

wood terminated with an abrupt fall of ground, and the deer trail continued through a hackmatack bog extending for miles along the Saugeen river bottom. My companion passed on to another trail half-a-mile away, deemed of secondary importance, after uttering warning to let nothing pass "possessed of hoofs and horns," and above all to prevent the dogs entering the low ground, lest they be lost for the day.



"He gave a quick stamp and snort"

on an old "run-way" (trail) that led into and through a dense swamp, where one could not by any chance fail an opportunity to gain an antlered head, provided always an attack of "buck ague" was escaped.

Once fairly entered upon the woodland, Grahame Jr., otherwise John, who was to drive, turned off with the hounds at his heels, while Rab and I jogged straight away another mile. Here I was left to guard the "swamp run-way," so termed because the hard

For an hour I listened warily to every sound, but this proving monotonous, vigilance relaxed and a musing fit succeeded.

Aroused suddenly by the bay of a hound, I sprang eagerly to my feet, but, as it was not repeated, fell back to my old occupation, until the antics of a pair of ground squirrels created a diversion. Startled by an abrupt shift of position on my part, the little "chipmonks" ceased their game of tag and betook themselves to a neigh-

boring stump, from which point of vantage they girmed, chattered, and barked defiance in a puny, but most amusing way.

All at once a faint "Whoop!" echoing and resounding through the aisles of the forest caught my ear, followed almost immediately by a low and distinct bay. "*Whoo-oop—ee!—wow-wow-wow-wow!*"

What an infernal racket! Surely that was "Hark's" voice, a staunch old hound, of whom it was his master's boast, "He never gave tongue on false scent."

"*Whoo-oop!*" Then "Jude" took up the cry, followed by a clarion note from "Jack;" then a chorus from a dozen throats as the pack joined in the melody, causing the whole woods to ring again.

"*Whoo-ooo-oop!*—Louder and clearer than before. And how the noise deafened; the forest fairly trembled with the mighty roll. Then a new sound, as of some great creature crashing through the underwood, that caused my heart to almost cease its throbbings, then go on again with fierce strokes and plunges that seemed fairly to drown the music of the dogs. Then my head began to reel—there was a brief interval of silence—when suddenly the canine symphony burst forth again, fairly startling in its close proximity and totally unstringing my already badly shattered nerves. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in pulling myself together sufficiently to seek concealment behind a tree, expecting every instant to see the quarry bounding before the dogs.

Another crash in the underbrush, and another effort to hold myself together. Then I went to pieces entirely as, suddenly, from the thicket to my right, and scarce a score of yards away, bounded a tremendous *something*, the like of which I had never seen before, apparently little alarmed by the commotion in the rear. After a quick pause, the creature lifted its head high in air until the antlers—

that to my distorted vision seemed to rival the forest trees—almost touched his haunches. Then with ears vibrating rapidly, he sniffed the air suspiciously, gave a quick stamp and snort, and with movements of matchless grace, made another bound; then paused again, as if scenting some unknown foe. And all this time my fingers, mysteriously transformed into *thumbs*, were frantically pressing the triggers. At last I realized the weapon was but at half-cock. With a sharp convulsive click both hammers were thrown back, and as the double flash and report followed, the quarry passed me like a whirlwind, so close that I could almost have touched him with the still smoking muzzles. Crashing through a clump of second growth, he cleared the bank with a prodigious leap, then disappeared in the forest beyond, his antlers viciously rasping among the branches of the hackmatacks.

"*Missed, by Jove!*" And strange to say, I was in a perfect funk, with perspiration streaming from every pore. "Buck-ague" had seized me in shivering grasp, and that, too, in its most decisive and deplorable form.

On came the dogs, bristles up, tongues lolling, savage as a pack of harried wolves. I fairly screeched myself hoarse—but to no avail, for the scent was breast high and reeking hot. With a leap that rivalled the stag's, "Hark" led the way over the bank into the bottom, "Jude," "Blossom," and "Jack" following—then all the rest in a bunch; and with another burst of sound were away, leaving me to meditate upon the mutability of mundane affairs, as applied to game and dogs. Then came Graham, high in oath, furiously tearing his way through the underwood—I wished him miles away.

"Why didn't you stop that deer? And both barrels, too! Are the hounds gone? Well, you *are* a *gowk*! I'll not see 'Jude' or 'Hark' for a week, the headstrong brutes!"



"Down I went."

"He was as big as a horse, Rab,"—and then I chanced to get a glimpse of a hitherto unnoticed gout of blood upon the leaves—"but I hit him, of course. Look there!"

"Aye, as auld Sanny Crawford tanned our hides, flogged at the hurdles and welted the legs—but then he was near-sighted, and I'll be d——d if you are. Hit him too far back—in the hip or loin I suppose." But, bending down to examine the trail, he all at once flashed out:

"Deer! That is no *deer*, my lad; it's en elk—the 'Big Elk' for a thousand! Look alive now, and we may yet head him at the bend beyond the swamp. The dogs will never leave him so long as they have a leg, and we may yet redeem this day's work; he's bound to soil! And off he dashed,

following the ridge that here separated the hackmatack from the hardwood, taking the chord of the arc which experience taught him the quarry would most likely follow.

Over roots and logs, through brush, down hollows, up knolls, now and again leg deep in some swale, on he went, helter-skelter, until I was fairly winded. "May the deil tak' sic going!" Verily, none but a practiced bushman could hold the pace, and I—well, I had been "in grease" for twenty years, and, indeed, never made pretensions to rank among the "lean kine"; I literally larded the earth with every stride.

After an hour of such toil, I emerged into a little glade, at the top of which Rab had paused to reconnoitre. Now he was down on his knees anxiously



scanning the turf, peering across the river which here swept the foot of an open slope, on the other side of which lay a long, half brake, half morass, that at one time, doubtless, had been the bed of another stream. The sight of my companion gave me new heart, and I rushed noisily up the incline and with a gasp flung myself along the sward.

"*C-r-r-r-ash!*"—and, still dripping with water, up sprang the stag from a thicket almost beneath Rab's nose; manifestly he had thrown off the hounds by twice crossing the river, a bit of cunning that upset all anticipation and discretion. Two reports followed—both palpable misses; for now it was my companion's turn to be flurried, and as the game bounded away, apparently still fresh, down went the gun to the ground as Graham gave vent to: "The Big Elk, by all that's holy:" followed by a string of emphatic Gaelic imprecations. Then recovering his double-barrel, he dashed forward in pursuit, believing the brute must be badly hurt, else he had never thus paused until a dozen miles intervened between himself and foes. Meanwhile, bewildered by the shouts, the quarry left the ridge for the lower ground, and with a leap over a prostrate rampike, disappeared behind a clump of alders.

I picked my way carefully after Rab, but soon sought the lower ground as being less encumbered and easier to travel. Finally, estopped by a wide strip of marsh, after several vain attempts to avoid without climbing through the hill tangle wood, I essayed to cross by means of an upturned tree, its trunk a dozen feet in air, that promised dry footing at the other side. But while it well served the purpose of a bridge, when nearly over my ill-luck returned. When still a couple of rods of tree trunk remained 'ere could be reached the limbs of the top whereby to clamber down, one foot suddenly slipped, and finding it impossible to recover, I sprang out boldly for a bit

of level, heavily strewn with leaves, relics of October gales that promised to ease the fall; and well it fulfilled its promise! Down I went, plump in the middle of a pool of black, tenacious mud, treacherously concealed beneath the superabundance of fallen foliage. It was indeed a pretty pickle that received the most dependent parts of my anatomy, and I dragged gun and arms out of the semi-fluid stuff, and straightened up, only to find myself engulfed to the hips in very sticky nastiness; I was in doubt whether to laugh or swear. Then a vigorous essay to reach hard ground became abortive; every scramble seemed to send me deeper. Quickly I became submerged to the waist; when, seeing how futile were all efforts, I gave over to await Rab's return.

Presently it appeared as if I was slowly, though all but imperceptibly, sinking; and a few moments of observation confirmed as a veritable fact. With renewal of the struggle the results naturally proved the reverse of beneficial. Then it suddenly flashed upon my brain that the position was one of danger, that the bottom of the slough might be fathoms deep; and I began a series of frantic shouts that soon were rewarded by a response, and a few seconds later, by the presence of Grahame himself.

And how he roared and fairly doubled up in ecstasies of merriment, meantime diverting himself by flinging at my head all sorts of sage advice such as "Another time, look before you leap," "Legs do not reach quite far enough," and all the rest of it; and it was only with the greatest difficulty I succeeded in making him comprehend the reality of the predicament—that I was in the embrace of a veritable quagmire; that its clutches were becoming more dangerous with every moment of delay. Then he rushed down to examine the surroundings, only to find no means of fairly reaching me, the ground for half a score of

rods on either side being of the same treacherous, quaking stuff.

"Drop your gun flat-wise of the stock, Archie, and rest your arms over it—spread all you can, and take advantage of every bit of support. Now, look out for this when I send it to you"—and by sheer weight and strength he forced over to me a stout young ash of second growth that stood upon edge of the sink. "Easy now, easy," as I made an extra effort and eagerly grasped at the branching tops. "Hang on now for all you are worth, while I fetch John and the rope." And away he rushed, *coo-ee-ing* to Grahame Junior at the top of his pipe.

Once fairly alone again, all the horrors real and possible, of the situation became duly exaggerated. Rab might delay; John would doubtless be difficult to find in all the expanse of bush; perhaps this rope might have been forgotten (although as a matter of fact it was never left behind when driving deer, it being essential to the gralloching). My strength, already severely taxed by the attempts to vie with my friend in traversing forest and marsh and by unavailing efforts at extrication, might give out at any instant. Then I endeavored to count off the minutes as a means of enforcing patience and partial forgetfulness; but this quickly proved a failure demanding more concentration than I was at this juncture capable of. Presently I imagined my hold relaxing, and convulsively grasped the branches anew. Next my head began to reel, and hands to numb—had they really slipped, or was it fancy? Disregarding Rab's injunction, I resolved to again try to help myself—at least endeavor to render the situation more tolerable.

By drawing steadily upon the sapling, and working slowly and cautiously, I at last succeeded in securing a more comfortable position. Another attempt secured the positive satisfaction of having risen a couple of inches,

the elasticity of the ash enabling me to retain all vantage gained. A third effort yielded even greater results; surely with such aid I might work way to some sort of solid footing. After a brief breathing spell, I tried again and succeeded so well I felt another pull or two would place me in comparative safety. Finally I unclasped one hand to lay hold of a branch above my head tantalizingly, all but within reach. Three essays proved futile, but with a fourth I had it in my fingers, almost in grasp, when with a sharp crack the bough that now supported my entire weight through the left hand snapped close off, and back I soused again into the mire if anything deeper than before.

The pool, stirred by repeated efforts, had certainly become more fluid, and consequently more dangerously active, for down, down I sank, constantly going lower, and speedily was submerged to the armpits, and to a degree that seriously impeded respiration. And now I lost head entirely—frantically shouting and yelling for help—but Rab apparently was entirely beyond reach of voice. My senseless struggles were fast sending me lower and lower; every minute seemed an age with its terrors. The last hope fled, and I felt I must quickly go under and be smothered like some foul reptile in noisome ooze.

More idiotic and useless efforts at extrication, and then the violent exertion mercifully bereft me of all senses; everything became blank; and yet I subsequently realized I had a bare perception of a responsive shout.

\* \* \* \* \*

When restored to consciousness again, it was to find my head pillowed upon Rab's knee, a whisky flask wedged between my teeth, and John busy chafing hands and wrists. After a bit, when the Islay had done its work, I was assisted to the perpendicular, relieved in part of the pickle, and by four stout arms half carried, half dragged to the house and put to bed.

The adventure proved more serious than even I was at first willing to acknowledge; there was not only severe nervous prostration, but a physical strain from which, owing to weakness of some years standing resultant upon an old wound, I was very slow to recover. At the end of a week when an endeavor was made to get down stairs, both head and legs protested, and I was glad to get back to the sofa and yield to the demand that I would not for a moment attempt to abandon the hospitable roof of my friends until fully restored. My medical adviser, an egotistical bundle of quackery and conceit, doubtless influenced by pecuniary reasons, enjoined the greatest possible caution and quiet, since forsooth there was evidence of "stagnation of the vital current,"—whatever that may mean—a dictum in which, barring certain mental restrictions, I was half inclined to concur. Thus it was more than two months after my first introduction to County Bruce that I made my adieus.

We secured the stag after all. Rab and John, while returning to my assistance, discovered him in like predicament to my own—hopelessly mired. Having seen me once safely cared for, they retraced their steps, ignominiously knocked him on the head with an axe, and dragged him to *terra firma*. More, it was the "Big Elk," a giant of his race, that has so often escaped the bullet as to become accredited by the simple country folk with almost supernatural attributes; and best of all the galloping revealed the wound inflicted by my hand to be mortal, though but for the miring the creature would in all probability have been lost.

At mid-summer, having taken up permanent residence in the "Queen City of Canadians," I returned to

Grahame's, and this brief stay was so flattering to my vanity that it was found necessary to repeat the same during the succeeding holidays; and during the latter a wedding, in which I figured somewhat conspicuously, came off at the old farm house. At that time too, I was made the recipient of the antlered head of the "Big Elk" mounted in a life-like manner by the cunning hand of Rab; and the skin duly prepared, gorgeously lined and trimmed, served as one of the rugs to the vehicle that bore the "happy couple" through the wilderness to the railway.

At the time of which I have written considerable numbers of wapiti, or Canadian stag (*Cervus Canadensis*), haunted that portion of Ontario lying between Georgian Bay and Lake Huron as far south possibly as the head waters of Maitland River, and though an isolated individual may yet, perhaps, now and then be encountered in the Indian Peninsula or the Muskoka District, the race is practically extinct, and he who would seek such noble quarry must needs pass beyond the great lakes to upper Dakota, to Montana, or the remote regions of the Northwest Territory in the vicinity of the Rockies.

Though by vulgar custom denominating an "Elk," the Canadian stag is far from being a prototype of the *Livonian* or *Scandinavian Alces* that is identical with the American "moose;" on the contrary it is specifically if not generally allied to the red deer of North Britain, which it closely resembles. By like twisting of nomenclature, however, the title "Red Deer" on the hither side of the Atlantic is made to do duty for the Caribou or Woodland Reindeer, (*Rangifer Cariboo*).





## KATE CARNEGIE.\*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

### CHAPTER I.

#### PANDEMONIUM.

**I**T was the morning before the Twelfth, five-and-twenty years ago, and nothing like unto Muirtown Station could have been found in all the travelling world. For Muirtown, as everybody knows, is the centre which receives the southern immigrants in autumn, and distributes them, with all their belongings of servants, horses, dogs and luggage, over the north country from Athole to Sutherland. All night, through trains, whose ordinary formation had been reinforced by horse boxes, carriage trucks, saloons and luggage vans, drawn by two engines and pushed up inclines by another, had been careering along the three iron trunk roads that run from London to the North. Four hours ago they had forced the border that used to be more jealously guarded, and had begun to converge on their terminus. Passengers, awakened by the caller air, and looking out still half asleep, miss the undisciplined hedgerows and many-shaped patches of pasture, the warm brick homesteads and shaded ponds. Square fields cultivated up to a foot of the stone dykes or wire fencing, the strong grey-stone farmhouses, the swift-running burns, and the never-distant hills, brace the mind. Local passengers come in with deliberation, whose austere faces condemn the luxurious disorder of night travel, and challenge the defence of Arminian doctrine. A voice shouts "Carstairs Junction," with a command of the letter r, which is the bequest of an unconquerable past and inspires one with the hope of some day hearing a freeborn Scot say "Auchterarder." The train runs over bleak moorlands with black peat holes, through alluvial straths yielding their last pickle of corn, between iron furnaces blazing strangely in the morning light, at the foot of historical castles on rocks that rise

out of the fertile plains, and then, after a space of sudden darkness, any man with a soul counts the ten hours' dust and heat but a slight price for a sight of the Scottish Rhine flowing deep, clear, and swift by the foot of its wooded hills, and the "Fair City" in the heart of her meadows.

"Do you see the last wreath of mist floating off the summit of the hill, and the silver sheen of the river against the green of the woods? Quick, dad," and the General, accustomed to obey, stood up beside Kate for the brief glimpse between the tunnel and a prison. Yet they had seen the snows of the Himalayas, and the great river that runs through the plains of India. But it is so with Scottish folk that they may have lived opposite the Jungfrau at Murren, and walked among the big trees of the Yosemite Valley, and watched the blood-red afterglow on the Pyramids, and yet will value a sunset behind the Cuchullin hills, and the Pass of the Trossachs, and the mist shot through with light on the sides of Ben Nevis, and the Tay at Dunkeld—just above the bridge—better guerdon for their eyes.

"Aye, lassie,"—the other people had left at Stirling, and the General fell back upon the past—"there's just one bonnier river, and that's the Tochtie at a bend below the Lodge as we shall see it, please God, this evening."

"Tickets," broke in a voice with authority. "This is no the station, an' ye 'ill hae to wait till the first divession o' yir train is emptied. Kildrummie? Ye change, of coorse, but yir branch 'ill hae a lang wait the day. It 'ill be an awfu' fecht wi' the Hielant train. Muirtown platform 'll be worth seein'; it 'll juist be mighty," and the collector departed, smacking his lips in prospect of the fray.

"Upon my word," said the General, taken aback for a moment by the easy manners of his countrymen, but rejoicing in every new assurance of home, "our people are no blate."

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"Isn't it delicious to be where character has not been worn smooth by centuries of oppression, but where each man is himself? Conversation has salt here, and tastes in the mouth. We've just heard two men speak this morning, and each face is bitten into my memory. Now our turn has come," and the train came in at last.

Porters, averaging six feet and with stentorian voices, were driving back the mixed multitude in order to afford foothold for the new arrivals on that marvelous landing place, which served for all the trains which came in and all that went out, both north and south. One man tears open the door of a first with commanding gesture. "A' change and hurry up. Na, na," rejecting the offer of a private engagement; "we hev nae time for that trade the day. Ye maun cairy yir bags yersels; the dogs and boxes 'll tak us a' oor time." He unlocks an under compartment and drags out a pair of pointers, who fawn upon him obsequiously in gratitude for their release. "Doon wi' ye," as one to whom duty denies the ordinary courtesies of life, and he fastens them to the base of an iron pillar. Deserted immediately by their deliverer, the pointers make overtures to two elderly ladies, standing bewildered in the crush, to be repulsed with umbrellas, and then sit down upon their tails in despair. Their forlorn condition, left friendless amid this babel, gets upon their nerves, and after a slight rehearsal, just to make certain of the tune, they lift up their voices in melodious concert, to the scandal of the two females who cannot escape the neighborhood, and regard the pointers with horror. Distant friends, also in bonds and distress of mind, feel comforted and join cheerfully, while a large black retriever, who had foolishly attempted to obstruct a luggage barrow with his tail, breaks in with a high solo. Two collies, their tempers irritated by obstacles as they followed their masters, who had been taking their morning in the second class refreshment room, fall out by the way, and obtain as by magic a clear space in which to settle details; while a fox terrier, escaping from his anxious mistress, has mounted a pile of boxes and gives a general challenge.

Porters fling open packed luggage vans with a swing, setting free a cataract of

portmanteaus, boxes, hampers, baskets, which pours across the platform for yards, led by a frolicsome black leather valise whose anxious owner has fought her adventurous way to the van for the purpose of explaining to a phlegmatic Scot that he would know it by a broken strap, and must lift it out gently, for it contained breakables.

"It can gang itsel, that ane," as the afflicted woman followed its reckless progress with a wail. "Sall, if they were a' as clever on their feet as yon box there wud be less tribble," and with two assistants he fell upon the congested mass within. They perform prodigies of strength, handling huge trunks that ought to have filled some woman with repentance as if they were Gladstone bags, and light weights as if they were paper parcels. With unerring scent they detect the latest label among the remains of past history, and the air resounds with "Hielant train" "Aiberdeen fast." "Aiberdeen slow,"—"Muirtown"—this with indifference—and at a time "Dunleith," and once "Kildrummie," with much contempt. By this time stacks of baggage of varying size have been erected, the largest of which is a pyramid in shape, with a very uncertain apex.

Male passengers—heads of families and new to Muirtown—hover anxiously round the outskirts and goaded on by female commands, rush into the heart of the fray for the purpose of claiming a piece of luggage, which turns out to be some other person's, and retire hastily after a fair-sized portmanteau descends on their toes, and the sharp edge of a trunk takes them in the small of the back. Footmen with gloves and superior airs make gentlemanly efforts to collect the family luggage, and are rewarded by having some hopelessly vulgar tin boxes heavily roped, deposited among its initialled glory. One elderly female who had been wise to choose some other day to revisit her native town, discovers her basket flung up against a pillar, like wreckage from a storm, and settles herself down upon it with a sigh of relief. She remains unmoved amid the turmoil, save when a passing gun-case tips her bonnet to one side, giving her a very rakish air, and a good-natured retriever on a neighboring box is so much taken with her appearance that he offers her a friend-

ly caress. Restless people who remember that their train ought to have left half an hour ago, and cannot realize that all bonds are loosed on the eleventh fasten on any man in a uniform, and suffer many rebuffs.

"There's nae use in asking me," answers a guard, coming off duty and pushing his way through the crowd as one accustomed to such spectacles; "a'm just in frae Carlisle; get haud o' a porter."

"Cupar Angus?"—this from the porter—"that's the Aiberdeen slow; it's no made up yet, and little chance o't till the express an' the Hielant be aff. Wha'll it start frae?" breaking away; "forrit, a' tell ye, forrit."

Fathers of families, left on guard and misled by a sudden movement "forrit," rush to the waiting-room, and bring out, for the third time, the whole expedition, to escort them back again with shame. Barrows with towering piles of luggage are pushed through the human mass by two porters, who allow their engine to make its own way with much confidence, condescending only at a time to shout, "A' say, hey, oot o' there," and treating any testy complaint with the silent contempt of a drayman for a costermonger. Old hands, having fed at their leisure in callous indifference to all alarms, lounge about in great content, and a group of sheep farmers, having endeavored in vain, after one tasting, to settle the merits of a new sheep dip, take a glance in the "Hielant" quarter, and adjourn the conference once more to the refreshment-room. Groups of sportsmen discuss the prospects of tomorrow in detail, and tell stories of ancient twelfths, while chieftains from London, in full Highland dress, are painfully conscious of the whiteness of their legs. A handful of preposterous people, who persist in going south when the world has its face northwards, threaten to complain to head quarters if they are not sent away, and an official with a loud voice and a subtle gift of humor intimates that a train is about to leave for Dundee.

During this time wonderful manoeuvres have been executed on the lines of rail opposite the platform. Trains have left with all the air of a departure and disappear round a curve outside the station, only to return in fragments. Half-a-dozen carriages pass without an engine, as if they had started on their

own account, break vans that one saw presiding over expresses stand forsaken, a long procession of horse boxes rattles through, and a saloon carriage, with people, is so much in evidence that the name of an English Duke is freely mentioned, and every new passage relieves the tedium of the waiting.

Out of all this confusion trains begin to grow and take shape, and one, with green carriages, looks so complete that a rumor spreads that the Hielant train has been made up and may appear any minute in its place. The sunshine beating through the glass roof, the heat of travel, the dust of the station, the moving carriages with their various colors, the shouts of railway officials, the recurring panics of fussy passengers, begin to affect the nerves. Conversation becomes broken, porters are beset on every side with questions they cannot answer, rushes are made on any empty carriages within reach, a child is knocked down and cries.

Over all this excitement and confusion one man is presiding, untiring, forceful, ubiquitous—a sturdy man, somewhere about five feet ten, whose lungs are brass and nerves fine steel wire. He is dressed, as to his body, in brown corduroy trousers, a blue jacket and waistcoat with shining brass buttons, a grey flannel shirt and a silver-braided cap, which, as time passes, he thrusts farther back on his head till its peak stands at last almost erect, a crest seen high above the conflict. As to the soul of him, this man is clothed with resolution, courage, authority, and an infectious enthusiasm. He is the brain and will of the whole organism, its driving power. Drivers lean out of their engines, one hand on the steam throttle, their eyes fixed on this man; if he waved his hands, trains move; if he held them up, trains halt. Strings of carriages out in the open are carrying out his plans, and the porters toil like maniacs to meet his commands. Piles of luggage disappear as he directs the attack, and his scouts capture isolated boxes hidden among the people. Every horse box has a place in his memory, and he has calculated how many carriages would clear the north traffic; he carries the destination of families in his head, and has made arrangements for their comfort. "Soon ready now, sir," as he passed swiftly down to



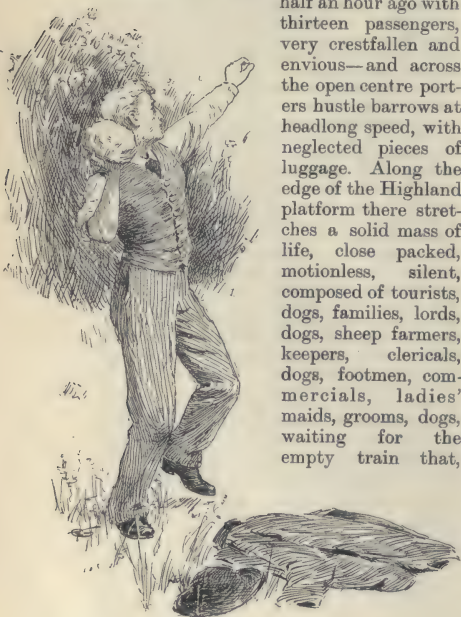
receive the last southerner, "and a second compartment reserved for you," till people watched for him, and the sound of his voice, "forrit, wi' the Hielant luggage," inspired bewildered tourists with confidence, and became an argument for Providence. There is a general movement towards the northern end of the station; five barrows, whose luggage swings dangerously and has to be held on, pass in procession; dogs are collected and trailed along in bundles; families pick up their bags and press after their luggage, cheered to recognize a familiar piece peeping out from among strange goods; a bell is rung with insistence. The Aberdeen express leaves—its passengers regarding the platform with pity—and the guard of the last van slamming his door in triumph. The great man concentrates his forces with a wave of his hand for the *tour de force* of the year, the despatch of the Hielant train.

The southern end of the platform is now deserted—the London express departed

half an hour ago with thirteen passengers, very crestfallen and envious—and across the open centre porters hustle barrows at headlong speed, with neglected pieces of luggage. Along the edge of the Highland platform there stretches a solid mass of life, close packed, motionless, silent, composed of tourists, dogs, families, lords, dogs, sheep farmers, keepers, clericals, dogs, footmen, commercials, ladies' maids, grooms, dogs, waiting for the empty train that,

after deploying hither and thither, picking up some trifle, a horse box or a duke's saloon, at every new raid, is now backing in slowly for its freight. The expectant crowd has ceased from conversation, sporting or otherwise; respectable elderly gentlemen brace themselves for the scramble, and examine their nearest neighbours suspiciously; heads of families gather their belongings round them by signs and explain in a whisper how to act; one female tourist—of a certain age and severe aspect—refreshes her memory as to the best window for the view of Killiecrankie. The luggage has been piled in huge masses at each end of the siding; the porters rest themselves against it, taking off their caps and wiping their foreheads with handkerchiefs of many colors and uses. It is the stillness before the last charge; beyond the outermost luggage an arm is seen waving, and the long coil of carriages begins to twist into the station.

People who know their ancient Muirtown well, and have taken part in this day of days, will remember a harbor of refuge beside the bookstall, protected by the buffers of the Highland siding on one side and a breakwater of luggage on the other, and persons within this shelter could see the storming of the train to great advantage. Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty, who had been tasting the civilization of Muirtown overnight and was waiting for the Dunleith train, leant against the back of the bookstall watching the scene with frank, boyish interest. Rather under six feet in height, he passed for more, because he stood so straight and looked so slim, for his limbs were as slender as a woman's, while women (in Muirtown) had envied his hands and feet. But in chest measure he was only two inches behind Saunders Baxter, the grievance of Drumsheugh, who was the standard of manhood by whom all others were tried and (mostly) condemned in Drumtochty. Chancing to come upon Saunders putting the stone one day with the bothy lads, Carmichael had taken his turn, with the result that his stone lay foremost in the final heat by an inch exactly. MacLure saw them kneeling together to measure, the Free Kirk minister and the ploughmen all in a bunch, and went on his way rejoicing to tell the Free Kirk folk that their



CARMICHAEL HAD TAKEN HIS TURN.

new minister was a man of his hands. His hair was fair, just touched with gold, and he wore it rather long, so that in the excitement of preaching a lock sometimes fell down on his forehead, which he would throw back with a toss of his head—a gesture Mrs. Macfadyen, our critic, thought very taking. His dark blue eyes used to enlarge with passion in the Sacrament and grow so tender, the healthy tan disappeared and left his cheeks so white, that the mothers were terrified lest he should die early, and sent offerings of cream on Monday morning. For though his name was Carmichael, he had Celtic blood in him, and was full of all kinds of emotion, but mostly those that were brave and pure and true. He had done well at the University, and was inclined to be philosophical, for he knew little of himself and nothing of the world. There were times when he allowed himself to be supercilious and sarcastic; but it was not for an occasional jingle of cleverness the people loved him, or, for that matter, any other man. It was his humanity that won their hearts, and this he had partly from his mother, partly from his training. Through a kind providence and his mother's countryness, he had been brought up among animals—birds, mice, dormice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, cattle, horses, till he knew all their ways, and loved God's creatures as did St. Francis d'Assisi, to whom every creature of God was dear, from Sister Swallow to Brother Wolf. So he learned, as he grew older, to love men and women and little children, even although they might be ugly, or stupid, or bad-tempered, or even wicked, and this sympathy cleansed away many a little fault of pride and self-conceit and impatience and hot temper, and in the end of the days made a man of John Carmichael. The dumb animals had an instinct about this young fellow, and would make overtures to him that were a certificate for any situation requiring character. Horses by the wayside neighed at his approach, and stretched out their velvet muzzles to be stroked. Dogs insisted upon sitting on his knees, unless quite prevented by their size, and then they put their paws on his chest. Hillocks was utterly scandalised by his colliery's familiarity with the minister, and brought him to his senses by the applica-

tion of a boot, but Carmichael waived all apologies. "Rover and I made friends two days ago on the road, and my clothes will take no injury" And indeed they could not, for Carmichael, except on Sunday and at funerals, wore a soft hat and suit of threadbare tweeds, on which a microscopist could have found traces of a peat bog, moss off dykes, the scale of a trout, and a tiny bit of heather.

His usual fortune befell him that day in Muirtown Station, for two retrievers, worming their way through the luggage, reached him, and made known their wants.

"Thirsty? I believe you. All the way from England, and heat enough to roast you alive. I've got no dish, else I'd soon get water.

"Inverness? Poor chaps, that's too far to go with your tongues like a lime-kiln. Down, good dogs; I'll be back in a minute."

You can have no idea, unless you have tried it, how much water a soft clerical hat can hold—if you turn up the edges and bash down the inside with your fist, and fill the space up to the brim. But it is difficult to convey such a vessel with undiminished content through a crowd, and altogether impossible to lift one's eyes. Carmichael was therefore quite unconscious that two new-comers to the shelter were watching him with keen delight as he came in bare-headed, flushed, triumphant—amid howls of welcome—and knelt down to hold the cup till—drinking time about in strict honour—the retrievers had reached the maker's name.

"Do you think they would like a biscuit?" said a clear, sweet, low voice, with an accent of pride and just a flavour of amusement in its tone. Carmichael rose in much embarrassment, and was quite confounded.

They were standing together—father and daughter, evidently—and there was no manner of doubt about him. A spare man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, straight as a rod, and having an air of command, with keen grey eyes, close-cropped hair turning white, a clean-shaven face except where a heavy moustache covered a firm-set mouth—one recognised in him a retired army man of rank, a colonel at least, it might be a general; and the bronze on his face suggested long Indian

service. But he might have been dressed in Rob Roy tartan, or been a naval officer in full uniform, for all Carmichael knew. A hundred thousand faces pass before your eyes and are forgotten, mere physical impressions; you see one, and it is in your heart for ever, as you saw it the first time. Wavy black hair, a low, straight forehead, hazel eyes with long eyelashes, a perfectly-shaped Grecian nose, a strong mouth, whose upper lip had a curve of softness, a clear-cut chin with one dimple, small ears set high in the head, and a rich creamy complexion—that was what flashed upon Carmichael as he turned from the retrievers. He was a man so unobservant of women that he could not have described a women's dress to save his life or any other person's; and now that he is married—he is a middle-aged man now and threatened with stoutness—it is his wife's reproach that he does not know when she wears her new spring bonnet for the first time. Yet he took in this young woman's dress, from the smart hat with a white bird's wing on the side, and the close-fitting tailor-made jacket, to the small, well-gloved hand in dog-skin, the grey tweed skirt, and one shoe, with a tip on it, that peeped out below her frock. Critics might have hinted that her shoulders were too square, and that her figure wanted somewhat in softness of outline; but it seemed to Carmichael that he had never seen so winsome or high-bred a woman; and so it has also seemed to many who have gone farther afield in the world than the young minister of Drumtochty.

Carmichael was at that age when a man prides himself on the dressing and thinking as he pleases, and had quite scandalised a Muirtown elder—a stout gentleman, who had come out in '43, and could with difficulty be weaned from Dr. Chalmers—by making his appearance on the preceding evening in amazing tweeds and a grey flannel shirt. He explained casually that for a fifteen-mile walk flannels were absolutely necessary, and that he was rather pleased to find that he had come from door to door in four hours and two minutes exactly. His host was at a loss for words, because he was comparing this unconventional youth with the fathers, who wore large white stocks and ambled along at about two and a half miles an

hour, clearing their throats also in a very impressive way, and seasoning the principles of the Free Kirk with snuff of an excellent fragrance. It was hard even for the most generous charity to identify the spirit of the Disruption in such a figure, and the good elder grew so proper and so didactic that Carmichael went from bad to worse.

"Well, you would find the congregation in excellent order. The Professor was a most painstaking man, though retiring in disposition, and his sermons were thoroughly solid and edifying. They were possibly just a little above the heads of Drumtochty, but I always enjoyed Mr. Cunningham myself," nodding his head as one who understood all mysteries.

"Did you ever happen to hear the advice Jamie Souter gave the deputation from Muirtown when they came up to see whether Cunningham would be fit for the North Kirk, where two Bailies stand at the plate every day, and the Provost did not think himself good enough to be an elder?" for Carmichael was full of wickedness that day, and earning a judgment.

His host indicated that the deputation had given in a very full and satisfactory report—he was, in fact, on the Session of the North himself—but that no reference had been made to Jamie.

"Well, you must know," and Carmichael laid himself out for narration, "the people were harassed with raids from the Lowlands during Cunningham's time, and did their best in self-defence. Spying makes men cunning, and it was wonderful how many subterfuges the deputations used to practise. They would walk from Kildrummie as if they were staying in the district, and one retired tradesman talked about the crops as if he was a farmer, but it was a pity that he didn't know the difference between the cereals.

"'Yon man that wes up aifter yir minister, Elspeth,' Hillocks said to Mrs. Macfadyen, 'Hesna hed muckle money spent on his eddication. A graund field o' barley,' he says, and as sure as a'm stannin' here, it wes the haugh field o' aits.'

"'He's frae Glagie,' was all Elspeth answered, 'and by next Friday we 'ill hae his name an' kirk. He said he wes up for a walk an' juist dropped in, the



wrath.' Some drove from Muirtown, giving out that they were English tourists, speaking with a fine East Coast accent, and were rebuked by Lachlan Campbell for breaking the Sabbath. Your men put up their trap at the last farm in Netheraird—which always has grudged Drumtochty its ministers and borne their removal with resignation—and came up in pairs, who pretended they did not know one another.

"Jamie was hearing the Professor's last lecture on Justification, and our people asked him to take charge of the strangers. He found out the town from their hats, and escorted them to the boundaries of the parish, assisting their confidences till one of your men—I think it was the Provost—admitted that it had taken them all their time to follow the sermon.

"'A'm astonished at ye, said Jamie, for the Netheraird man let it out; 'yon was a sermon for young fowk, juist milk, ye ken, tae the ordinar' discourses. Surely,' as if the thought had just struck him, 'ye weren a thinkin' o' callin' Maister Cunningham tae Muirtown.

"'Edinbooragh, noo, that nicht dae gin the feck o' the members be professors, but Muirtown wud be clean havers. There's times when the Drumtochty fowk themselves canna understand the cratur, he's that deep. As for Muirtown'—here Jamie allowed himself a brief rest of enjoyment; 'but ye've hed a fine drive, tae sae naethin' o' the traivel."

Then, having begun, Carmichael retailed so many of Jamie's most wicked sayings, and so exalted the Glen as a place "where you can go up one side and down the other with your dogs, and every second man you meet will give you something to remember," that the city dignitary doubted afterwards to his wife "whether this young man was . . . quite what we have been accustomed to in a Free Church minister." Carmichael ought to have had repentances for shocking a worthy man, but instead thereof laughed in his room and slept soundly, not knowing that he would be humbled in the dust by mid-day to-morrow.

It seemed to him on the platform as if an hour passed while he, who had played a city father, stood, clothed with shame, before this commanding young woman.

Had she ever looked upon a more abject wretch? and Carmichael photographed himself with merciless accuracy, from his hair that he had not thrown back, to an impress of dust which one knee had taken from the platform, and he registered a resolution that he would never be again boastfully indifferent to the loss of a button on his coat. She stooped and fed the dogs who did her homage, and he marked that her profile was even finer—more delicate, more perfect, more bewitching than her front face; but he still stood holding his shapeless hat in his hand, and for the first time in his life had no words to say.

"They are very polite dogs," and Miss Carnegie gave Carmichael one more chance; "they make as much of a biscuit as if it were a feast; but I do think dogs have such excellent manners, they are always so un-self-conscious."

"I wish I were a dog," said Carmichael, with much solemnity, and afterwards was filled with thankfulness that the baggage behind gave way, and that an exasperated porter was able to express his mind freely.

"Dinna try tae lift that box for ony sake, man. Sall, ye're no feared," as Carmichael, thirsting for action, swung it up unaided; and then, catching sight of the wisp of white, "A' didna see ye were a minister, an' the word cam out sudden."


"You would find it a help to say Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham," and with a smile to Carmichael, still bare-headed and now redder than ever, Miss Carnegie went along the platform to see the Hielant train depart. It was worth waiting for the two minutes' sojourn, and to hear the great man say, as he took off his cap with deliberation and wiped his brow: "That's anither year ower; some o' you lads see tae that Dunleith train." There was a day when Carmichael would have enjoyed the scene to the full, but now he had eyes for nothing but that tall, slim figure and the white bird's wing.

When they disappeared into the Dunleith train, Carmichael had a wild idea of entering the same compartment, and in the end had to be pushed into the last second by the guard, who knew most of his regular people and every one of the Drumtochty men. He was so much engaged with his own thoughts that he gave

two English tourists to understand that Lord Kilspindie's castle, standing amid its woods on the bank of the Tay, was a recently-erected dye work, and that as the train turned off the North Track line they might at any moment enter the pass of Killiecrankie.

## CHAPTER II.

### PEACE.

HE last stage now, Kit; in less than two hours we'll see Tochtly woods. The very thought makes me a boy again, and it seems yesterday that I kissed your mother on the door-step of the old lodge and went off to the Crimean war.

"That's Muirtown Castle over there in the wood—a grand place in its way, but nothing to our home, lassie. Kilspindie—he was Viscount Hay then—joined me at Muirtown, and we fought through the weary winter. He left the army after the war, with lots of honour. A good fellow was Hay, both in the trenches and the mess-room.

"I've never seen him since, and I dare-say he's forgotten a battered old Indian. Besides, he's the big swell in this district, and I'm only a poor Hielant laird with a wood and a tumble-down house and a couple of farms."

"You are also a shameless hypocrite and deceiver, for you believe that the Carnegies are as old as the Hays, and you know that, though you have only two farms, you have twelve medals and seven wounds. What does money matter? It simply makes people vulgar."

"Nonsense, lassie; if a Carnegie runs down money, it's because he has got none and wishes he had. If you and I had only had a few hundreds a year over the pay to rattle in our pockets, we should have lived in England, with all sorts of variety and comfort, instead of wandering about India with a gang of stupid old chaps who have been so busy fighting that they never had time to read a book."

"You mean like yourself, dad, and V. C. and Colonel Kinloch? Where could a girl have found finer company than with my Knights of King Arthur? And do

you dare to insinuate that I could have been content away from the regiment, that made me their daughter after mother died, and the army?"

"Pleasure!" and Kate's cheek flushed. "I've had it since I was a little tot and could remember anything—the bugles sounding reveille in the clear air, and the sergeants drilling the new drafts in the morning, and the regiment coming out with the band before, and you at its head, and hearing 'God save the Queen' at a review, and seeing the companies passing like one man before the General.

"Don't you think that's better than tea drinking, and gossiping, and sewing meetings, and going for walks in some stupid little hole of a country town? Oh, you wicked, aggravating dad. Now, what more will money do?"

"Well," said the General, with much gravity, "if you were even a moderate heiress there is no saying but that we might pick up a presentable husband for you among the lairds. As it is, I fancy a country minister is all you could expect."

"Don't . . . my ears will come off some day; one was loosened by a cut in the Mutiny. No, I'll never do the like again. But some day you will marry, all the same," and Kate's father rubbed his ears.

"No, I'm not going to leave you, for nobody else could ever make a curry to please; and if I do, it will not be a Scotch minister—horrid, bigoted wretches, V. C. says. Am I like a minister's wife, to address mothers' meetings and write out sermons? By the way, is there a kirk at Drumtochtly, or will you read prayers to Janet and Donald and me?"

"When I was a lad there was just one minister in Drumtochtly, Dr. Davidson, a splendid specimen of the old school, who, on great occasions, wore gaiters and a frill with a diamond in the centre; he carried a gold-headed stick, and took snuff out of a presentation box.

"His son Sandie was my age to a year, and many a ploy we had together; there was the jackdaw's nest in the ivy on the old tower we harried together," and the General could only indicate the delightful risk of the exploit. "My father and the Doctor were pacing the avenues at the time, and caught sight of us against

the sky. 'It's your rascal and mine, Laird,' we heard the minister say, and they waited till we got down, and then each did his duty by his own for trying to break his neck; but they were secretly proud of the exploit, for I caught my father showing old Lord Kilspindie the spot, and next time Hay was up he tried to reach the place, and stuck where the wall hangs over. I'll point out the hole this evening; you can see it from the other side of the den quite plain.

"Sandie went to the church—I wish every parson were as straight—and Kilspindie appointed him to succeed the old gentleman, and when I saw him in his study last month, it seemed as if his father stood before you, except the breeches and the frill, but Sandie has a marvellous stock; what havers I'm deiving' you with lassie."

"Tell me about Sandie this minute—did he remember the raiding of the Jackdaws!"

"He did," cried the General in great spirits; "he just looked at me for an instant—no one knew of my visit—and then he gripped my hands, and do you know, Kit, he was . . . well,

and there was a lump in my throat too; it would be about forty years, for one reason and another, since we met."

"What did he say? the very words, dad," and Kate held up her finger in command.

"'Jack, old man, is this really you?'—he held me at arm's length—'man, div ye mind the jackdaw's nest?'"

"Did he? And he's to be our padre. I know I'll love him at once. Go on, everything, for you've never told me anything about Drumtochty."

"We had a glorious time going over old times. We fished up every trout again, and we shot our first day on the moor again with Peter Stewart, Kilspindie's head keeper, as fine an old highlander as ever lived. Stewart said in the evening, 'You're a pair of prave boys, as becometh your father's sons,' and Sandie gave him two and fourpence he had scraped for a tip, but I had only one and elevenpence—we were both kept bare. But he knew better than to refuse our offerings,

though he never saw less than gold or notes from the men that shot at the lodge, and Sandie remembered how he touched his Highland bonnet and said, 'I will be much obliged to you both; and you will be coming to the moor another

day, for I hef his lordship's orders.'

"Boys are queer animals, lassie; we were prouder that Peter accepted our poor little tip than about the muir-fowl we shot, though I had three brace and Sandie four. Highlanders are all gentlemen by birth, and be sure of this, Kit, it's only that breed which

can manage boys and soldiers. But where am I now?"

"With Sandie—I beg his reverence's pardon—with the Rev. the padre of Drumtochty," and Kate went over and sat down beside the General to anticipate any rebellion, for it was a joy to see the warrior turning into a boy before her eyes.

"Well?"

"We had a royal dinner, as it seemed to me. Sandie has a couple of servants, man and wife, who rule him with a rod of iron, but I would forgive that for the



"MANY A PLOY WE HAD TOGETHER."



cooking and the loyalty. After dinner he disappeared with a look of mystery, and came back with a cobwebbed bottle of the old shape, short and buncy, which he carried as if it were a baby.

"Just two bottles of my father's port left; we 'ill have one to-day to welcome you back, and we 'ill keep the other to celebrate your daughter's marriage.' He had one sister, younger by ten years, and her death nearly broke his heart. It struck me from something he said that his love is with her; at any rate, he has never married. Sandie has just one fault—he would not touch a cheroot; but he snuffs handsomely out of his father's box.

"Of course, I can't say anything about his preaching, but its bound to be sensible stuff."

"Bother the sermons; he's an old dear himself, and I know we shall be great friends. We 'ill flirt together, and you will not have one word to say, so make up your mind to submit."

"We shall have good days in the old place, lassie; but you know we are poor, and must live quietly. What I have planned is a couple of handy women or so in the house with Donald. Janet is going to live at the gate where she was brought up, but she will look after you well, and we 'ill always have a bed and a glass of wine for a friend. Then you can have a run up to London and get your things, Kit," and the General looked wistfully at his daughter, as one who would have given her a kingdom.

"Do you think your girl cares so much about luxuries and dresses? Of course I like to look well—every woman does, and if she pretends otherwise she's a hypocrite; but money just serves to make some women hideous. It is enough for me to have you all to myself up in your old home, and to see you enjoying the rest you have earned. We 'ill be as happy as two lovers, dad," and Kate threw an arm around her father's neck and kissed him.

"We have to change here," as the train began to slow, "and prepare to see the most remarkable railway in the empire, and a guard to correspond." And then it came upon them, the first sight that made a Drumtochty man's heart warm, and assured him that he was nearing home.

An engine on a reduced scale, that had

once served in the local goods department of a big station, and then, having grown old and asthmatic, was transferred on half-pay, as it were, to the Kildrummie branch, where it puffed between the junction and the terminus half a dozen times a day, with two carriages and an occasional coal truck. Times there were when wood was exported from Kildrummie, and then the train was taken in detachments, and it was a pleasant legend that, one market day, when Drumtochty was down in force, the engine stuck, and Drumsheugh invited the glen to get out and push. The two carriages were quite distinguished in construction, and had seen better days. One consisted of a single first class compartment in the centre, with a bulge of an imposing appearance, supported on either side by two seconds. As no native ever travelled second, one compartment had been employed as a reserve to the luggage van, so that Drumtochty might have a convenient place of deposit for calves, but the other was jealously reserved by Peter Bruce for strangers with second class tickets, that his branch might not be put to confusion. The other carriage was three-fourths third class and one-fourth luggage, and did the real work; on its steps Peter stood and dispensed wisdom, between the junction and Kildrummie.

But neither the carriage nor the engine could have made history without the guard, beside whom the guards of the main line—even of the expresses that ran to London—were as nothing—fribbles and weaklings. For the guard of the Kildrummie branch was absolute ruler, lording over man and beast without appeal, and treating the Kildrummie stationmaster as a federated power. Peter was a short man of great breadth, like unto the cutting of an oak-tree, with a penetrating grey eye, an immovable countenance, and bushy whiskers. It was understood that when the line was opened, and the directors were about to fill up the post of guard from a number of candidates qualified by long experience on various lines, Peter, who had been simply wasting his time driving a carrier's cart, came in, and sitting down opposite the board—two lairds and a farmer—looked straight before him without making any application. It was felt by all in an in-

stant that only one course was open, in the eternal fitness of things. Experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman, afterwards, as a formality. From the beginning he took up a masterful position, receiving his cargo at the junction and discharging it at the station with a power that even Drumtochty did not resist, and a knowledge of individuals that was almost comprehensive. It is true that, boasting one Friday evening concerning the "crooded" state of the train, he admitted with reluctance that "there's a stranger in the second I canna mak oot," but it was understood that he solved the problem before the man got his luggage at Kildrummie.

Perhaps Peter's most famous achievement was his demolition of a south country bagman, who had made himself unpleasant, and the story was much tasted by our guard's admirers. This self-important and vivacious gentleman, seated in the first, was watching Peter's leisurely movements on the Kildrummie platform with much impatience, and lost all self-control on Peter going outside to examine the road for any distant passenger.

"Look here, guard, this train ought to have left five minutes ago, and I give you

notice that if we miss our connection I'll hold your company responsible."

At the sound of this foreign voice with its indecent clamor, Peter returned and took up his position opposite the speaker, while the staff and the whole body of passengers—four Kildrummie and three

Drumtochty, quite sufficient for the situation—waited the issue. Not one word did Peter deign to reply, but he fixed the irate traveller with a gaze so searching, so awful, so irresistible, that the poor man fell back into his seat and pretended to look out at the opposite window. After a pause of thirty seconds, Peter turned to the engine driver.

"They're a' here noo, an' there's nae use waitin' langer; ca' awa', but ye needna distress the engine."

It was noticed that the foolhardy traveller kept the full length of the junction between himself and Peter till the Dunleith train came in, while his very back

was eloquent of humiliation, and Hillocks offered his snuff-box ostentatiously to Peter, which that worthy accepted as a public tribute of admiration.

"Look, Kate, there he is;" and there Peter was, standing in his favorite attitude, his legs wide apart and his thumbs in his armholes, superior, abstracted, motionless till the



PETER WAS STANDING IN HIS FAVORITE POSITION.

train stopped, when he came forward.

"Prood tae see ye, General, coming back at laist, an' the Miss wi' ye; it 'ill no be the blame o' the fouk up bye gin ye be na happy. Drumtochty hes an idea o' itsel', and peety the man 'at tries tae drive them, but they're couthy."

"This wy, an' a'll see tae yir luggage," and before Peter made for the Dunleith van it is said that he took off his cap to Kate; but if so, this was the only time he had ever shown such gallantry.

Certainly he must have been flustered by something, for he did not notice that Carmichael, overcome by shyness at the sight of the Carnegies in the first, had hid himself in the second, till he closed the doors; then the Carnegies heard it all.

"It's I, Peter," very quietly; "your first has passengers to-day, and . . . I'll just sit here."

"Come oot o' that," after a moment, during which Peter had simply looked; then the hat and the tweeds came stumbling into the first, making some sort of a bow and muttering an apology.

"A'll tak' yir ticket, Maister Carmichael," with severity. "General," suddenly relaxing, "this is the Free Kirk minister of yir parish, an' a'm jidgin' he 'ill no try the second again."

Carmichael lifted his head and caught Kate's eye, and at the meeting of humor they laughed aloud. Whereupon the General said, "My daughter, Miss Carnegie," and they became so friendly before they reached Kildrummie that Carmichael forgot his disgraceful appearance, and when the General offered him a lift up, simply clutched at the opportunity.

The trap was a four-wheeled dog-cart.

Kate drove, with her father by her side and Carmichael behind, but he found it necessary to turn round to give information of names and places, and he so managed that he could catch Kate's profile half the time.

When he got down at the foot of the hill by Hillock's farm, to go up the near road, instead thereof he scrambled along the ridge and looked through the trees as the carriage passed below, and did not escape.

"What's he glowerin' at doon there?" Hillocks enquired of Jamie Soutar to whom he was giving some directions about a dyke, and Hillocks made a reconnaissance. "A'll warrant that's the General and his dochter. She's a weel-faured lassie an' speerity-lookin'."

"It cowes a'," said Jamie to himself; "the first day he ever saw her; but it's aye the way, aince an' ever, or . . . never."

"What's the Free Kirk, dad?" when Carmichael had gone. "Is it the same as the Methodists?"

"No, no, quite different. I'm not up in those things, but I've heard it was a lot of fellows who would not obey the laws, and so they left and made a kirk for themselves, where they do whatever they like. By the way, that was the young fellow we saw giving the dogs water at Muirtown. I rather like him; but why did he look such a fool, and try to escape us at the junction?"

"How should I know? I suppose because he is a . . . foolish boy. And now, dad, for the Lodge and Tochty woods."

*(To be continued.)*





# THE NEW MONROE DOCTRINE OF MESSRS. CLEVELAND AND OLNEY.

BY THE HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P., PROFESSOR OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

**T**HE Monroe Doctrine has undergone so many modifications and has presented so many varying phases, that it becomes important to give some attention to its history. It is also important to understand its relations to the principles of International Law, and to lines of public policy that had been resolved upon at the time it was first promulgated, as well as to the circumstances under which President Cleveland now professes to revive it.

We shall see that what he calls the Monroe Doctrine, is indeed something very different from the Doctrine proclaimed 72 years ago by President Monroe. That was a Doctrine for purposes of defence,—to protect the new States of America against threatened destruction by those who had no other ground of complaint than this, that the Spanish American peoples had established for themselves institutions of government, which the great powers on the continent of Europe disliked, and which they were resolved should not be permitted to exist anywhere. President Cleveland has no such ground for the Doctrine that he promulgates. His avowed line of public policy is not for defence, but for offence. It is a declaration that there shall be but one sovereign power in the Western Hemisphere. It is as incompatible with the sovereignty of the South American Republics, as it is with that of any European power having possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

## THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

The French Revolution had made a profound impression upon the minds of European sovereigns. Even after it had spent its force, they no longer felt the same security for their authority and governments, as they did before that great event. The Treaty of Vienna, concluded in 1815, had altered the political

geography of Europe, and nationalities had been subordinated to dynastic interests. People were disposed of without the slightest regard for their aspirations or their political preferences, and it was not surprising that in many parts of Europe, much as the people have suffered by war, and strongly as they desired the maintenance of peace, there were obvious indications of unrest, shortly after the general peace was concluded. Besides, the French Revolution had made a profound impression on peoples, no less than upon sovereigns, and the hands upon the dial of time, which marked the progress of the world, could never be turned back to the place at which they stood before the peace was broken. Apart from its excesses, the French Revolution had taught them a lesson—easy to learn and difficult to forget—that man had rights, social and political, and that Governments existed for him, and not he for Governments. Accordingly we find the representatives of the Great Powers meeting at Aix La Chapelle, in 1818, with the view of making regulations for the general superintendence of the nations of Europe, and to smother, if possible, what they regarded as the mischievous principles which the French Revolution had everywhere planted. How this was to be accomplished the representatives of these Powers did not, at the outset, clearly define. This union was known as the Holy Alliance, and was to exercise a police over all the smaller states of Europe and prevent any change in the direction of popular rights that might remotely endanger the stability of Monarchical Institutions. It became clear from the principles enunciated, that no change which did not emanate with the Sovereign, or which was not voluntarily conceded by him, was to be permitted by the Government of any country. Sometimes the Holy Alliance went even beyond this, and declared that if the change as-

sented to was regarded as one tending to disturb the peace and social order of Europe, it could not be permitted. In fact the doctrines of the Alliance were wholly at variance with the independent Sovereignty of States, and although Great Britain did not oppose the Alliance at the outset, as soon as it became obvious what its aims were, she withdrew from all participation, as its principles were scarcely less inimical to the institutions of the United Kingdom than to those of the most Democratic Republic.

The events which followed that congress, show how impossible it was to reconcile any rule of general intervention with the rights of Sovereignty and the independence of nations. England had, at this time, a Minister of far more than ordinary ability, and who understood equally well the aim of the great Continental States, the spirit of British institutions, and the genius of the British people. I refer to Mr. Canning. He was unwilling to be led by the despots of the continent of Europe, and he took care to separate Great Britain from that policy of intervention, which it was their aim actively to promote.

In 1820, the Governments of Austria and Prussia, Russia and France, called a convention at Troppau, and subsequently at Laybach, where the Neapolitan Revolution was discussed.

#### GREAT BRITAIN VS. THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

The British Government expressly dissented from the doctrines promulgated by the Holy Alliance, as contrary to the fundamental laws of England and the recognized Law of Nations. The British Government, while admitting the right of a nation to interfere in the affairs of a neighboring state, where its own security or its essential interests were jeopardized, held that it was necessary to the justification for such interference, that the necessity should be clearly established, and that it should be limited and regulated by such necessity. It further maintained, that those exceptional circumstances could never be reduced to a rule, and incorporated in the Law of Nations, but must be left to be determined by the states whose essential interests and Sovereign rights were involved.

In 1822 a fourth congress was called at

Verona, under the proceedings of which, France was led to interfere in the domestic concerns of Spain, not because any question of difference had arisen between France and Spain, but solely for the purpose of imposing upon the Spanish nation institutions at variance with those which Spain had chosen for herself. The Cortes has forced the Spanish Sovereign to concede to his subjects a reformed constitution. It was the aim of the Congress of Verona to overthrow the Spanish Constitution, and to restore in that country, arbitrary authority. The Government of France consented to become the instrument of the Holy Alliance for this purpose. The British Government declined to be a party to the proceedings of this Congress, and it denied altogether the right of one nation to interfere with the political institutions of another independent state. It is said that when Great Britain joined the other European powers, it was for the purpose of liberating Europe from the Military dominion of France. It was to secure national emancipation, and not to form an alliance for the general Government of the world. The Holy Alliance had undertaken to form a union inconsistent with the sovereignty of nations, and it was ruthlessly trampling out all reforms which had been brought about in any of the states upon the continent.

#### THE DANGER TO AMERICA.

There was every prospect that an attempt would be made to extend their system of coercive supervision to the American continent. It was believed that France had agreed to join Spain in the attempt to subjugate all those portions of the continent, which had once been under Spanish dominion, and of accepting compensation from Spain, by having a portion of the territories regained, transferred to her for her services in the undertaking. Such a policy, carried out on this continent, would be a menace alike to the Constitutional Monarchy of England and the Republics of America.

Mr. Canning informed the American Minister at London of what was transpiring. He told Mr. Rush that Great Britain was opposed to the policy of the Alliance. He explained the danger by which they were threatened, and maintained that

active measures should be taken to frustrate it. He said that a congress was about to be held to settle the affairs of Spanish America, and that Great Britain would take no part in it unless the United States should consent to be there represented. Mr. Rush replied that it was the traditional policy of the United States not to take any part in the settlement of European questions. This, however, was not a European question in any other sense than this, that certain European Governments were undertaking to deal with it. It was a question geographically and politically relating to America, and as it seriously affected the safety of the United States, this according to the English rule, justified interference, and the United States would not be departing from the doctrine of non-intervention in the affairs of Europe by taking part in this discussion. Mr. Canning further informed Mr. Rush, that if the United States was ready to pronounce against European intervention on the ground that its own security was jeopardised, the Government of Great Britain would be prepared to unite with them.

#### PRESIDENT MONROE'S ACTION.

Mr. Monroe was then President of the United States, and Mr. John Quincy Adams was his Secretary of State. On receiving Mr. Rush's despatch in reference to Mr. Canning's interview, Mr. Monroe not only consulted the members of his Cabinet, but he also consulted many prominent men in the United States who were no longer in public life, among whom were Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison.

Mr. Jefferson said :

"Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with *cis-Atlantic* affairs. America, north and south, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavors should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom.

"One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free Government, and emancipate at one stroke, what might otherwise linger in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the

most harm of any one, or all on earth, and with her on our side, we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars.

"But the war in which the present population might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers—of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our principle, not to depart from it; and if, to facilitate this end we can affect a division in the body of European Powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion, that it will prevent instead of provoking war."

Mr. Madison also addressed a reply to President Monroe, but it was full of prejudice and bitterness, which showed the hostility of a small man who cannot accept a wise offer without snarling at the one who proffered it. In that reply he says :

"Our co-operation is due to ourselves and to the world, and while it must insure success in the event of an appeal to force, it doubles the chance of success of that appeal. It is not improbable that Great Britain would like best to have the merit of being the sole champion of her new friend, notwithstanding the real difficulty to be encountered, but for the dilemma in which she would be placed. She must, in that case, either leave us as neutrals to extend our commerce and navigation at the expense of hers, or make us enemies by renewing her paper blockades, and other arbitrary proceedings on the ocean. It may be hoped that such a dilemma will not be without a permanent tendency to check her proneness to unnecessary wars.

"Why the British Cabinet should have scrupled to arrest the calamity it now apprehends, by applying to the threats of France against Spain the small efforts which it scruples not to employ in behalf of Spanish America, is best known to itself."

If Mr. Madison had been a man of a little more magnanimity, he would have discovered that to protect the Spanish colonies by her fleet was not for Great Britain a doubtful task, whereas to attempt the protection of Constitutional Government in Spain against all the Great Powers of Europe was indeed a very formidable undertaking, and one that the interests of the country in the fortunes of Spain would not have justified Mr. Canning and his colleagues in



expending the blood and treasure of the nation to make.

#### THE DECISION REACHED.

Mr. Monroe in his annual message to Congress upon the subject, announces his determination in respect to Mr. Canning's suggestions, which was, that the great powers of Europe would be resisted, if they interfered on behalf of Spain, in renewals of contests with her former dependencies. This determination was reached mainly for defensive purposes, and to prevent the parties to the Holy Alliance undertaking to mould the political institutions on this continent, as they were actively endeavoring to do in Europe. The message of Mr. Monroe, however, went much further. And in order that my readers may understand clearly its further declaration, I shall refer to the events out of which that declaration grew—the Russian claims upon the North-West Coast of America.

Russia claimed the North-Western part of America, along the Pacific coast, as far south as the 51st parallel of north latitude, and in 1821, the Emperor had issued a ukase claiming jurisdiction over the Northern Pacific, and forbidding to the subjects of other States the liberty of trading with the natives, or of coming within a hundred Italian miles of the shore. The United States had already acquired from Spain all her rights and interests as a Sovereign State on the western coast of North America, north of the 42nd parallel. England also claimed the same coast, and between England and the United States a temporary understanding had been arrived at. Mr. Adams informed the Russian Government that the United States did not admit that Russia could acquire any sovereign right to that part of America, as there was then no part of the American Continent any longer open to colonization, as there was no portion of it that was not already appropriated, and that the north-west coast already belonged either to England or to the United States. The Russian Minister maintained that in respect to that coast, Russia was the first to discover it, the first to occupy it, and that she had been in peaceable and uncontested possession for nearly fifty years. When the President's message reached Mr. Canning, he

took exception to this declaration. Mr. Calhoun, who was also one of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, says that this paragraph of the message was not discussed by the Cabinet, nor were the members, generally, aware that any such declaration had been inserted. It originated entirely with Mr. Adams, and it is owing to this fact that it is not made with the precision and clearness which characterize the declaration against European interference on behalf of Spain. *The two propositions embodied in the message are distinct in themselves, as they are distinct from those opinions and declarations of policy which have been put forward, from time to time, by public men, and writers in the United States, as the Monroe Doctrine.*

#### AN IMPORTANT QUOTATION.

President Monroe, in the message dealing with the subject of European interference, says :

"In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries, or make preparation for our defence. With the movements of this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect, from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt, on their part, to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies, or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

#### PRESIDENT MONROE'S FIRST DOCTRINE.

It will be seen from this paragraph that

what President Monroe pronounced against was the design of making war upon the Spanish-American Republics, for the purpose of forcing upon them that form of Government which was favored by the Holy Alliance; that he regarded the extension by foreign arms of such a system to any portion of America, as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States; and that any steps taken to coerce those States, that had recently achieved their independence, into submitting to a despotic form of Government, as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States; that he, in fact, accepted the English doctrine of non-intervention, and was prepared to aid in upholding it against the Holy Alliance. It will also be seen that the President denied any wish or disposition to interfere with any of the Dependencies held by any European Power, and this disclaimer must apply to any attempt to limit or take away any right which by the law of nations is made incident to such a possession. The whole of this paragraph must be understood with special reference to the events out of which it grew, and it must be limited and controlled by them.

#### HIS SECOND DOCTRINE.

The other paragraph of the Message, which grew out of the Russian pretensions to the sovereignty of the North West Coast, contains the following observation:

"The Government of the United States has been desirous by this friendly proceeding, of manifesting the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of the Emperor, and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his Government. In the discussion to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been adjudged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power."

#### BRITAIN RESENTED THE SECOND.

When Mr. Rush received a copy of the President's Message he discussed it with Mr. Canning, who at once took exception to this paragraph in reference to America being already wholly appropriated, which was certainly not correct according to

the accepted view of Publicists, as to what was necessary to give something more than an inchoate title to the sovereignty of a country. There is no doubt of the fact that this paragraph embarrassed the negotiations between the United States and Russia, by making concerted action between England and the United States on one side, with Russia on the other, impossible. If the United States insisted that the whole continent was already appropriated, and that to every portion of it, some State or other had a perfected title, according to the principles of International Law, of course Russia could acquire no valid claim to the North West Coast, nor could a new colonial establishment anywhere be called into existence. This broad proposition Mr. Canning was prepared to deny, and in its discussion England and Russia would be found on the same side. Looking at the larger questions which threatened danger to free institutions, and in which both countries had a common interest, it was highly desirable that conflict of opinion should be avoided.

#### AN UNACCEPTED DOCTRINE.

In nearly all the documents which pertain to this question, the United States seem to assume that mere discovery of a country vests the sovereignty in the Government of the discoverer. This position is one which England has resisted since the days of Elizabeth. When Mendoza the Spanish ambassador complained of the expedition of Sir Francis Drake, he based the claim of Spain to America on discovery, but Elizabeth replied that:

"As she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of; for that their having touched only here and there upon a coast, and given names to a few rivers and capes, were such insignificant things, as could in no way entitle them to a property further than in the parts where they actually settled and continued to inhabit."

It is true that International Law as it matured, did not settle down upon the lines either of the Spaniards or of Elizabeth. It recognizes discovery as giving an inchoate title, but it requires discovery to be followed in a reasonable time, by such possession and exercise of authority as shows the discoverer to have substantial dominion. M. Vattel says:

"Navigators going on voyages of discovery, furnished with a commission from their Sovereign, and meeting with islands or other land in a desert state, have taken possession of them in the name of their nation; and this title has been usually respected, provided it was soon after followed by a real possession."

It was clear that England could not join Mr. Adams in denying to Russia the possibility of acquisition. The American Minister in England saw that a preliminary and detached discussion of a statement of fact, which England denied and against which she protested, might have a very mischievous effect on other parts of the negotiation of far greater interest.

#### IT WAS ABANDONED BY THE UNITED STATES.

The United States practically abandoned this proposition in their negotiation with Russia, for they admitted that to the North-Western coast Russia had acquired the sovereignty, and that she had acquired a right in a portion of the coast to which Spain had previously made claim. So that in the very case to which this declaration was intended to apply, it broke down and was abandoned.

The Monroe Doctrine, in its main features, was a counter-declaration to the avowed policy of the Holy Alliance, which, if it had not been restrained, would have led to the re-conquest of Spanish America by Spain and France, with the support, if necessary, of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, with a determination to subject them to those despotic principles of government which the Holy Alliance had avowed, and which it was the settled policy of Mr. Canning and his colleagues to resist.

Mr. Canning's proposition to Mr. Rush, was for a joint declaration by the two Governments:

"That neither aimed at the acquisition of any part of the Spanish colonies for themselves, and that they could not see the transfer of any portion of them to any other Power with indifference."

Upon the receipt of this proposition, the Government of the United States hesitated, because even then American statesmen thought Cuba would be a most desirable acquisition, on account of its military and commercial importance. By the South especially, its incorporation into the Union was favored as a substantial

addition to the slave power. For these reasons, the Government of the United States hesitated to join in the proposed declaration. They were not ready to impose upon themselves the restraint which they were ready to extend to France. However, after full discussion, the Government of the United States made a separate declaration, which was set forth in the President's Message to Congress.

We learn from Mr. Adams, that shortly before the delivery of the Message, the President was disposed to omit all allusion to the subjects which have made this Message famous, but Mr. Adams reiterated his own strong opinions in reference to the aims of the Holy Alliance and to Russian pretensions, and the President replied:

"Well it is written, and I will not change it now."

#### PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S DOCTRINE DIFFERS.

It is plain from this simple statement of fact, that the Monroe Doctrine had its origin in the danger to Republican institutions, growing out of the determination on the part of the Great Powers of the continent of Europe to regulate the political affairs of Christendom; and this Alliance was a source of real danger alike to the United Kingdom and to the United States. We shall see that the Monroe Doctrine, as promulgated by President Cleveland, is a very different thing; it is an attempt to supersede the rules which International Law furnishes for the regulation of the intercourse of States, by an avowed public policy on the part of one State, which is as dangerous to Christendom as the aims of the Holy Alliance were to Republican institutions upon this continent, because in spirit it is the same.

#### THE PANAMA CONGRESS.

In 1826, the celebrated General Bolivar called a convention at Panama. The United States were invited to send thither ministers. This congress was intended to secure the union of all Spanish-America against Spain. It was a congress for military as well as for political purposes, and as it proposed to consider the best means of securing the entire abolition of the slave trade. The Democratic party in Congress was against it. The mission never took effect, though it had the sanc-



tion of both Houses of Congress, and of Mr. Adams, the President. Many of the members of Congress maintained that European interests would necessarily be a subject of discussion at the Panama conference, and if the United States became a party they would be prejudicing their own interests in the future. It was during the discussion upon this subject that Mr. Adams made clear the actual scope of the Monroe Doctrine, according to which, each state was to guard its own borders each was, for itself, to maintain the integrity of its own territories, and that the United States had not, by the Doctrine, proposed to go further than to declare that each should use its own means to secure its own exemption from European colonial intrusion.

#### MR. ADAMS' IDEAS IN 1826.

The words of Mr. Adams' message are,

"An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world, as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both the American continents. It may be so developed to the new southern nations that they may feel it an essential appendage to their independence."

The foregoing paragraph from the President's message was in reply to the Republic of Columbia, that asked that a joint compact should be entered into, by which the various republics would be mutually bound to maintain the integrity of their respective territorial rights. A committee of Congress, in reporting upon it, deprecated any such compact, and said:

"But if ever the United States permit themselves to be associated with these nations in any general congress assembled for the discussion of common plans affecting European interests, they will, by such an act, not only deprive themselves of the ability they now possess of rendering useful assistance to the other American States, but also produce other effects prejudicial to their interests. Then the powers of Europe, who have hitherto confided in the sagacity, vigilance, and impartiality of the United States, to watch, detect, announce and restrain any disposition that the heat of the existing contest might excite in the new states of America, to extend their Empire beyond their own limits, and who have, therefore, considered their possessions and commerce in America safe, while so guarded, would no longer feel this confidence."

The policy of avoiding entangling alliances, which Washington warned his countrymen against forming with European states, the committee thought proper to maintain in respect to South America. This political incident in the history of the United States, gives a clearer exposition of the Monroe Doctrine than any other to be found in connection with the discussion of the Panama mission, and it is the more valuable because its exposition is furnished by one of its principal authors. It is the very opposite of that meddlesome oversight claimed by President Cleveland.

#### PRESIDENT POLK'S EXPLANATION.

In 1845 President Polk protested against any possible interposition of any European state in respect to the annexation of Texas, or in other ways opposing the extension of the United States. The President maintained the United States had a right to admit Texas into the union, and that Mexico had no right to complain. But Texas was in a state of war with Mexico at the time, and her territories lay within the ancient limits of Mexico. The President adds in his message that:

"In the existing circumstances of the world, the present is to be deemed a proper occasion to reiterate and reaffirm the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe, and to state my cordial concurrence in its wisdom and sound policy. Existing rights of every European nation should be respected, but it is due alike to our safety and interests, that the efficient protection of our laws shall be extended over our whole territorial limits, and that it should be distinctly announced to the world as our settled policy, that no European colony or dominion shall, with our consent, be planted or established on any part of the North American continent."

South America is not included. This declaration in effect, looking at the acquisition of Texas, affirms that the United States will extend her territory by conquest or cession, without consulting any European state, and that she will not give her consent to the establishment in North America of any future European colony, which was a notice that she would not assent to the acquisition of Yucatan by Great Britain.

It is not stated that the United States claimed the right to restrain by force the political action or sovereignty of other states in this regard in North America. It

may be that President Polk intended to affirm that no European Power could acquire dominion, either by cession or conquest. Mr. Polk does not extend his doctrine to South America. In this he has been more modest than some of his successors, and it seems difficult to understand upon what ground the United States, that have not a square mile of South American territory in their possession, can claim any right, legal or moral, to withhold from England, France and Holland, that have extensive possessions there, the rights which International Law bestows. The United States is, no doubt, an influential state, but it is not above the law, and is not yet possessed of sufficient authority to enable it to set aside the modern law of nations, and to legislate for all Christendom.

#### THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

The policy of the United States, as put forward by President Polk and others, under the designation of the Monroe Doctrine, was in principle and in spirit wholly disregarded in 1850, by the adoption of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which Great Britain and the United States set forth their views and intentions in reference to the construction of a ship canal which may be made between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through Central America. By that Treaty the Governments of the two countries agree that neither will ever obtain or maintain for itself, any exclusive control over the said ship canal, nor will either ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy or fortify or colonize or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either ever make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, etc. It is clear from this Treaty that the United States did not set up any special pretensions on their own behalf, nor did they claim to have any peculiar or special right, in respect to Central American matters, which they denied to Great Britain. The modern Monroe Doctrine had no place in the settled policy of the United States at that

time, any more than it has now a place in International Law.

President Buchanan, in his annual message of 1860, points out the origin of the Central American controversies. He says that the acquisition of Texas and of California by the United States had a disturbing influence upon the British Government, because it not only might affect British interests in Central America, but British interests on the Pacific coast, and in the far east, as well; that in 1849 Great Britain undertook to so strengthen her interests in Central America as to enable her to maintain a substantial interest, political and pecuniary, in any ship canal, or in any highway which might be made there between the two oceans; that British subjects had lent money to Central American Governments, the interest on which was in arrear; that measures were adopted to recover the interest, among others was the seizure of Tiger Island in the Bay of Fonseca. The American Charge d' Affaires, Mr. Squier, negotiated a Treaty with the State of Honduras, in which the island was ceded to the United States. The acts of the officials of both Governments were disavowed, and were followed shortly after by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. In each of these proceedings there is no attempt to set up any peculiar or special right on behalf of the United States or to deny to Great Britain an equal right to protect her own interests in her intercourse with the States of this continent.

With regard to the Honduras settlement, the United States declared that the limits were to be found in the Treaty of 1783, between Great Britain and Spain. This the British Government denied, as that Treaty had been put an end to by subsequent wars, and was never revived or ratified at the establishment of peace. The British title, therefore, rested, not upon any Treaty with Spain, but upon the actual and uncontested possession of the country, so far as British authority had been extended in that region, before any of the existing Republics had become independent States, and since, in conformity with the International Law, in respect to the acquisition of contiguous territory, in respect to which the claim of no other State had been perfected by actual dominion.



## PROPOSED ARBITRATION.

The Government of the United States very soon after the Treaty was ratified, complained of the English interpretation, and did not hesitate to declare that had it been known before the Treaty was ratified how the English understood it, it never would have received the sanction of the Senate, and more than one American Minister expressed the anxiety of his country to escape from its trammels. The British Government offered to refer the question of its interpretation to arbitration, but the United States Government gave them at that time no answer, and so we find Lord Clarendon, in 1858, writing to the British Minister at Washington, "we are decidedly of opinion that it would be neither consistent with our dignity nor our interest, to make any proposal to the United States Government, until we have received a formal answer to our former offer of arbitration."

The Earl of Malmesbury, who succeeded Lord Clarendon, also wrote the British Minister at Washington instructing him, that until an answer was returned to the proposal for arbitration, no further steps can be taken by Her Majesty's Government with that of the United States in regard to that matter. He also further informed him that when this point is cleared up that Her Majesty's Government in case the United States should decline arbitration, will have to determine whether they should originate a proposal for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, or adopt any other course which the circumstances of the moment may seem to recommend. He wrote "the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has been a source of unceasing embarrassment to the country, and Her Majesty's Government, if they should be so fortunate as to extricate themselves from the difficulties which have resulted from it, will not involve themselves directly or indirectly, in any similar difficulties for the future." The United States declined arbitration, nor did they seem any more willing to abrogate the Treaty, than to settle its meaning by arbitration.

## WHAT THE UNITED STATES WANTED.

The United States having extended their dominions at the expense of Mexico,

were most anxious that the British Government should surrender their acquisitions in the neighborhood of Central America, and abandon everything which gave them a material influence in that part of America. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was a concession on the part of Great Britain to the United States. By recognition, her rights in that quarter of the world were certainly not greater than they would have been had no treaty been made, and had no concessions been yielded to the Central American Republics. The United States consented to substitute the Treaty for the material guarantees which Great Britain already possessed, and could have further acquired, but once the Bay Island and Ruatan were yielded up, then the Treaty which took their place, or rather the recognitions which it contained, must be got rid of. When the British Government expressed their readiness either to arbitrate or abrogate, the United States in the end declined both propositions, but asked for such a modification of the Treaty, as to leave the English without any equivalent, for the concessions they had made. This modification the United States are not likely to secure. The abrogation they may have, and the future will determine to whose advantage that will inure; but to formally confer upon the United States special privileges in respect to a cosmopolitan undertaking, in which the interests of the British Empire are far greater than those of the Republic, is an unreasonable expectation destined to disappointment.

## THE MODERN MONROE DOCTRINE.

It will not be difficult to show that the Doctrine now asserted, so inconsistent with the common rights of other States, and so antagonistic to the settled law of nations, was not found in the Monroe Doctrine as promulgated by its author, nor in the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in respect to the highways which may be established across the peninsula of Central America. That Treaty was a full recognition that such a highway was one in which all commercial States were interested, and when once made, could no more be regarded as a local highway than the Straits of Gibraltar. It is true that the United States have, on more than one occasion, endeav-



vored to maintain that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had sole reference to the construction of the Nicaragua canal, spoken of at the time the Treaty was negotiated, and that it had no reference to anything which might arise in the future. The United States have also argued that Great Britain is not authorized to invite other states to become parties to the compact, although article six provides :

"That the contracting parties in this convention engage to invite every State with which both or either have friendly intercourse, to enter into stipulations with them similar to those which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other States may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to the work of such general interest and importance as the canal herein contemplated."

This is surely explicit enough. They have also maintained that the eighth article of the Treaty merely expresses a present intention on the part of the United States, and in no way binds them in respect to future proceedings. The words of the Treaty are :

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not only desired in entering into this convention to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially the inter-oceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are not proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

It will be seen from this quotation that the Treaty did not relate to a temporary proposition, nor was it confined to a projected work, but it embraced any canal or railway which might be undertaken in the future, in those regions, at a period no matter how remote. There is an assertion of a general principle, permanent in its character, and based upon acts equally permanent, which, if completed, would make the *status quo* to Great Britain impossible. It is preposterous to argue that this article is a mere declaration of present intention entertained 45 years ago, to take up the negotiations of the Treaty on a particular subject at a subsequent period, but did not, in the smallest degree, interfere with the freedom to adopt a different view when that distant period of time arrived. The Uni-

ted States cannot argue that the condition of things have changed, and that they are not bound to-day by the intention then expressed. There is a binding pact. The words are, "*they hereby agree to extend their protection, by Treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications.*" These words "*any other,*" do not refer to the schemes then before the high contracting parties, but to other possible ones which might subsequently take shape, and are none the less a binding agreement because they provide for subsequent Treaty stipulations to carry them into effect. From first to last they are a substantial recognition that this continent is not an exclusive preserve of the United States. The Treaty recognizes the rights of other sovereign states on this continent, and in point of right, places the Great Empire of which we form an integral part upon, at least, a footing of equality with our ambitious neighbors.

#### ITS RELATIONAL TO INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Let me now invite the reader's attention to the relation in which the Monroe Doctrine stands to International Law. It is a recognized law of every independent state to increase its dominions by innocent and lawful means, by the pacific acquisition of new territory, which may be brought about by the discovery and settlement of a derelict country, or by conquest and cession. It might be that England and Venezuela, or England and Brazil, might seek for a better boundary, and I know of no rule of International Law which will render it necessary that either party should be obliged to consult the United States before their understanding could be acted upon. It is true that it is open to a third state to intervene, diplomatically or by force, in the affairs of its neighbors, even when no interest is involved ; it is in the power of a pugnacious state to make war wantonly upon another, but to justify its conduct in the eyes of mankind, it must show that what is being done is, in some way, imperilling its own independence or interests of the highest consequence, and which no other state has in Public Law a right to disturb. This doctrine as the justification for intervention is recognized by writers, and has been acted upon by Governments.

## AN EXAMPLE FROM HISTORY.

Early in the last century the English held the Atlantic coast from the St. Croix river southward to the borders of Florida. According to the French contention at that time, the settlements upon the shores entitled the English to the country inland to the sources of the rivers flowing into the Atlantic. The French held that the mere landing in the country and taking formal possession gave to those who did so the sovereignty, and that the taking possession of the mouth of a river entitled them to the whole area of land drained by it. The English never admitted any such principle. The French discovered the Ohio river, which flowed in the rear of the English settlements, and they claimed its whole valley. The English doctrine was that a settlement upon the bank of a river, or upon the sea coast entitled the state making it to a reasonable extent of territory. In determining the extent of such territory, the geographical conformation and the progress of settlement were elements to be taken into account. They denied that a settlement upon the sea shore entitled the state making it, to claim the lands in the interior all the way to the land's height, however distant; unless, indeed, the geographical conformation of the country was such, that the interior could only be reached by trespassing upon the territories already occupied. They recognized that settlement may proceed from the interior towards the sea, as well as from the sea towards the interior. In the settlement of New York they claimed the right to extend their colony over the water-shed to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and to the shores of Lake Ontario. With respect to the French discovery of the Ohio river, they denied that the mere discovery of a river by the French, through a country contiguous to that already settled by the English, could give a conclusive title to the French. They set up what they claimed to be the superior title of vicinage and the important right of self-preservation. Their settlers at that time had reached the slopes of the Alleghanies, and had begun to cross over. They refused to accept the mountains as a boundary between them and an unoccupied country to the west, when these mountains did

not impose an insuperable barrier to further extension. The Ohio was in their immediate neighborhood, while it was far away from any French colony, and the wilderness which the industrious agriculturist was ready to occupy could not be made a preserve for the fur-trader at Montreal. But they further maintained, that were the French allowed to acquire the back country, all the English colonists would be completely at the mercy of the French, and their right of self-preservation was superior to any right that France might set up on the ground of exploration, and of having buried a few lead plates upon which were engraven the arms of France.

The dispute in respect to the sovereignty of the Ohio valley fairly illustrates the doctrine of acquisition, and shows that the peril to which one state may be exposed by the acquisition of another state may be of such a character as to give it a superior title.

Sir Travers Twiss says in his work on the Oregon question, that "where the control of a district left unoccupied is necessary for the security of one state, and not essential to that of another, the principle of *vicinitas* would be overruled by higher considerations, as it would interfere with the perfect enjoyment of existing rights of established domain." In the possession of the valley of the Ohio, both contiguity and self-preservation were on the side of the English, and only prior exploration on the side of France.

## WHERE MONROE AND CANNING DIFFERED.

When Mr. Monroe set out in his message that there was no further room for colonization in America, because there was no territory which was not already embraced within the limits of some existing state, he aimed at excluding Russia from the North-west coast. To that statement Mr. Canning did not subscribe. He did not admit that the Acts of every Government had yet been of such a character as to perfect its sovereignty over the territories to which it laid claim, and so although there might be an inchoate sovereignty extending to every acre of American territory, there might be so much delay in exercising effective jurisdiction over it, that this inchoate sovereignty, instead of being perfected, might

disappear. The Doctrine which Mr. Canning had in view is very well stated in Vattel, and has been formally set out in Articles 34 and 35 of the Berlin conference. M. Vattel says :

"But it is questioned whether a nation can by the bare act of taking possession, appropriate to itself countries which it does not really occupy, and thus engross a much greater extent of country than it is able to people or cultivate. It is not difficult to determine that such a pretension would be an absolute infringement of the natural rights of men, and repugnant to the views of nature, which, having destined the whole earth to supply the wants of mankind in general, gives no nation a right to appropriate to itself a country, except for the purpose of making use of it. The law of nations will not, therefore, acknowledge the property and sovereignty of a nation over any uninhabited countries, except as those of which it has really taken actual possession, in which it has formed settlements, or of which it makes actual use."

#### THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

By articles 34 and 35 of General Act of the Conference of Berlin, it is provided :

"Any Power which henceforth takes possession of a tract of land on the coasts of the African continent, outside of its present possessions, or which being hitherto without such possessions, shall acquire them, as well as the Power which assumes a protectorate there, shall accompany the respective Acts, with a notification thereof, addressed to the other signatory Powers of the present Act, in order to enable them, if need be, to make any good claims of their own."

"The signatory Powers of the present Act recognized the obligation to insure the establishment of authority in the regions occupied by them on the coasts of the African continent, sufficient to protect the existing rights, and, as the case may be, freedom of trade and of transit under the conditions agreed upon."

The general sentiment at the Conference was that a possession was to be deemed abandoned if the intent to exercise it is not manifested within twenty-five years.

There can be no doubt that the sovereignty of both Portugal and Spain to much of the territories which they claimed was inchoate at the time that Mr. Monroe's message was addressed to Congress, and it was not at all impossible that European Powers might, within the rule which I have here set out, have claimed a further opportunity for colonization. There is no evidence that either

the President or Mr. Adams intended more by this declaration than to state what they believed to be a fact, mainly for the purpose of contesting Russia's right upon the North-West coast. It was not a declaration made with a view to the enforcement of its acceptance upon European countries, further than the rules of International Law warranted, but it was intended to show that the United States would maintain that those Spanish American provinces, that had acquired their independence would be recognized as having won from Spain the unoccupied lands that Spain herself had claimed as within the dependency, when it was under her jurisdiction, but with no better title than Spain herself possessed. This was their inchoate right. Whether it matured into perfect sovereignty, or whether it disappeared altogether, depended in each case upon those rules and usages which sovereign states have recognized and which text-writers on International Law have recorded.

#### WEBSTER ON COLONIZATION.

Mr. Webster, in speaking of the Panama Convention, said :

"We have a general interest that through all the vast territories rescued from the dominion of Spain, our commerce may find its way protected by treaties with Governments existing on the spot. These views and others of a similar character render it highly desirable that these new states should settle it as a part of their policy not to allow colonization within their respective territories."

"True, indeed, we do not need their aid to assist us in maintaining a course for ourselves ; but we have an interest in their assertion, and their support of the principle, as applicable to their own territory."

Here Mr. Webster supported the view of Mr. Adams, that the work of preventing colonization within the territory of each of these South American States was to be an act of public policy, by each Republic, acting on its own behalf. But even this rule, if adopted, could not prevent one state extending its settlements into the unoccupied wastes lying between it and some adjoining state, and acquiring for itself a perfect title to the territory so occupied. This is in the interest of mankind, as stated in the rule which I have quoted from Vattel.



## MR. SEWARD'S OPINION.

The Monroe Doctrine did not aim at a union of the American States after the plan of the Holy Alliance, nor did it seek to impose, by force, Republican Institutions upon all the states of the New World. The existence of Brazil as an Empire for so many years, and the early Government of Mexico, negative any such intention; but it was intended to prevent the interference by any alliance of European Governments, with the domestic institutions of any American State, by armed force. When the Emperor Napoleon undertook to introduce Imperialism into Mexico, Mr. Seward said:

"France appears to be lending her great influence, with a considerable military force, to destroy the domestic Republican Government in Mexico, and to establish there an Imperial System under the sovereignty of the European Prince, who, until he assumed the Crown, was a stranger to that country. We do not insist or claim that Mexico and the other States on the American Continent shall adopt the political institutions to which we are so earnestly attached; but we do hold that the peoples of those countries are entitled to exercise the freedom of choosing and establishing institutions like our own, if they are preferred."

Later in the same discussion, Mr. Seward said:

"I cannot but infer from the tenor of your communication, that the principle cause of the discontent prevailing in the United States, with regard to Mexico is not fully apprehended by the Emperor's Government. The chief cause is not that there is a foreign army in Mexico, much less does that discontent arise from the circumstance that the foreign army is a French one. We recognize the right of sovereign nations to carry on war with others, if they do not invade our rights, or menace our safety or just influence. The real cause of our national discontent is, that the French army which is now in Mexico is invading a domestic Republican State there, which was established by her people and with which the United States sympathize most profoundly, for the avowed purpose of suppressing it and establishing upon its ruins a foreign Monarchical Government, whose presence there, so long as it should endure, could not but be regarded by the people of the United States as injurious and menacing to their own chosen and endeared Republican Institutions."

Mr. Seward does not deny that the sovereign countries on this continent are amenable to the principles of the International Law, and may be in a state of war with European States without affording to the United States any ground whatever for interference. It is only when a powerful

State seeks to impose a form of Government upon an American State, that the United States are called upon to interfere.

## HE DIFFERS FROM MR. OLNEY.

This is certainly not the rule set out by Mr. Olney and President Cleveland. They have attempted to intervene in a controversy between the Government of Great Britain and Venezuela, in respect to a disputed boundary, out of which no war has arisen, nor is Great Britain in any way attempting to interfere with the domestic institutions of its neighbor.

Mr. Cleveland, in his message to Congress, says:

"That in July last, a despatch was addressed to our ambassador at London, for communication to the British Government, in which the attitude of the United States was fully and distinctly set forth. Of the general conclusions therein reached and formulated, are in substance that traditional and established policy of this Government is firmly opposed to a forcible increase by any European Power of its territorial possessions on this continent; that this policy is as well founded in principle as it is strongly supported by numerous precedents; that as a consequence the United States is bound to protest against the enlargement of the area of British Guiana in derogation of right, and against the will of Venezuela; that considering the disparity in the strength of Great Britain and Venezuela, the territorial dispute between them can be reasonably settled only by friendly and impartial arbitration, and that the resort to such arbitration should include the whole controversy, and is not satisfied if one of the powers concerned is permitted to draw an arbitrary line through the territory in debate, and to declare that it will submit to arbitration only the portion lying on one side of it."

## MR. CLEVELAND CRITICISED.

This paragraph presents two very distinct propositions, first, the right of the United States to interfere, and secondly, the merits of the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela. I shall, indeed, be much surprised to find any impartial critic, who will concur in the course taken by President Cleveland.

Lord Salisbury has declined to yield to Mr. Cleveland's demand, and so we have from the President a further declaration in respect to the Monroe Doctrine. He says:

"That if a European Power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring Republics against its will, and in derogation of its rights, it is difficult to see why, to that extent, such a European Power does not thereby attempt to

extend its system of Government to that portion of this continent which is thus taken. This is the precise action which President Monroe declared to be dangerous to our peace and safety, and it can make no difference whether the European system is extended by an advance of frontier or otherwise."

President Cleveland may impose upon himself by such a line of reasoning. He can scarcely impose upon anyone else. The Monroe Doctrine was a declaration against the avowed policy of the Great Powers of the continent of Europe, who had combined to extend their despotic system to America by force of arms. That alliance was a menace to the independence of the United States, and to the preservation of their political institutions. It bears no resemblance to any proceedings, warlike or peaceful, growing out of a territorial dispute between two adjoining sovereignties. There is nothing in the events arising between Venezuela and Great Britain which endangers the independence of the United States, or which threatens the safety of her institutions. Her rights in South America are neither more nor less than they are in Africa. In every case, everywhere, her right of intervention must rest on the facts. I know of no rule of law, by which the United States can deny to the United Kingdom, a right which she would be compelled to concede to every other border state of this south American Republic. Venezuela has a territorial dispute with Colombia, with Ecuador and with Brazil, as well as with British Guiana; under what rule of Public Law, can the United States claim a right to intervene in respect to any one of these contested boundaries? France has a disputed boundary with Brazil. France declined the good offices of the United States. How is it that President Cleveland has not ventured to deal with France as he proposes to deal with England? Venezuela claims 633,000 square miles of territory. Of this vast area nearly 200,000 square miles are in dispute with her neighbors. A large portion of Venezuela is still unoccupied except by roving bands of Indians. The boundary lines between her possessions and the possessions of her neighbors, have never been ascertained.

#### THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

The truth is, that the vast possessions

claimed by Spain in South America, were, up to the time that her colonies became independent, an unoccupied wilderness. She had no occasion to define with precision the boundaries between her own dominions and the dominions of other states. The time had not arrived for such an undertaking. When Guiana was under the Dutch, as when at a later period the western part became an English possession, the boundary between it and what is now Venezuela was unsettled. The pretensions of Spain on the one side, and of Holland on the other, give but little assistance in drawing a separating line. The Dutch claimed the country to the banks of the Orinoco, while their neighbors claimed to the Essequibo. The sovereignty of each was incomplete, according to the requirements of International Law. But the Dutch had some possession of the country. They had military posts within its limits. The Spanish had none.

Now there are certain principles of Public Law, which are a guide in determining the boundary through an unoccupied territory, intervening between two separate political communities. When the boundary which was to separate the Spanish possession of Mexico from Louisiana was under discussion, between Senor de Onis and Mr. Adams, the rule agreed upon was the middle distance between the nearest settlements of the respective claimants. This rule is to be applied, not to the territory as it was when settlements were first made, but to the territory lying between the communities as they are, when the boundary is actually defined. Great Britain has not stood upon her extreme rights. She has suggested many lines of compromise beginning with the Schomburgk line in 1841, 54 years ago. The right, as I have already said, over an immense territory wholly unoccupied, is an imperfect right, and to take the case as favorable to Venezuela as one can, that imperfect right, if it ever existed east of the Schomburgk line, has been displaced by the higher right of perfected sovereignty acquired by actual occupation and actual jurisdiction exercised for more than a half a century. The right to such territory is no longer open to question. It has been settled by accomplished facts, and is no longer a proper subject for arbitration. No sovereign



state in England's position, would agree to put it in the powers of arbitrators, to hand over several thousands of its own people to a foreign jurisdiction. Such a demand might be made after conquest, but it could not, without dishonor, follow from a disputed boundary, where the progress of settlement had, in conformity with the law of nations, already settled the question of sovereignty in respect to the territory so occupied.

Lord Salisbury has declared, and there is little room to doubt that he will be able to make good his declaration, that British Guiana extended to the Orinoco, and that the various lines which Great Britain proposed to Venezuela were proposed in a spirit of compromise and concession, but were not met in any other way than by the extreme and untenable demand that they are entitled to the whole country, to the utmost limits ever claimed by Spain.

#### THE AGE IS DIFFERENT.

The Monroe Doctrine, as expounded by Mr. Olney and President Cleveland, is not applicable to this continent. It is an attempt to set aside those rules of International Law, which are necessary to the peace of the world, and to the protection of its weaker States. Europe is not making war upon America to overturn its political institutions, or to re-establish here forms of government which have met with acceptance there. The age of Dynastic pretensions is past. That set of interests which are peculiar to Europe, which were protected by treaties, and to which Washington referred, have nearly all disappeared with the fall of the Bourbons. This is an age of commerce; the facilities for trade have brought all States upon the sea, closer together. The platitudes about political unions between European and American states being unnatural and inexpedient, are the remnants of political conceptions that modern intercourse has destroyed, and to which the modern constitution of the British Empire is a conclusive answer. The sea serves to unite rather than to separate Christian communities, and the notion that any one state can, in this age of the world, constitute herself the protector of a score of other states, by her own arbitrary act, and without any responsibility for their conduct, or that she can establish

for them and for herself an International Code, contrary to the re-organized law of nations, which other communities are bound to recognize, is preposterous. The people of the United States would regard it as a gross affront on the part of any European nation, to interfere with them in their relations with China or Japan, or indeed, with any other state upon the eastern continent, and we know no reason which would justify the United States doing, in this regard, in Venezuela what England might not with equal propriety do in China or Japan. I know no reason why the United States should assume a greater measure of authority in South America than England, Holland or France. She has less right there than any one of them. She has no more authority to extend her trade relations by abnormal means than any other state. She has no greater right than any one of them to acquire territory there. She is under the same obligation to conform her conduct to the rules and usages of nations as any other state. And what reason could she give against the pretensions of Brazil, if that country insisted upon her own ascendancy in South America, to the exclusion of the United States?

In the correspondence, Mr. Olney has presumed to question the permanency of the relations between Great Britain and her colonies, and he pronounces it unnatural and inexpedient. Facts are against his contention. The world has changed since the Mayflower landed the pilgrim fathers. The intervening ocean binds rather than separates peoples; and the union between Canada and the United Kingdom, is certainly commercially and geographically closer, than that between New England and California, or between Florida and Alaska. Observations of this kind, found in an official despatch, are not argument, they are insults, and because Lord Salisbury has not permitted offensive platitudes of this kind to pass unnoticed, the British Empire is threatened with dismemberment.

#### INTERNATIONAL LAW IGNORED.

International Law is based upon two maxims,—that nations are mutually dependent,—that they are equal. The United States deny their applicability to



this continent. While they claim the right that International Law bestows in their intercourse with Europe, they seek to put all European states upon a footing of inferiority in their intercourse with this hemisphere. They undertake to place themselves above the law, and Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Olney propose to substitute the policy of the President for those rules of Public Law by which the intercourse of all civilized states is regulated. To such an undertaking the rest of mankind will not consent. We in Canada claim to be a part of the British Empire. We claim a substantial voice in those international matters which specially concern us. The organ through which our views and sentiments find expression, is a creature of Municipal Law, which concerns only ourselves and the parent State. We are here to stay, and we claim to have a voice in the political and commercial affairs of this continent, for the Empire of which we are a part, is an American, no less than it is a European power. With our Municipal Constitution, the United States have nothing to do, it lies beyond the sphere of International relations, and concerns only the people of the British Empire. In respect to the commerce of the Western World, the United States must submit to competition, and to the industrialism and political rivalry of other States, whether she likes it or whether she does not. They will be obliged to submit to the political and industrial consequences which arise from the construction of new highways for the trade of the world, for the world will not agree to stand still because progress is not always to their sole advantage. The construction of the Suez Canal diminished the amount of tonnage required for the

trade of the East, by shortening the voyage; but it also stimulated its growth. The construction of highways through Central America, may prove of great advantage to them, as well as to the British Empire, but they cannot, for this reason, be made the exclusive property of our neighbors. This is an age in which the steamship, the telegraph line and the great Banking houses, have drawn men closer together. They have diminished distances, they have cheapened intercourse, and they are gradually obliterating Continental distinctions. The Republics of the new world are in no danger from without; their perils lie in the character of their own peoples.

The Monroe Doctrine as explained by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, never had a practical existence, and never can have, neither the House of Representatives, nor the President, nor his Secretary, can change the Public Law of the world. The schemes to stay the progress of mankind, by declarations of public policy at variance with the Law of Nations, are as vain as Mrs. Partington's attempt to check the flow of the tide with her mop. The United States cannot acquire pre-eminence by any declarations of this kind. It is open to them to join in the march with the great States of the world, or "with wandering steps and slow" to vainly strive to impose restraints upon the rights of others, in order to secure for themselves a dominant influence which the rest of mankind will never tolerate, for it can only exist in derogation of Public Law, and by a denial of the sovereign rights of all other civilized nations.

London, 28th December, 1895. 

#### FRATRICIDE.

War with our brother?—sooner let our hands  
Fall paralyzed forever by our sides;  
Forbid it, Heaven, that these fair fields run red  
With blood we deem no other than our own.

London, Ont.

F. P. B.

## LIFE'S OUTCASTS.

WHO is to care for the lonely ship,  
Left with the sea to fight—  
No rudder, no pilot to guide its course  
As it plunges into the night?  
The sea is dark—the wind is fierce,  
Huge clouds are everywhere;  
If the rudderless ship is tossed and torn,  
Is there a soul to care?

Who is to care for the lonely soul,  
Tossed on the sea of life—  
No rudder, no pilot to guide its course  
Through a sea of scorn and strife?  
The shoals are thick on the sea of life,  
The rocks are everywhere;  
If a heart is washed on a barren shore,  
Is there a soul to care?

Should a fainting heart in a troubled hour  
Be cast on a cruel shoal,  
The ships of gold glide past with their freight  
And smile on the sinking soul.  
And if perchance a piteous moan  
Goes up from a tarnished life,  
A thousand hands thrust back the form  
Into the lonely night.  
The ships of gold glide smiling by—  
(Some hearts are stone to an outcast's cry.)

These sinking souls are everywhere;  
In the sea of life how few who care!

To a port somewhere beyond the mists,  
Where the sea has ceased to roll,  
The stately ships are gliding on,  
And the crafts with a single soul.  
Thither the weakest babe is borne—  
Thither the storm-tossed life,  
To a harbour somewhere beyond the mists,  
Beyond the sea of strife.

Over the breast of the moaning sea  
An eye peers through the dark,  
Across the angry troubled waves,  
Like a wondrous beacon spark.  
It searches not for the golden ships  
That passed the strugglers by—  
It searches not for the wavering crafts  
That dance 'neath a cloudless sky.  
It seeks the angry, troubled sea,  
Where the billows groan and roll,

And rests with a God-like pitying gaze  
 On a storm-tossed troubled soul.  
 A voice rings clear through the misty night,  
 From yonder shadowy shore ;  
 The echo sinks to the wanderer's heart  
 In the lull of the ocean's roar :

"Thy heart is torn, as yonder sail  
 "Is rent by a careless wind ;  
 "Thy heart is sad, as a poor lost lamb  
 "Which stumbling, is left behind.  
 "Go lay thee down in yonder fold,  
 "Where a Shepherd true and fair  
 "Is waiting behind those misty hills  
 "With a soul that is yearning—to care."

ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

Toronto, Ont.

#### PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Wild was the sea in the dead of night,  
 And the angry winds blowing a gale,  
 In a boat so frail with a face so white,  
 Clung a form to a broken sail.  
 Toss'd by waves in that terrible hour,  
 Her loving arms clasp'd round her child,  
 She cries to Him who alone has power  
 To say, "Peace," to those waters wild.

"Mother, dear, is God asleep,  
 He cannot hear you cry ?"  
 Pressing her darling to her,  
 She heaved one long deep sigh.

At the break of dawn next day there lay,  
 With her child still clasp'd to her breast,  
 The Angel of Death had led the way,  
 Where the weary ones are at rest.  
 And in that far-off bright Happy Land,  
 So peaceful their sleep evermore,  
 They sing the sweet songs the Angels sing,  
 On that far away golden shore.

No angry seas can harm them,  
 No storms disturb their sleep,  
 Safe both child and mother are  
 From the perils of the deep.

Montreal.

NORMA.



## NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON.)



TTAWA, our capital city, has a triple greatness. She is important politically, rich by the gift of nature, and distinct socially. Visitors are prone to say she is made by politics, but the citizens say "made by the lumber trade, unmade by politics." There is truth in the mouth of each. From every direction, at great distances, the many-towered Parliament Buildings reach out for the eye. You go mile upon mile into Quebec, you have half forgotten Ottawa perhaps, but if you turn, there is a great pile gleaming white with the sunlight upon it or piercing a blue haze with its minarets. It stands crowning the apex of a hill shaped like an inverted cup. On every side the land falls away from it curving into a rounded valley and ascending the hills beyond. Like all crowns, this crown of stone makes uneasy the head to wear it, and that is the deeper significance of the saying of those who belong here, and who are not held by any string of pay or promise to "the hill" and House of Parliament.

The coming and going, the fluctuating population, the sudden up-leapings of values are not as beneficial as steady increase by small degrees.

Inside the main building there is a smell of fresh paint and varnish during the early days of the session. This quickly gives place to an odor of stale tobacco, and this last gives place to nothing while the session lasts.

In looking from the galleries upon the House, the new comer fancies he is looking upon the manufacture of political products. He wonders that the men below evince so little interest. He learns after a while that a great plan with little plans revolving in it, is all that is going on. The "why" and the "what" and the "how" have been threshed out beforehand in caucus and in the smoking rooms. It is a big dress rehearsal. There are few surprises which really surprise and it is seldom that any of the players forget their parts.

The House of Parliament, as we have it, is a strange commingling of the old and the new. There is, on the one hand, silken draperies, the clank of swords, the state and dignity, but even as the swish of the silk comes to the ear, there is also borne upon it, the vigorous strokes of the boom of democratic reform which, steadily sweeping, is entrenching on the bits of old-worldism that we still have left to us.

The Senate chamber is fitted with red. The senators, men old in political warfare, go down as the sun goes down after a troubled day, in a burst of grandeur and amid luxurious trappings.

In the Commons the furnishings are all green. There is less of carpet, less of comfort, less of luxury, less of everything but fight, for it is the chamber of wrangle. And the public is "just a great baby" for a wrangle, so it flocks to the House of Commons. During these days of the crisis the people armed with tickets, and those without them, stand at their separate doors, half an hour, an hour and even more. The doors open. There is a wild rush. Then comes the cry that a woman has fainted—a slight relaxation of the muscle-bound bunch of people, a moment's silence, then another mad struggle. Inside there is a little routine business, a short address or two, a carried adjournment and then the great crestfallen crowd makes its way out again.

The great House on the hill is a sort of enchanted castle for some. It changes the beliefs of many. It works financial miracles with others. It robs some of their best, taking their honesty of purpose, their fidelity to the folks at home, and sometimes their old-fashioned adherence to the principles of right living. Others hold closely to the narrow way of politics but they are the ones who have eyes to see.

In natural wealth, the city is endowed beyond description. In the winter the continued severe weather affords unbounded opportunity to indulge in what are

known as Canadian sports, but which, except in a very desultory way, we have little of in Western Ontario, or in the far east. Here they wrap themselves in furs, such quantities of furs too, and they skate, toboggan, snow-shoe and curl, to an extent that makes us from further west understand a little more clearly why Miss Canada always wears snow-shoes and a blanket suit when she is portrayed for English and American eyes.

In the spring and summer and autumn a new world is opened. The country is a garden of wildflowers. There are rugged cliffs to clamber alongside of. The varied beauty of cascades, the foam and spray of water-falls and the purling of tiny streams are good to see. There are stretches of swamp land rich with the flaming flowers on its dark old bosom. There are calm meadows starred with daisies, golden with buttercups and sweet with clover. Ferns with fronds that are misty in their lace-like fineness grow beside the rocks of limestone and granite, coarser ones cluster at the mossy roots of trees upon the canal bank. Waxy white water-flowers and *fleur-de-lis* you can reach from your canoe, and in the shadows of the clumps of cedars you will pause to hear the birdsong swelling across the quiet roads on each side of the strip of water.

Alongside the Gatineau, walking, driving or by rail, you grow fascinated with its swift dark tide, its burden of timber, its cascades, its varied banks rolling into hills, clambering into mountains, tasselled with birch, shaded with ash and hickory, draped with elms and topped with tall sentinel firs. Up the Ottawa river, there are still cascades, still rocks, still music of waters and song of birds and the little sand-pipers trotting over the wet sandy shores from which the water has shrunk away.

In the woods that lie between Ottawa and the blue Laurentian hills, the air is sweet with the odor of tall, white violets. At the roadside fences (often of roughly

piled stone) wild fruit trees display their snowy, sweet-breathed blossoms, and later, their yield of scrubby fruit. The houses are quaint in their stony strength of years gone by, or they are new and garish with the gingerbread decorations and flaming paint which are the outcome of a few lately-earned dollars.

In its social aspect Ottawa has the distinction of having for its head the highest of the land. There is no doubt that at its centre, it is the best, the brightest, the bravest, and the most intellectual that our country can afford. At its circumference it is pitiable in every respect.

The difficulty in a place where people of average ability and slender means have the *entree* to the society of those markedly their superiors, is that recognizing their want of real worth, which cannot be bought in a day, they have recourse to clothes which can. They are not inclined to acknowledge any inferiority in, at least, the manner of their appearing. They are not willing to learn, to wait, to profit or to improve. They must make a sensation, and make it at once. Straightway there comes for them the curse of financially overstepping themselves. It is pitiful to see a legitimate recreation of life turned into the chief business of life. It is a cause for sorrow that what should be a mutual improvement intellectually, is turned into a rivalry as to clothes and place. It belittles those who take part in it.

Surely after a guest is sufficiently well-dressed to do no discredit to the honor her hostess pays her, the rest lies in herself. She may shine like the morning sun, if her means warrant it, and she may yet be easy in her soul and good to look at. Directly she goes beyond her means, she goes wrong, and foolish wife and weak husband, vain daughters and poor old hood-winked, badgered fathers come tumbling down into financial distress together.





## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### COMPARATIVE PARTYISM.

Partyism seems to have a strong hold in both Canada and the United States. But most Canadians fancy that partyism is more rampant and extreme in the Republic to the south than it is in their own country. Let us see.

The President of the United States recently appointed a commission to report on the "true location of the divisional line between the territory of the Republic of Venezuela and that of British Guiana." The *personnel* of the committee is as follows :—

David J. Brewer, Republican, of Kansas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Richard H. Alvey, Democrat, of Maryland, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

Andrew D. White, Republican, of New York, ex-President of Cornell University and ex-Minister to Germany and Russia.

Frederick R. Coudert, Democrat, of New York, who was one of the Counsel for the United States in the Behring Sea Arbitration.

Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland, President of Johns Hopkins University, who is said to be "with Republican leanings."

That is, President Cleveland, a Democrat, appoints a commission of three Republicans and two Democrats.

Again, as is well known, the work of the United States Senate is mostly performed by committees. On December 30th, the Senate was reorganized; which being interpreted means that the Senate committee s were re-arranged. The Republicans have a majority of two over the Democrats, while the five Populists hold

the balance of power. The latter refrained from voting and the Republicans thus controlled the re-organization. The most important committee is that on Finance, to which are referred tariff as well as other financial bills. This committee consists of thirteen members, six are Republicans, six are Democrats and one is a Populist.

Contrast these two events with some present actions of the Canadian Government, which is in the control of the Conservative party. The Senators of the Dominion number 84 and are appointed by the Governor-General in Council, that is by the Cabinet. As a result of that Cabinet being Conservative for eighteen years, there are to-day 74 Conservative and 10 Liberal Senators. During that eighteen years the number of Liberal Senators appointed can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Again, Canada recently had a Royal Commission on Prohibition. Five persons were appointed to it, but not one was a pronounced Liberal in politics. Such is partyism in Canada, and one party seems as illiberal as the other. Both place "party before merit," and laugh at the virtues known as "tolerance," "liberality," and "broadmindedness."

### THE UNITED STATES AND ARBITRATION.

The United States has always upheld the principal of arbitration as the true one to be followed in the settlement of international disputes, and scores of examples of decisions being reached in this way may be found in the history of the past century.

When the famous Alabama claims were



referred to arbitration, Great Britain was ordered to pay several million dollars, and although she may have thought the decision unfair, the payment was promptly made. When, however, the United States was, by arbitration, found liable for certain damages to Canadian sealers improperly interfered with in the Behring Sea, and when Secretary Gresham agreed to pay \$425,000 in liquidation of these damages, Congress refused to pay that or any other sum. No wonder then that Lord Salisbury should say that "the task of insuring compliance with the award when it is made is not exempt from difficulty."

*Harper's Weekly*, in discussing this matter says, "They have put it into the power of Great Britain, when we demand that she shall settle an international difficulty by arbitration, to remind us that such an insistence does not come with good grace from a nation which submits a controversy to arbitration, and when the arbitration goes against it, refuses to pay, for that is exactly what Lord Salisbury's polite and diplomatic language comes to."

No nation can expect either sympathy or justice unless it is always ready and anxious to render both in return.

#### IS OUR CIVILIZATION A FAILURE?

The usefulness of any law of a sovereign legislative authority, or any rule of human conduct, is judged by its success. A man is judged by his ability for adapting himself to, and taking advantage of, the circumstances in which he is placed—in a word, by his success. If a Krupp gun will pierce a piece of 12-inch steel armor and thus fulfil what was expected of it, we decide that the gun is a success. Success is the great modern criterion—was the leading ancient standard of quality.

Let us examine our boasted and lauded civilization by these tests. Has it been a success? Is it accomplishing all that was expected of it? The heathen Chinese and the semi-civilized Jap go to war, and we intimate that they have not enough of our Western civilization, which abhors war and believes only in arbitration or friendly compromise. A tribe in darkest Africa makes a midnight assault on an unsuspecting village inhabited by the members of another tribe, and the victims are murdered while they sleep. "They

are uncivilized," says the Western world. Has this wonderful civilization of ours prevented man's brute nature from predominating over his divine nature?

The nations of Europe and America stand to-day armed to the teeth, glowering at one another like so many ravenous wolves. The poor languish in the by-ways of civilization or in the debtor's cell, while the Governments pile up money in their war chests, build war vessels costing millions of dollars each, or spend billions yearly on military equipments. They worship the Author of the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man one day in the week and worship the doctrine of every man for himself during the other six. While these are some of the characteristics of nineteenth century civilization, can it be designated "a success"?

The feudalism of the middle ages has passed away, and the golden Renaissance ushered in the new and diviner Democracy. It bore healing on its white, peace-wafting wings. But representative assemblies—government of the people, by the people, and for the people—seem to have as great weaknesses, seem to make as many mistakes, and seem to be subject to as many unwholesome influences as the wicked princes who lived and ruled in the darker and earlier periods of our history. Parliamentary government is not the success that the people of the 17th and 18th centuries believed it would be, and it is not certain that the model government of the future has yet been found or even conceived in any human mind. There have been many changes in the past, and apparently there must be many more ere even the extreme limits of the penumbra of the millenium be reached.

#### INLAND WATERWAYS.

It is pleasant to turn from the ridiculous bickerings of nations and the unreal vauntings of place hunting politicians to a project which savors of true peace and real progress. To connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic was once a dream, yet, the Erie Canal, the Welland Canal and the St. Mary Canal, at first designated chimeras, became realities. To-day a deeper water-way is proposed—a project which towers above all others ever attempted by the inhabitants of any continent, above even the great and suc-

cessful schemes of de Lesseps. To enable large ships to take on their cargoes of natural wealth in the very heart of this productive continent and sail to the ports of Europe, Africa or Asia is the idea conceived by certain engineers in North America. The first steps for the realization of this plan have been taken at a convention held at Cleveland, in September, 1895. A full report of the discussions that took place and of the papers that were read has been published by The International Deep Water-ways Commission. No thoughtful person can read the numerous papers therein contained without admiring the courage, foresight, and deep thought of those who have given this commercial venture their careful consideration. As a plan for developing Canada's resources, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific was a small matter compared with this newer scheme for aiding commerce. This country never faced a problem so full of possibilities and as such it demands of every citizen a full, thorough and disinterested consideration. Any person interested may secure a copy of this valuable report by writing O. A. Howland, Esq., M. P. P., Toronto.

#### AN UNDEVELOPED MINE.

The editor of the Winnipeg *Saturday Night* spoke the truth when he said that our literary men knew little of the mine of undeveloped wealth which lies in the history of the settlement of the Canadian West. "The racial peculiarities of the half-breed, his loyalty to his race, his devotion to 'the Company' and his capacity for endurance and privation under certain circumstances are themes that have never been touched upon in literature and are only known to those who have lived with them." The picturesqueness of these employees of the Hudson Bay Company, is beyond doubt a subject for the poet, the artist and the litterateur. An example of these is seen in the admirable frontispiece by A. H. H. Heming in this number. Continuing the writer says:—"Why it is that the Scotch half-breed partakes more of the nature of the father than does his French kinsman, it would be hard to say. The contrast between the semi-domestic tastes of the former and the roving, excitable and also Indian nature of the latter

is a fruitful theme for the student of human nature. The last Northwest Rebellion furnishes evidences of the contrast. I don't believe there were two Scotch half-breeds in the whole outbreak. Beyond the stories for boys of R. M. Ballantyne, an old clerk of the Company, there has been virtually nothing written about the unique life of the officers and men of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its fascinating phases and its old-world semi-patriarchal government. Gilbert Parker has only nibbled at the crust of it."

#### PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS' SALARIES.

Unless the public at once take up the matter of larger salaries for public school teachers, our educational system is going to be seriously deteriorated by the present practice. The idea of a male teacher possessing a second or third-class certificate, and being over eighteen years of age, working for \$200 or \$250 a year! *It is dangerous.*

No teacher with such a salary can afford to buy books, or even to wear good clothing. He will thus lose the dignity which is derived from both these sources. He will be reduced to the equal of the farm laborer, who seldom gets less than \$200 per year and his board. In fact, comparing the two, the farm laborer is in better circumstances. The teaching profession will simply be a body of men or women always on the look-out for new positions, without ambitions for success in their present profession, and without the dignity which should be transmitted to the children under their charge.

There are several plans for obviating this evil. The Provincial Education Departments may make the Educational grant depend partly on the salary paid. The minimum age of teachers may be placed at twenty-one instead of eighteen. The qualifications may be raised. Of these three, the first is the most feasible and would be the most effective.

#### THE MANITOBA ELECTION.

Premier Thos. Greenway is again boss of the Province of Manitoba for another four years. The recent elections were fought out on strictly party lines, the Liberals appealing to the people to return them to power, so as to justify and uphold their conduct in defending the

Provincial Laws which abolished Separate Schools. The result seems to indicate that the great majority of the electors are in favor of fighting the Dominion Government, should it attempt to force Remedial Legislation on the Prairie Province.

In the old Legislature there were 28 Liberals, 10 Conservatives and 1 Independent. In the new Legislature there are 30 Liberals, 5 Conservatives and 4 Independents. Thus, the Liberals have been materially strengthened, and it remains to be seen whether Premier Greenway will use the enormous power of which he is possessed, to prevent a disastrous collision between Provincial and Federal authorities. A peaceful settlement of the matter is extremely desirable, and each side is not doing its duty unless it prevents, so far as lies within its power and so far as is consistent with its honor, any conflict which would leave an angry feeling in the hearts of any section of the Canadian people.

#### WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1813.

Capt. Cruickshank, who has done excellent work as an historian of the events which have made the Niagara peninsula famous in the chronicles of Canada, has just issued another pamphlet, which deals with Drummond's Winter Campaign of 1813.\* On the 10th of September of that year, the British squadron on Lake Erie was totally destroyed by the United States forces, while later in the month, the Lake Ontario fleet was defeated in "The Burlington Races," as the British seamen contemptuously dubbed the engagement. Proctor's western division was defeated on the Thames. General George McClure (U.S.), marched out with 1,100 men from Fort George, to attack the British forces at Burlington, but did nothing except ravage all the country from Beaver Dam to Queenston. Part of this force was afterwards sent to Sac-

kett's Harbor. The British forces then pressed forward from Burlington with the intention of re-capturing Fort George, which it must be remembered, was situated on the Canadian frontier where the Niagara river empties in Lake Ontario. The commanders were Maj.-Gen. Riall, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gordon Drummond. While this advance was in progress, the United States forces burned the village of Newark and abandoned the Fort. To avenge the burning, at two hours notice to the inhabitants, of 150 buildings and the rendering homeless of 400 helpless women and children—in the winter time at that—the British troops resolved to cross the river and attack Fort Niagara. One dark night they crossed at Youngstown, killed the entire picket, and marched down to the Fort. The surprise was complete; 65 were killed, 16 wounded, and 330 taken prisoners. The British loss was six killed and five wounded. The stores taken were valued at more than half a million of dollars, and included 29 pieces of artillery, 7,000 muskets and rifles, and 7000 pairs of shoes. This well-planned exploit was carried out under the command of Sir Gordon Drummond. Major-General Riall then crossed the river with 965 regular troops, 50 militia, and 400 Indians. Their combined force then marched on Buffalo, *via* Black Rock. At the two places there was a United States army of about 2,500 men, with good artillery and well stationed. Yet at Black Rock the British were victorious, killing over 300 men, and capturing 130. The victors lost 102 in killed, wounded and missing. The villages of Black Rock and Buffalo were burned. The naval yard at the former place was destroyed, as were the four vessels that composed the Lake Erie squadron. As Capt. Cruickshank says: "The destruction of Newark had been avenged tenfold," and the Niagara peninsula rendered secure for a time.

\* The price of the pamphlet is 15 cents, and can be procured from Capt. Cruickshank, Fort Erie, Ont.





## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

If the relative popularity of books may be proven by the order of their sales at a given place, the following list will be of interest. *The Book News*, Philadelphia, says that according to a record kept for one month in the Wanamaker book store the fifteen most popular books have been the following, in the order named: "Titus" by Florence M. Kingsley; "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne," by Ian Maclaren; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Maclaren; "Bachelor's Christmas," by Robert Grant; "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli; "Memoirs of a Minister of France," by Stanley Weyman; "Men of the Moss-Hags," by S R Crockett; "Casa Braccio," by Marion Crawford; "A Gentleman Vagabond," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "About Paris," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Second Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling; "Two Little Pilgrims Progress," by Mrs. Burnett; "Knight of the White Cross," by G. A. Henty; "Tiger of Mysore," by the same; "Through Russian Snows," by the same.

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It is generally conceded that most of what is called moral fiction has, in the past, been inartistic. But, as the *Spectator* points out, this was not because "there is some deep-seated and ineradicable hostility between the beauty and the truth of art and the beauty and the truth of morality," but because "these inartistic moral tales are inartistic only because the writers of them lack some or all the gifts that make an artist." Hence if Grant Allen, Thomas Hardy, Sarah Grand, etc., are really artistic they could produce artistic tales without bringing in the immoral or the agnostic. They do not need to work out arguments showing that man is largely animal and woman wholly so, and that women lower men rather than elevate them. It is quite possible for a novel to be a work of art and yet have a sound moral at its heart, because the perfect moral and spiritual laws of the universe are expressed in whole or in part in every episode in man's life. There is a moral in everything, and it is the artist's work and duty to discover it, to reveal it, and to celebrate it so that the world may know and feel.

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On this point, let me quote the first stanza of the first poem in a little volume of verses by Cheiro\*:

If we only knew, if we only knew,  
But a little part of the things we see,  
Methinks the false would be oft more true  
Than what is truth—or what seems to be;  
If we only knew—if we only knew.

By the way, there are some splendid lines in this booklet, with sentiments lofty, broad, deep and human.

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I always open a book of travel with suspicion, but I have discovered one that may be read without constant resort to a neighboring pitcher of water. It is, "This Goodly Frame, The Earth,"\* being stray impressions of scenes, incidents, and persons in a journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine and Greece, by Francis Tiffany. The style is pure, fresh and vigorous, while the descriptions are artistic, full of color, varied and complete. For example, Mr. Tiffany started *via* St. Paul, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and thus describes the Rockies: "Before I actually saw them, I never could get a vivid conception of the essential genius of the Rocky Mountains. Such Titanic sublimity of rock formations, such wrestlings and writhings of uptilted and contorted stratas, such spectacle of a vast rock creation groaning and travelling in pain until now, where else is it witnessed on so stupendous a scale? Now, in the Alps, all this elemental convulsion of nature, this Titan reign of chaos, is largely veiled from sight. It is covered with perpetual snow; it is hidden under regal mantles of green. Here the Titan is naked,—naked and not ashamed.' His gigantic osseous structure, his thews and sinews, all that constitute him Biraëus are seen in violent action. These are his boast, his glory." Or take his description of life in India: "Human life here is not cheap, if not dirt-cheap. Go into the dining-room of the hotel—each guest has his private servant behind his chair. Walk through the passage-way of the hotel after bed time—a servant is sleeping on a mat before each door. A clap of the hands inside, and in a second he is on his feet. Self-help soon ceases to be so much as a reminiscence. Here am I, a man who in democratic America has been wont to tend his own furnace, and in all grave domestic crises to stand ready to act as second girl, but in India it is a struggle to be allowed to tie my own shoestrings, or brush my own teeth.

\*New York, F. T. Neely, Paper.

\*Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

George Gissing, the author of "Eve's Ransom" is forging to the front of English popularity, and is receiving a goodly share of praise. He is young, accomplished, speaks several languages, handsome, and lives at Epsom. He has had one of his early novels revised and republished in Bell's Colonial Library.\* It is entitled, "The Unclassed," and deals analytically and critically with a certain number of persons who have no fixed place in society. The heroine's mother was a woman of the street, and the daughter through poverty departs also from the straight path, only to be reclaimed. The tale will be classed by many as immoral, by others as truthful and artistic. To my mind it deals with a phase of city life of which we, now-a-days, read entirely too much. Our dirty linen should be washed in private, not in public.

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Mr. Gissing has another book in the Autonym Library, entitled, "Sleeping Fires." Aside from one or two small errors which show a lack of careful revision, it is a powerfully told tale. A young man of twenty allows the sleeping fire of his nature to burst into flame in connection with a silly young woman, much below him in rank. When a year or two afterwards he desires to marry a young lady of rank, his misdeed has to be confessed and thus becomes a barrier. He becomes a wanderer, and in Athens, years afterwards, meets a young man who turns out to be his own son. Other occurrences follow with the usual pleasant results. The book is well worth perusal in a spare hour.

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Wm. E. Anderson, of Pickering, Ont., has produced a Roman drama in five acts, entitled, "Leo and Venetia." While crude and hasty in some places, it shows, nevertheless, considerable knowledge of the dramatic art.

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The latest issue in the Pseudonym Library, is, "When wheat is Green,"† by Jos. Wilton. It is a harmless, colorless story with a long drawn, indefinite plot. The author is a novice, to judge from this piece of work.

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"A Daughter of Humanity,"‡ by Edgar Maurice Smith, is the tale of a Boston beirress who spent seven months as a working girl in a New York dry goods establishment for the purpose of finding out the trials and temptations of such a position. She was subjected to insult and contumely and underwent untold hardships,—experiences from which she

drew pictures for fashionable audiences after she returned to her true social position. While it is thus a book on social conditions, it is also, to a certain extent, an interesting love-romance.

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"His Perpetual Adoration," by Jos. F. Flint, is an extremely interesting and realistic war story, told in the form of a diary left at his death by a veteran who had been a captain in the Northern army, and with Grant at Vicksburg and Sherman on his march to the sea. Two or three of the great events of the war are told in stirring fashion, but the narrative deals mainly with the inside life of the soldier in war time, and its physical and moral difficulties. A fine love story runs throughout, the hero having plighted his troth, before setting out for the front.

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"Uncle Jerry's Platform"\* is the title of a little volume of Christmas stories. Gillie Cary is an easy but by no means powerful writer. The book is illustrated, but the drawings are so amateurish as to be almost unworthy of the excellent mechanical treatment which they have received.

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"The Sister Dominions,"† is a new book on Canada and Australia. The author is J. F. Hogan, M. P., who has also written "The Irish in Australia," "The Lost Explorer," etc. He took a trip across the Atlantic in one of the Allan Liners, crossed Canada via the Canadian Pacific, and went to Australia on one of Mr. Huddart's boats. His Canadian descriptions are exceedingly interesting. His point of view being that of an ardent Imperialist. But the descriptions of our own country are—to us Canadians—less entrancing than the tales and observations of towns and provinces in Australasia. Sydney and Melbourne are exceedingly well described and any Canadian who has any desire to know about Australia as it is to-day, will find here information in a most readable form. Mr. Hogan's sincere desire seems to be to impart knowledge and while this prime object is kept in mind and closely followed, he never lapses into a dry statement of facts. Take, for example, these three consecutive chapter headings: Literary Melbourne, Religious Melbourne and Theatrical Melbourne; these indicate Mr. Hogan's manner of treating his subject.

The book is especially opportune just at the moment when these colonies are being drawn closer and closer together and when the "Greater Britain" is materializing into something more than a fiction founded on sentiment.

\*Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Paper.

†London, T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

‡Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

\*The Arena Publishing Co., Boston. Cloth, 75 cents.

†Cloth, \$1.25. London, Ward & Downey; Toronto, Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

Toboggans were used centuries ago by the Indians of North America and were adopted by the early French-Canadians as pack sleds. This Canadian type of toboggan is composed of a long thin board turned up into a half circle in front; but the improved Canadian consists of a number of four or five inch strips fastened together with cleates and possessing low railings at each side. Tobogganing has also been a Swiss pleasure for centuries. The early Swiss toboggan was much like a Canadian hand-sleigh and the later Swiss machines are lower, with steel spring runners. The greatest Swiss slides are at St. Moritz. The Swiss slides differ from the Canadians in that they are not straight, but have several curves banked in the way a bicycle track is built. All this information and much more may be gleaned from a beautifully illustrated book on the subject from the pen of Theodore Andrew Cook\* which was published in New York in 1894. Those Canadians who fancy that they know all about the noble sport may be somewhat surprised if they will consult this most interesting little volume.

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The Arena Publishing Co., Boston has just published three new books which, for lack of space, must be very briefly noticed. "Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls," is a novel by M. Amelia Fytche in which the author endeavors to inculcate some new ideas concerning "love." "The New Time," by B. O. Flower, is the title of a small collection of this writer's essays in the *Arena* on "A Union of the Moral forces for Practical Progress." As to this Union, he says: "Its purpose should be to help mankind now and here to rise to noble heights, to a broad and just conception of life and individual

sentiment, to develop the character of all who come within its influence, and increase the measure of human happiness." "The Reign of Lust," by the Duke of Oatmeal, is a little paper-bound volume dealing with lust in business, in wealth, in politics, in love and in mind.

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"Later Lyrics,"\* is the title of a neat little collection of the later short poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. They are not all new, but they are sweet little morsels which one can roll again and again under the tongue. While musical and polished and imaginative, they are simple, natural and touching. Too often our poets shoot over the heads of the common people and write seemingly only for those whose tastes are as diligently and assiduously cultivated as their own. But if one reads "Alec Yeaton's Son," "At Nigni-Noogorod," "God Save the Tsar," "Sweetheart Sigh no More," or any number of Aldrich's small lyrics, one recognizes that even the ordinarily educated man or woman may recognize the meaning and see the exalted ideal in its full majesty.

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This, it seems to me, is a quality which Bliss Carman lacks. To

be sure he writes lovely verse, smooth and rounded, cultured and classical, but it is a high art-product which only the few are able to appreciate. Of course, as a Canadian, Canada is proud of his achievement. His new volume, "Behind the Arras,"† is to hand and a dainty artistic thing it is, something to be handled with care and wonder and appreciation. It certainly deserves more than a brief notice of this kind and a thorough review will appear in the next issue.

\*Later Lyrics, T. B. Aldrich. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin & Co.

†Behind the Arras, by Bliss Carman. Boston and New York, Lamson Wolfe & Co.; Toronto, Wm. Briggs.

\*Notes on Tobogganing at St. Moritz, by T. A. Cook. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.



DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

ALFRED AUSTIN,  
*The New Poet-Laureate.*



**THE LIMIT OF HER COURAGE.**—Newboy—Miss Maidenly says she's afraid to go out after dark. Oldboy—Does she? Then it's the only thing she's afraid to go out after.

**NO REGRETS.**—She—So you heard I was fickle. Did you get it from an old beau of mine? He—Yes, but he wasn't complaining.

**A HINT.**—Father—I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as she has now. Suitor—She will have if you don't sell off any of your furniture.

**HE HAD EXPERIENCE.**—She—You don't seem to mind the mud at all. He—No. I ran for Congress once.

**NOT BLIND, BY ANY MEANS.**—Peachblow—Do you think the God of Love is blind, as they say? Dedswell—Hardly; I notice he usually has money in sight nowadays.

**VERY NEAR THE TRUTH.**—He—What do the women do in their clubs? She—Think about the men. What do the men do in theirs? He—Try to forget about the women.

**HER FAVORITE.**—He—Who is your favorite writer, Miss Van Gilt? She—Papa. He—Why, I didn't know— She—Oh, yes—cheques.

**QUITE RECONCILED.**—"Your husband's death occurred at Chicago, I believe you said," remarked Mr. Trivvet to Mrs. Gazzam.—"Yes."—"Was he reconciled to go?"—"I told you he died in Chicago, didn't I?"

**INCREASING PROFICIENCY.**—Clara—Mr. Softerly paid me a great compliment yesterday. He said I grew more beautiful every day. Maude—Well, practice makes perfect, you know.

**A SCHEMER.**—He—I'm afraid I couldn't make you happy, darling, on only \$2,000 a year. She—Oh, it's plenty! With economy I can dress on \$1,500, and just think, dear, we can have all the rest for household expenses.

**JUST A GRAIN.**—First Boarder—Please pass the salt. Second Boarder—Salt shouldn't be taken with this course. First Boarder—I know it. I'm not taking it with this course; I'm taking it with your last remark.

**HIS CRIME.**—Mr. Manhattan—Why was

that man lynched? Was he a horse thief? Mr. Brazos—Nop. "Had he committed murder?" "No." "Then why was he lynched?" "Stranger, that man pretended to know more than was good for him in this great State of Texas. He claimed to be a scientist and said that whiskey was no good for snake bite."

**IT WAS DEFECTIVE.**—Trivvet—That elopement of yours didn't come off as scheduled, did it? Dicer—No; when the time came the girl lost nerve and wouldn't fly with me. Trivvet—Then the failure was caused by a defective flew, was it?"

**THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.**—"I've won my first case," said young Blackstone to a couple of friends at the club. "We didn't know you even had a client," replied one of them. "Tell us about it." "Well, I let Barrowcliff a case of beer, and I won it." Whereupon the other two rose up against him and cast him out.

**MEETING AN EMERGENCY.**—Old Brown and old Smith, once schoolboys together, had not met for several years, but a chance meeting on one occasion caused them to bring to mind some of the friends of their youth, and an interesting hunting up of reminiscences followed, as it will at such times. "Do you remember," said old Brown, "do you remember young Gestler, who used to be such a joker and so lively with his repartee?" "Yes, indeed," said old Smith, "I remember him well. But the last time I heard of him, twenty years ago, he was playing in very hard luck, and hadn't a cent. What became of him?" "Well," said old Brown, "he went to England and started a pin manufactory, and made considerable money." "Whatever put that idea in his head?" "It is rather curious. He told me that he noticed that more pins were spoiled in England than in any other country, and that they were so spoiled by being sat down upon by Englishmen." "That is somewhat odd," remarked old Smith. "What made him come to that conclusion?" "Well," said old Brown, looking at his watch, and rising as if to go, "he found that the reason Englishmen sit on pins was because they invariably fail to see the point."





HIGHLAND MARY.

*From a Statue executed by B. E. Spence, in 1871.*



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE NATURE OF ROBERT BURNS.\*

BY J. CAMPBELL, M.D., SEAFORTH, ONT.

WHILE on a visit to "The Land of Burns," the writer resolved to examine as far as he could every place that was connected in any way with the immortal name of our favorite poet. It was, however, with a melancholy feeling, such as one would experience in visiting the scene of some national disaster, that I entered Irvine one bright April morning. This feeling of sadness was caused by my knowledge of the fact that, according to his brother Gilbert, it was here that the poet first crossed the moral Rubicon, so to speak, and committed the first great blunder of his life, by disobeying the teaching and ignoring the counsel of the wisest and best of fathers.

At the time Burns lived in it, Irvine swarmed with smugglers and rough-living adventurers, "from which," says his brother, "he contracted some acquaintances of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for over-leaping the bonds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." At any rate, the poet's sojourn in Irvine was an unfortunate one—as he was robbed by his partner in trade; had his flax-dressing shop burned

down, and returned home impaired in purse, spirits and character, to find his father on his death-bed at Lochlea.

Mournful must have been the scene when the last hour of the old man, his father, drew nigh, and he raised himself in bed and said that there was one of his children of whose future he could not think without fear. Robert, who was in the room, came to the bedside and said, "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" The old man said that it was. Robert turned to the window with tears streaming down his cheeks, and his bosom swelling, from the restraint he put upon himself, almost to bursting.

The old man had early perceived the genius of the boy, and had frequently said to the mother, "Whoever lives to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy." He had also noticed the strong passions with rather weak will, which, he feared, along with loose habits contracted in Irvine, might drive him like a vessel in a storm on the shoals and quick-sands of life.

Burns saw all these things himself ten years before his death, when he wrote his own epitaph:

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\* Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a small road-side cottage about a mile and a half inland from Ayr, on the south-western Scottish coast. He died at Ellisland, near Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, in his thirty-eighth year.

"Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself life's mad career,  
Wild as the wave ?

Here pause—and, through the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know ;  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame ;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stained his name.

"Reader! attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit :  
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control  
Is wisdom's root."

Burns was no hypocrite. He never professed to be what he was not. He was always foremost in confessing his faults and in exposing his own shortcomings. We find this prominently brought forth in his "Prayer on the Prospect of Death," a short poem that has been severely, and we think unjustly criticised. In a short introduction to it in his commonplace book, he says: "The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life with every enjoyment that renders life delightful."

"O, Thou unknown, Almighty cause  
Of all my hope and fear !  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear.

"If I have wandered in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun ;  
As something loudly in my breast  
Remonstrates I have done.

"Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me  
With passions wild and strong ;  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

"Where human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty stept aside,  
Do Thou, All-good, for such Thou art,  
In shades of darkness hide.

"Where with intention I have erred,  
No other plea I have,  
But Thou art good and goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive."

The 'something' of which he speaks is his conscience, the voice of the soul, which always speaks the truth, and

never yet led man astray. The part that is often held up to condemnation is where he says :

"Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong."

Let us examine these lines. All mankind are formed with animal propensities. These are natural to them, and there are no two alike in this respect. All our passions are intended, however, to be kept in subjection to our reasoning powers and our moral nature. It is only when our passions are allowed to run "wild as the wave" that they become sinful and unnatural. "But," says the critic, "Burns allowed them to do this." "Aye, there's the rub." He himself confessed it and deplored the fact. But did not King David do the same? Burns sinned—how deeply I do not know—but however heinous his sins were, David committed sins of a still deeper dye. David was an Oriental autocrat, and belonged to a warm-blooded and somewhat voluptuous race, and these qualities no doubt go far to palliate or even excuse his offence in the eyes of some. With fair judges, Burns also does not want for palliators. He was a fervent poet like the son of Jesse, and like him he had hot blood and quick nerves. He had dynamite in his composition, and we all know that dynamite is a powerful explosive. We cannot estimate the actions of a man of this kind as we would a cold-blooded precisionist, who had been trained from infancy in the strict proprieties of life—without feeling, impulse, or soul. As well judge cold fishes and hot salamanders by the same law. They are not fed on the same food. They have nothing in common.

"But David repented," says the critic. So did Burns, we reply, and we have no reason to doubt that his repentance was less sincere than that of the crowned Hebrew sinner. The prayer we have just quoted bears out in this statement. Both men sinned ; both men repented. We claim the

same even-handed justice for the Scot as for the Jew.

"But David was inspired," intercedes the critic. So much the worse for David then, we reply. If the inspired King of Israel, who had been surrounded by good influences from his earliest years; who had been hedged around as it were by a wall of inspiration; who had been anointed and led in the path of rectitude by the good old Samuel; if he, the highly favored leader of a divinely-chosen race, fell and committed sins before

which the combined sins of the Scottish poet dwindle into insignificance, surely we ought not to deal too harshly with Burns when we consider the age in which he lived, and the malign influences by which he was surrounded. Let us rather use the language of the Divine Being, who knew what was in the heart of man: "First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote

out of thy brother's eye." "Except for grace," said John Bunyan, pointing to a criminal on the scaffold, "I should have been yonder sinner." The "Prince of Dreamers" had strong passions, and had been a great sinner, but had repented. That made the difference.

Says Carlyle, in his essay on Burns: "Granted the ship comes into harbor, with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot therefore is blameworthy; tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

This puts Burns' case in its true light. In sitting in judgment upon him, if we are justified in doing so, let us in all reason consider his fiery, poetic temperament, and the strong passions of the man. We find this idea strongly put in the "Vision," where the Guardian Genius of old "Coila" addresses her poetic son in the following words:

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,  
Mislead by Fancy's meteor ray,  
By passion driven;  
But yet the light that led astray  
Was light from heaven."



ROBERT BURNS.

This does not appear at first sight to be strictly orthodox, but when we consider that the Creator was the author of his wonderful genius, his strong passions, his fertile imagination, his matchless fancy, and of all those other qualities which constitute a true poet, he was in a sense inspired, had a message for mankind from the great author of his existence, who was therefore to a certain extent

responsible for the results of those incomparable qualities with which he had so richly endowed him. In this sense, at any rate, allowing for poetic license:

"\* \* \* the light that led astray  
Was light from heaven."

We do not wish to be heterodox in our views, but at the same time we claim to exercise our reasoning powers, and desire to be guided by the dictates of common sense, and from the mandates of both we think we have not swerved.



We ought never to lose sight of the times in which Burns lived, and the religious teachers by which he was surrounded. The clergymen of Ayrshire with whom Burns associated were not Samuels by any means. They appear to have been as liberal in their modes of living as they were in their religious tenets, and both were loose and broad enough in all conscience. When we remember that there was no temperance movement in Burns' day, and that his spiritual guides often drank longer and deeper than the poet himself, the injustice of judging him in this respect by the light that obtains in our day becomes apparent.

Moreover, his convivial habits have been very much magnified indeed, for we have it on the authority of Professor Wilson, whose essay on Burns we have consulted, that at the time of Burns' death not a man, woman or child in Dumfries could truthfully say that they had ever seen the poet intoxicated, the universal testimony being that it was the literary society and intellectual company that attracted him to the "Public House," where all kinds of meetings in those days were held, and not the intoxicating liquors which were sold there. Those who drank with him likewise averred that the poet never seemed to care how little was in his glass, it being the toast, the sentiment and the song that he honored, according to the custom of the times, and that the flow of interesting conversation was what he valued.

Again, it has been shown by Professor Wilson that up to the time of Burns' removal to Dumfries he had family worship regularly. The Professor does not know whether the habit was discontinued then or not—but at any rate it has been proved that even then when heart and flesh were failing, and he was scarcely able to walk, disease having made fearful inroads on his constitution, even then he was wont to gather his children

around him on the Sabbath day, and question them on their knowledge of the Scriptures. We have never believed that the author of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," or the "Lines to a Young Friend," was the grossly irreligious man he is sometimes represented to be. Witness the prominence he gives to religion in the following lines, which are worth a dozen ordinary sermons, and should be seriously pondered by young men of the present day:—

"The great Creator to revere,  
Must sure become the creature;  
But still the preaching cant forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature.  
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
Be complaisance extended,  
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended.

"When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,  
Religion may be blinded,  
Or if she gie a random sting,  
It may be little minded.  
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,  
A conscience but a canker,  
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n  
Is sure a noble anchor."

Was the man who wrote these lines irreligious at the time, or was he habitually a godless character or a scoffer? We think not. Hear also what he says in reference to the Covenanters, who are frequently ridiculed and abused by literary characters in these wise days in which we live:—

"The Solemn League and Covenant  
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,  
But faith sealed freedom's sacred cause,  
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."

It seems to us that the poet puts the case in a nutshell in his "Address to the 'Unco Guid,'" where the ideas are brought prominently before us, that most men owe their good name to the fact that the world knows not their characters, and many of the sons and daughters of Adam are virtuous because they were not exposed to the temptation or had not the opportunity to sin. The real questions after all are:—"What strong passions have we subdued or kept under control?" "By



#### THE BOSTON BURNS' STATUE.

The Boston Caledonian Club have just erected this new statue of Robert Burns, it being unveiled by the Governor of Massachusetts, in January. It is almost life size. The composition is simple and quite original, showing the poet in the fields, with one hand resting on the plough-handle, while in the other he holds a field flower, over which he is in contemplation. The sculptor, Hugh McNair Cairns, gives us a youthful face and figure, suggestive of Burns at the age of 22, just before he made his debut among the great literary lights of his time. The fine contour of head and the air of kindly contemplation are deserving of notice. The pose is graceful, and the face thoughtful and earnest. This cut is by the kindness of the "Scottish American," New York.

what temptations have we been surrounded?"

After considering these things the poet draws the following moral for our guidance, which we think is a just one:—

"Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human;  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving why they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark,  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us,  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring—its various bias;  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it,  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted."

We believe that Burns, like most thinking men in all ages, was often harassed with doubts in matters of religion—but we also know that during his lingering illness, when he had come to look upon this world as "all a fleeting show," and all its allurements as "Vanity of Vanities," he settled down in right earnest to the grand old book, which he made his constant companion, and read earnestly during the latter days of his life. Indeed, the last time that he was seen out of doors, he was poring over his Bible on the banks of the River Nith. In those days of fever and weakness he read no other book. This was surely a good sign—a sign that he was preparing at any rate, if not already prepared for the great and important change that was awaiting him.

For many weeks if not months before he died, Burns knew that his end was approaching. He removed to a place called "Brow" on the Solway shore to get the benefit of the sea-bathing, but the relief from this source was only temporary, and he resolved to return to Dumfries. The following anecdote in reference to him has been preserved. A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of

Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy, and the evening being beautiful and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Mrs. Craig was afraid that the light might be too much for him and rose to let down the window blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant and regarding the good lady with a look of great benignity, said, "Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but oh! let him shine, he will not shine long for me."

When Burns knew that he was dying, he expressed no terror at the prospect. Like many men under the circumstances, he seems to have kept his profoundest thoughts to himself. Who can blame him for that? The future of his immortal soul was a subject that he had to settle with the Great Author of his existence, and we have no right to rush in between God and the conscience, at such an awful moment as that; as little right have we to speculate on the future and consign him to darkness, because he did not in all things conform to the standard which we may have adopted and in our vanity and arrogance set up for the guidance of the human race. Away with such narrow-minded bigotry! No man has suffered more in this respect than Burns. Critics have persistently harped upon what was ill done by the poet, conveniently shutting their eyes to what was well done in his short and stormy life. They have harped upon the imperfections of the man and of his writings, forgetting his impulsive, passionate nature, and the temptations which he must have resisted, on the one hand, and the glorious ideas and immortal truths which he has given to his country and the world, on the other.

If all the workings of our hearts and our inmost nature were exposed to view as they were with Burns, like the operations of bees in a glass hive, who on earth would come forth scathless from the fiery ordeal? Who then could be saved? Do we find nothing



to admire in the solicitude for his wife, who was confined to a sick bed and unable to attend him in his last trying moments, and the children that were so soon to become orphans? Or in his

the property of the world. The temptation was indeed a strong one to a man in such circumstances.

What percentage of mankind would have resisted it?

Another thing that has been mentioned to the discredit of Burns is that the nobility and "gentry" of Dumfries gave him the cold shoulder during the latter part of his life, and the inference was that his life had been disreputable. Professor Wilson, who was a strong Tory, shows conclusively that it was on account of the advanced political views of our poet that the gentry turned their backs upon him, and not on account of his character, which would compare favorably with theirs. The "gentry"—have in all ages as a rule, turned their backs towards the light. They gave the cold shoulder to a greater and mightier than Burns, or any who ever trod our planet, while the "common people" heard Him gladly. Burns, moreover, having been the poet of the common people, we wonder not that they proved his truest friends in life and the last to desert him in the trying hour of death.



TAM O'SHANTER TAVERN.

lament that his brother Gilbert might be put to straits to pay back the money the poet had lent him years before, but which his soon-to-be-widowed wife and his orphan children would so soon require?

Here was a struggle between poverty on the one side and brotherly love on the other, which discloses the finer feelings of his nature, which the critics generally pass over in silence.

About this time a cool, calculating scoundrel who was aware of his poverty, offered Burns fifty pounds for a collection of those unguarded and rougher pieces which the poet intended to consign to oblivion. This offer he repelled with indignation and remorse. Money could not induce the dying man even when in indigent circumstances—with want staring his family in the face—money could not induce him to betray his better nature and give to the world what his conscience condemned, and what he regretted from his inmost soul that he had ever written. He even wished that he had power to consign to the flames much that had already become



HOLY WILLIE.

Burns purified the songs of his country and gave them as a legacy to the people—a legacy of which they might well feel proud—and this was perhaps his noblest work. The lasting

and beneficial effect of this work can hardly be properly estimated in our day.

He stimulated patriotism and dignified labor, and made the sons of old Scotia proud of their country. He did much to instil principles of civil and religious liberty into the minds of a people who were strongly biased in that direction; and his "A man's a man for a' that," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," will continue to ring down through the centuries and make tyrants and oppressors tremble in the ages yet to be.

He was the true poet of nature, and his large sympathy extended not only to the brute creation, but even to inanimate nature itself; while he mourned the fate of the "wee sleekit, cow'ring, tim'rous beastie," "he did not forget to sing of the "wee modest, crimson-tipped flower," whose existence he had terminated with his ruthless ploughshare. He has even been blamed for being too humane—censured for showing sympathy for the sad and unalterable fate of even Satan himself. This is what we might expect from a man of his exquisite sensibilities. His unapproachable ridicule and withering sarcasm in reference to certain religious gatherings and so-called pious teachers in his day, which have been quoted to his hurt, we are assured did much to bring about a re-

form of abuses, which had become the scandal of the times. In this respect, at any rate, he may be classed as a religious reformer.

We do not wish it to be understood that we hold Burns up to our youth as an example for them to follow, any more than we would ask them to follow King David in all his ways; we would not ask them to follow a brilliant meteor or an erratic comet while the glorious Sun is shining in the firmament—the Sun that has arisen with healing in his wings.

We think the reader of Burns' works should pass over what is worthless or hurtful and accept the good and the true, reject the chaff and appropriate the wheat, prove all things and hold fast that which is good. We even go so far as to say that we ought to forgive him for whatever is evil on account of the imperishable good he has done.

Whoever may malign his name or speak evil of the works of Robert Burns, we think it ill-becomes a Scotsman or a descendant of a Scotsman to do so, for he owes him a debt of gratitude which he can never repay. Rather let him say, "whatever others may do in this matter, as for me and my house, we will stand loyally by the gifted son of toil, who has thrown a halo of glory around the rocky land of our forefathers."

#### RE-UNION.

A sudden touch upon some hidden spring,  
A half-forgotten song of long ago,  
And lo! the doors of memory open swing,  
And face to face we stand with life aglow.

With life aglow and love enraptured smile,  
Our wedded hearts across the darkened space  
Meet once again in our old trysting place—  
Ah! Death, I cheated you for that short while.

SAM GREENWOOD.

## HUMAN STIRPICULTURE.

BY REV. W. J. LHAMON, M.A.

**D**URING the years 1869 to 1870 inclusive, Oneida, New York, was the scene of a most interesting experiment. John Humphrey Noyes was the promoter and guiding genius of the movement. Since humanity seems fated to spend the major part of its time and energies in learning how not to do certain things, that man must be esteemed a benefactor who has made a monumental failure. This is not saying that the experiment of Mr. Noyes was a failure in every respect, though it was decidedly so in some respects. Stirpiculture is the breeding of particular stocks or races. As the horticulturalist improves his potatoes by careful crossing, and as the horseman improves his trotter by a pains-taking selection of parental "steppers," so similarly, it is supposed, the race of man might be indefinitely improved.

Mr. Noyes was born in Vermont in 1811. In 1834 he was a divinity student in Yale. By inheritance and education he was thoroughly religious. Intellectually he was clever and recklessly original. Without attempting to give his religious teachings in detail it will be sufficient to state that he was a perfectionist, and that he was excluded from the Congregational church. He was a perfectionist; that is, he believed in such a relationship to Christ as insures against sin, disease, and death. Following the example of many another heretic excluded by the presumably orthodox majority, he immediately became prominent and established a sect. Like Mohammed his first converts were among his kinsmen. Like Mohammed also he attempted to destroy the family by striking at monogamy, but in a different way; Mohammed by the exclusiveness of the

harem, Noyes by the promiscuity of the whole community. It is significant that he seems to have been led to this by the way of community of goods, which he had adopted as one of the corollaries of his doctrine of perfection. Mr. Noyes was too keen not to see the inevitable conflict between a community of goods on the one hand, and an exclusiveness in the marriage relation on the other. He said :

"Love in the exclusive form has jealousy for its complement, and jealously brings on strife and division. Association, therefore, if it retains one love, exclusiveness, contains the seeds of dissolution, and those seeds will be hastened to their harvest by the warmth of associate life."

Selfishness was the *bete noire* of Mr. Noyes' system, and he sought to rid his community of it by putting an end to all possible private ownership. He asserted that the possession of a wife or husband is a species of both selfishness and of slavery, and he tried to show by the Bible that in the Kingdom of Heaven no such monopoly of any one by any other is tolerated. Seeking to make a little heaven on earth of his Perfectionist community, he endeavored to rid it at once of selfishness and slavery by "an extraordinary system of regulated promiscuity." Community of possession both of property and of person was the leading plank in the platform of his hypothetical heaven.

In 1846 the little community, then at Pultney, Mass., began to practice the system that has since been known as "complex marriage." Such a state of perfection was not congenial to the traditional Puritanism of the New England village, and it presently became convenient for Mr. Noyes and his promiscuous husbands and wives



to emigrate. Hence the settlement in 1848, at Oneida, N.Y. Thus the way was prepared and the place was found for the experiment in stirpiculture immediately to be detailed.

Experience soon taught Mr. Noyes that perfection could not be attained in one generation. He began, therefore, to plan for the realization of his darling ideal in times to come and in generations unborn. "It was quite self-evident to him that for the attainment of his object, each generation must surpass the preceding one in holiness, and to accomplish this he devised the method of stirpiculture practised by the community. Its first principle, founded on stock-raising experience, was that of judicious in-and-in breeding, with occasional crossing with foreign blood."

Shakespeare exclaims :—

"In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding its grossness with fair ornament?"

And Whittier flies into a fine poetic pet of anger over those—

"Who steal the Bible from the Lord  
And give it to the Devil."

Perhaps Mr. Noyes did not mean to be so bad; perhaps none of our misguided reformers do; but for one I heartily wish they would leave the Bible where it belongs, and try their experiments on purely experimental grounds. However, having gone to the Bible to equip himself for an attack on marriage, Mr. Noyes next betook himself to the same book for his defence of incest. In an article on "Scientific Propagation" he fortifies himself by a genealogy of Abraham and his family, "showing the frequent mating of cousins, of brother and sister, of father and daughter, or uncle and niece, in only half a dozen generations." Having in this primitive and lawless tribe found a Biblical basis for in-and-in breeding, the next step was the selection of those who might be deemed fit to become the

parents of the proposed generation of more perfect Perfectionists. A committee headed by Mr. Noyes himself took charge of this matter of selection. To become the enviable parent of a Perfectionist child according to the rulings of this committee one must have an acceptable ancestry; he or she must be free from physical defects; the father must be older than the mother; mental capabilities must rank well with the physical; and between the parents there must be mutual attraction, "at least in a slight degree." Under these regulations sixty children were born. Uncle and niece were twice mated, and several of the children were of Noyes parentage on one or both sides. Five of the children died in early infancy; fifty-five were most carefully reared by the community, being taken from their mothers at about nine months of age. One died at thirteen years of age, having been delicate from his birth. One, a boy, was deficient in co-ordinating power over his muscles. These two are the noteworthy failures of the experiment. In 1891 when the oldest among them were twenty-two it is said of the boys that they were tall, broad-shouldered, and finely proportioned; and of the girls, that they were robust and well built. "They are exceptionally intellectual, and have not taken largely to the farms of their fathers, or the manual occupations of their mothers. Most of the older boys are in business as clerks and foremen; one is a musician, another is a medical student, another a college student of unusual promise in mathematics. The girls likewise take to artistic and intellectual pursuits. One is making a specialty of Greek, and one of the kindergarten system. Their favorite amusement is a debating society of three girls and four boys, which meets in the summer when all are at home."

In 1878, Dr. Theodore R. Noyes, son of the founder, made a report on the health of the children in the Oneida Community. "In this it was

stated that serious sickness was unknown, and that the mortality at birth and until nine years of age was less than one-third that of the United States at large, as given in the census of 1870." This difference he attributes partly to "excellent sanitation, protection from infection, and other favorable post-natal conditions." He concludes that, "first, a little common-sense in the mating of men and women must largely increase the proportion of viable children born; second, a viable child, once past the perils due to its mother, is nearly sure to grow up free from checks to its growth under sanitary conditions as good as those now prevailing in the community."

"It is evident," said a speaker before the American Science Association in Washington, in 1891, to whom I am largely indebted for the facts and quotations above, "that pre-natal culture did not lessen the need of post-natal care, for the experimenters knew that the eyes of the world were upon them, and, moreover, they believed that the future of the community rested with them."

"But alas! 'The best laid plans o' mice an' men, gang aft aglee.' Stirpiculture was planned to insure the future of the church and community; stirpiculture destroyed both." For twenty years complex marriage was enforced as nearly as it could be; but the spirit of monogamy asserted itself to such an extent that one-fourth of the adult communists were found living in pairs. The experiment in stirpiculture so far from checking the tendency to monogamy seemed to further it, and on Aug. 26, 1879, the community listened to a proposition from its founder to the effect that complex marriages be abandoned, "in deference to public sentiment," and that ordinary marriage be substituted, or celibacy enjoined. Out of the two hundred and sixteen adults in the community only three opposed this proposition, and within four months

there were twenty marriages. Upon the return to family life there followed a return to the private ownership of property. On Nov. 20, 1880, the property and business of the community was transferred to a joint stock company.

One such experiment may be suggestive of many lessons; it cannot be the basis of a science. One of the lessons suggested by this experiment is that the family must continue to be the unit of society, at least until the Bible shall be read no more, and the customs of men revert to prehistoric and barbarous types.

Another is, that any sort of stirpiculture that comes into conflict with monogamy is foredoomed to failure. A genealogy that can be traced with certainty only along the line of one's mother, and her mother, and her mother's mother, is not a document to be especially prized by the average civilized human being.

Another lesson suggested by the experiment is, that little is to be expected in the way of the betterment of society from stirpiculture except negatively so far as legislation is concerned, and positively so far as force of circumstances is involved.

There is a negative field for legislation in favor of the normal birthright of human beings. This field may be accurately ascertained by the scientific study of heredity and its laws. For instance, in a work entitled "Abnormal Man," published by the Bureau of Education of the United States, in 1893, Charles Darwin is quoted as saying: "It is remarkable that all the evils coming from alcoholism can pass from father to son, even to the third generation, and they become worse if the use of alcohol is continued, until they result in sterility."

In the same work, Dr. L. Grenier, a French writer and physician, is quoted as follows:

"Alcohol has come to be a social question. It is one of the most active agents in the degeneracy of races. The indelible effects

produced by heredity are not to be remedied. Alcoholic descendants are often inferior beings, a notable proportion, coming under the categories of idiots, imbeciles, and debilitated. The morbid influence of parents is maximum when conception has taken place at the time of drunkenness of one or both parties. Those with hereditary alcoholism show a tendency to excess; half of them become alcoholics. A large number of cases of neurosis have their principal cause in alcoholic antecedents. The larger part of the sons of alcoholics have convulsions in early infancy."

If, therefore, the alcoholic is shown to be a breeder of inferior beings, of idiots, imbeciles, and criminals, it follows with very little argument, and with much force of practical logic, that such creatures should not be permitted to marry, or, if married, they should be taken from their families and penned up so effectually as to be harmless. The basal, moral right of such legislation is precisely that of quarantine. And further, since social tipplers as a rule, rapidly degenerate into alcoholics, it follows that young men who tinkle should not be permitted to marry. This still on the principle of quarantine against a probable generation of idiots and criminals.

So of morphomaniacs. A man or a woman who is known to go about with a hypodermic syringe in the pocket, puncturing the skin with it, and injecting poison at regular intervals, should not be granted a license to marry.

So of persons who are known to be unchaste, for they are subject to venereal diseases that are transmissible to more than one generation.

The history of the notorious Jukes family, beginning with "Margaret," a criminal and pauper in Ulster County, New York, a little more than a hundred years ago, should be a warning to every community against laxity as regards the propagation by birth of its inferior and criminal classes. Dr. Behrends says:—

"To that one woman, born between 1755 and 1760, who was a harlot before marriage,

never had any property, and died a pauper, 709 descendants were traced, of whom 280 became pauperized adults, receiving nearly \$60,000.00 in relief; 140 became criminals, 60 were habitual thieves, 50 were prostitutes, 300 died prematurely, while the total cost to the State in arrests, trials, imprisonments, relief, property stolen and destroyed, and loss in productive energy, was found to have been over a million and a quarter of dollars. Yet, during all these years, no attempt was made to break up this hideous nest of disease, insanity, crime, idiocy, and pauperism, its foul stream polluting the country for over a hundred years."

It is the province of legislation, acting purely in a negative way to eliminate such families and such classes from the problem of human reproduction.

When this shall have been done the field will be free for the action of positive forces that are brought into play by progress herself, such as the mingling of the races, natural selection, and survival of the fittest. In our periodical literature some months, or may be years ago, there was offered a receipt for genius. As nearly as I can recall the conditions, they were these. A series of inter-marriages between the best representatives of tribes differing in habits and tastes, and the careful weeding out of the feeble and deficient products of the process. For instance, the best divers and fishers among the tribes along the shore were to be crossed with the best hunters and climbers of the neighboring mountains, their progeny to be carefully watched and weeded, and remated in a similar way. The author, who, by the way, must have been himself a genius, thought that in five hundred cases you might possibly hit upon one genius, provided your plans did not miscarry, and your genius did not die before the age of precocity.

The mingling of peoples, and nations, and even of races, hinted at by the humorist in his receipt, is taking place historically, and on a grand scale all over the Western Hemisphere, and especially on the North American continent. The day of hermit fami-



lies is about past. Travel, intercommunication, world-wide progress, all the conditions of modern life, are more and more imposing upon us a beneficent intermixture of parent stocks. As to the selection of the fittest, that, barring the legal elimination of the deficient and criminal classes spoken of above, can be safely left to the average bachelor and maid.

After all; far beyond all questions of heredity rises that of education. The author of "Abnormal Man," a work above referred to, says in his preface:—

"Since education concerns the moral, mental, and physical development of individuals and of society it bears directly on those pathological elements that tend to social degeneration. As there is no specific for any of society's diseases, the general remedy is to implant and develop in individuals (the earlier the better) such mental, moral, and physical habits as will serve to prevent or lessen delinquency, dependency, or defectiveness. Such a therapeutical method is distinctively educational."

Again, quoting from the body of the book, on the subject of the teaching of practical morality, the author says:

"There is much to indicate that the sociological problem involved in the delinquent and dependent classes is at its foundation an educational one. Teaching of practical morality in such a way as to form good habits in the young is doubtless the surest preventative from a criminal career. Perez says that the business of education should be much more concerned with the habits that children acquire, and with their wills, rather than with the moral conscience. The latter is the blossom that will be followed by fruit, but the former are the roots and branches. While the moral and intellectual sides of education exist together, yet society is most solicitous about the former, for an individual may be a good citizen with little instruction, if he has sound morality, but the reverse is not true."

Ethical and spiritual culture rather than stirpiculture must be the hope of humanity. Heredity may mean

much, but morality means vastly more. Inspiration to right living is the best repression of wrong living. Society rests upon the average conscience of its component parts. As men are improved individually, society is improved collectively, and the improved society in turn fosters the individual improvement. Ultimately character, individual character, what John Ruskin calls, "The royalty of a truer thoughtful state, and of a stronger moral state," must be the solution of our social questions.

Education was the method of Jesus. By it He sought to reduce legislation to its minimum; inspiration to its maximum. He began with the individual; by education he prepared for organization. His society was a teaching brotherhood. To Him the mitre and the crown were equally repugnant. He disdained the sword, but healed its wounds. His death is the seal upon His life of a true teacher's limitless love, and His resurrection is proof of a perfect teacher's rightful regnancy. And so, high above all else, by virtue of all else, he holds aloft His position as educator, and therefore Redeemer; Master of masters in moral and spiritual realms; crying to His disciples with the emphasis of pierced hands and thorn-marked brow, "Go teach." The way onward to a social millenium is the way back to the method of Jesus.

The school-room and the Christly pulpit are not cousins, they are brothers; to these the kindergarten and the university are younger and elder sisters; the ballot-box, press, and parliament, when not prostituted to partisan purposes, are members of the same noble family. The fireside prayer-meeting is the "little child" of this family group, and it is the leader of them all.



## AFFINITIES.

BY MARY HAMPTON LLOYD.

IT came to me as I lay in the darkness and stillness last night, that we are apt to make too much of this little space of time which we each individually measure as his or her "life." We think that all that is ever to be ours, all of love and friendship, wealth and happiness we are ever to experience, is to be crowded into sixty or seventy or eighty years of "life" here. Yet we know this cannot be so. All history, science, and modern investigation prove the contrary. Evolution rises up and denies such theory. Fisk, Darwin and Huxley give us the lie if we would fain persuade ourselves that such be the case.

Then, if our real true lives reach onward and upward through the ages, and we feel that we taste not a tithe here of that which shall be ours in a grander fuller life hereafter, why should we each expect here to meet and become united to our affinity?

AFFINITY: The word makes one pause and wonder at all that it contains. I think if the society youths and misses who talk so glibly about this and that mystery in ethics, psychology and kindred subjects, gave even half an hour once a week to think instead of talk, their tongues would not run quite so fast at the next reception or progressive conversation party. The one word "Affinity" would give them something to ponder over if they chose to reflect more and talk less.

What is an affinity? I take it to mean as the Holy Book has it "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." One mind, one heart, one ambition, one opinion. Think of it,—one opinion. Did you ever meet any one, your nearest and dearest, with whom you thought alike on all subjects? Yet

to me an affinity can mean no less than that. It would doubtless become monotonous if everyone thought alike. But this is not my meaning. What I mean is that each man and woman who are affinities to each other should be thus in undivided harmony; not that all the world should be modelled after one pattern.

I scarcely feel qualified to write upon this subject, it seems so large, so solemn and so sacred. If we measure what we call life here as but a moment in the eternal ages yet un-lived, why should we lay down a law that here and now we are to become acquainted with, possibly united to, our affinity? It seems a beautiful thought for all lonely ones, that somewhere in time, in space, there waits patiently and restfully a mate for each of us, who will be more to us than all the rest when the time comes for mutual communion.

It gives quite a fresh, new aspect to history when looked at in this light. I have always felt myself irresistibly drawn toward England's Martyred King. Why should not he prove hereafter to be my affinity? Perhaps some one else has the same kind feeling towards Cromwell, and he too may find a gentle mate to soothe his iron soul. The possibilities thus opened up give endless room for speculation, and for myself my thoughts wandered far afield.

Perhaps the first "Pollywog" bearing in himself the infinite germs of all that has since been evolved therefrom may at this epoch have his affinity gracing a European throne, gliding as a star over the boards of well-known theatres, or posing as a queen of beauty in some famous artist's studio. Perhaps some giddy nineteenth cen-

tury flirt may yet be destined to meet and assimilate with one of Bulwer's grand Coming Race, with mastery of that mysterious Vril which is to change the universe, and with god-like wings o'ershadowing a majestic face.

Most of us know Europe and America; possibly some among us India and Japan; yet we have not become acquainted with each individual residing in those countries during our hasty trips therethrough, and vast indeed are the fields entirely unexplored. If our affinity then be in this mortal guise at a period contemporaneous with our own, may he not now be dressing bear skins among the Esquimaux, surf-swimming in Pacific reefs, a Maori hurling the boomerang in the wilds of an Australian bush?

We are in too great a hurry about this as about most other subjects in this feverish age of ours. We must have an affinity ready made to hand just when we want him. Then, disillusioned, think we are badly treated and forthwith recommence the search, ending too frequently as any of the daily papers can testify, in the scandal of the divorce court,

There is little doubt that much of the attraction between ordinary men and women is animal magnetism, pure and simple, and as such should be overcome and outgrown rather than yielded to. Were this rule observed there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world to-day. Do I not then believe in the law of affinities? Most assuredly I do. In the beginning,—not now alluding to the Adam and Eve myth, but to the spiritual man and woman who were created in the image and likeness of God,—in the beginning God made the male and female,—“in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them.”

All acknowledge that the most perfect man yet lacks some feminine qualities; and likewise woman, pure, tender and loving as she may be, is still want-

ing in certain manly attributes. These elements can be supplied but by perfectly harmonious sympathy and fellowship, and these can be obtained only in that oneness of communion which constitutes ideal marriage. And when I spoke above of Cromwell needing a gentle mate, when he himself was such an iron soul, I but stated my theory regarding affinities. That which we ourselves most lack is to be supplied by our affinities. And this certainly pre-supposes growth toward each other in all ages until at length united into one completed whole.

So, men and women, when you wed, and during the first year or two find all not exactly as smooth and easy as you imagined in the days of your courtship, do not at once rashly conclude you have made a mistake, that forsooth you are not affinities, and, therefore, can never suit each other. Have a little patience; give and take from each other; and at the end of the second year you will be closer together than at the end of the first, and so on through a long life together, until when the time comes to part here for a space you can look forward to meeting again hereafter as true affinities.

Marriage is a closer relation than any other, and pre-supposes a more entire affection and unselfish regard. But these can be accorded without loss of individuality or suppression on either side. As the years pass, more and more will come greater union, stronger similarity of tastes and inclinations, until somewhere afar in the ages will come the time of which I speak, when there shall be one heart, and mind and purpose.

“The more we know, the larger is the circle of our ignorance,” says one of our English sages, and this truth must not be overlooked in agitating these social questions of marriage and divorce laws. All I urge on everyone is to wait; to do nothing rashly; and above all, husbands and wives, never separate for difference of opinion.



We are living in, not for, eternity. We do not know all that our lives are to be and to mean and to accomplish in the Great Unknown before us. Our lives must unfold gradually, beautifully, naturally, growing in the spirit and light of Truth, whom men now own and name as God.

Walking thus in an attitude of responsiveness to that which is good and true and pure, we cannot any of us

make shipwreck of our lives and homes.

Above all, wait.

"For yet we trust that something good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt and taints of blood ;

"Behold, we know not anything ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

### PENANCE.

MY lover died a century ago,  
Her dear heart stricken by my sland'rous breath ;  
Wherefore the gods forbade that I should know  
The peace of death.

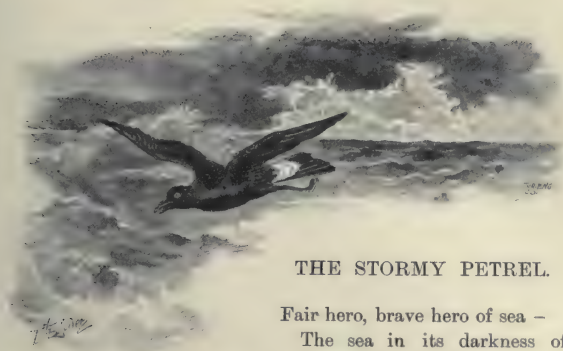
Men pass my grave and say " 'twere well to sleep  
Like such an one, amid the uncaring dead !"  
How should they know the vigils that I keep,  
The tears I shed ?

Upon the grave, I count, with lifeless breath  
Each night, each year, the flowers that bloom and die,  
Deeming the leaves, that fall to dreamless death,  
More blest than I.

'Twas just last year—I heard two lovers pass  
So near, I caught the tender words he said :  
To-night, the rain-drenched breezes sway the grass  
Above his head.

That night, full envious of his life was I,  
That youth and love should stand at his behest ;  
To-night I envy him that he should lie  
At utter rest.

JOHN McCRAE.



### THE STORMY PETREL.

Fair hero, brave hero of sea —  
The sea in its darkness of  
wrath !

I run down the breaker with thee,  
I mount the next in its path.

Our hearts beat together, charmed one,  
Lift their wings as fearless as free,  
Ride the gloom as if 'twere the sun  
Gold-bridled for you and for me.

Summer rain, the cold, drifting sleet  
That whistles as spiteful as hail !  
A roadstead, the billows that fleet  
Under the black lash of the gale !

We laugh at their seething, their roar,  
Draw our breath full in their face,  
We have wings, we know we can soar,—  
Your secret and mine in embrace !

Wings, wings, the soul of our life !  
Outspread they victory tell—  
Upliftings amid gulfs of strife,  
Wafts from heaven that keep us from hell !

Brave hero, winged hero of sea—  
The sea with black tempest in breast,  
Here we mount on the breakers, free,  
Soon to soar into calm, into rest !

THEODORE H. RAND.

## SNAP SHOTS AT DEER AND MOOSE.

BY A. C. SHAW.

SOME fellows believe that they are deer hunting because they go into the backwoods loaded with whiskey and repeating rifles, and hire a guide to stir up the deer in their immediate neighborhood. Others again, go out in the autumn, loaded heavier as to the rifle than the pocket pistol, and after some roughing it have good sport.

If red deer hunting means hard work, moose hunting means harder toil. One particular autumn and winter I had a crack at both kinds of game, and if a few incidents of the trip are noted it is with fear and trembling. At college, years ago, driven by the rules of the Literary Institute, I wrote an "essay," forsooth, on bear hunting, which I had to read through to the assembled students. There was too much gore, or something of the kind; so, on this occasion, though moose and deer are killed, they shall die as unobtrusively as possible.

In the autumn in question, perched on top of a waggon-load of boats, fat pork and two quart bottles of whiskey, I. C., Cyrus and myself started for the far north country. Five or six hounds, tied to the waggon, howled behind, and we thought we were happy. No doubt we were. Anyway we had plenty of time in which to rejoice before we reached our destination, as we had eighty miles of bad road to drive over, and five miles an hour was the speed our load permitted.

Apart from shot guns, I. C. was carrying what we called a ton of iron in the shape of a full magazine 45-75 Winchester—the best killing gun in the possession of the party—while I had the new model 38-55 Winchester, which I am inclined to think is too small in calibre to do good work on big game. Cyrus was armed with an

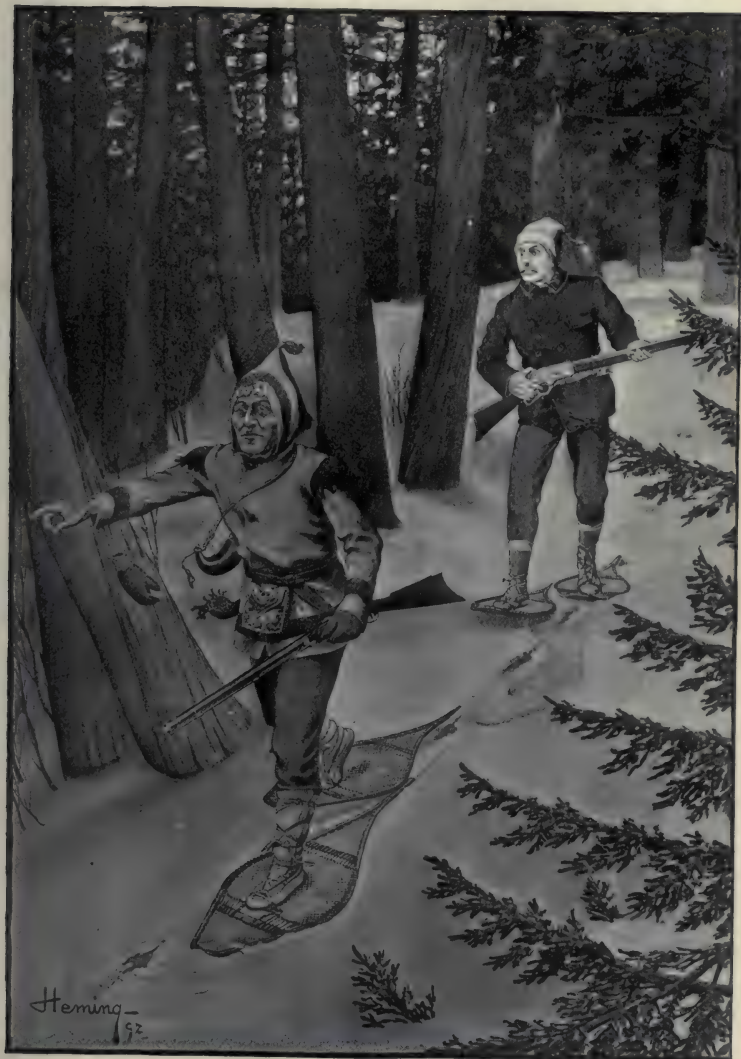
old-fashioned rifle, but Cyrus can shoot very well with his mouth. Night found us at the hospitable house of Robert Jordon, where the charms of a hot supper of fat pork, and a pretty school "marm," awaited us. The pleasant impression left by the latter lingers yet, but two more days of fat pork finished me, and I swore off—pork. Ever after on the trip, when the pain under my belt caused me to growl, I. C. complained of "dispepsy" and tackled our scanty stock of fire-water. Truly he seemed to rejoice in my trouble.

Amid the hills on the Opeongo Road we met our guide, and later on engaged a young Frenchman, dubbed "Freezy" for short, as cook's assistant. We then located ourselves in old man Freezy's vacant cabin on the shores of Crotch Lake.

Lots of people, many of whom know nothing about the matter, say that it is unsportsmanlike to drive deer to water with dogs, and allege that the deer has no chance for its life. Without going into an argument on the subject, I will simply say, that no greenhorn can watch a lake and kill one-tenth of the deer driven there by dogs. Moreover, the deer killed in the lake are almost always brought to bag when hit, as only the head and part of the neck are above water, and a wound is likely to be fatal, while many a deer wounded on the runway escapes the hunter, only to die a miserable, lingering death. Anyway, we watched both lakes and runways and still think ourselves sportsmen.

Deer hunting with hounds has many charms and many chances. Just at dawn the guide or starter leads one or two dogs, and sometimes more, in the direction which he knows or believes





DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. H. H. HERMING.

"OUR GUIDE POINTED EAGERLY AHEAD."

*Hunter and Guide on Snowshoes following a Deer Track.*

to be the best from which to drive the deer to the lake or runway on which his party is watching, having due regard to the direction of the wind, as the deer although it will almost invariably describe several circles, will eventually run down wind, so that the sound and scent of the dogs may reach it more readily.

The starter usually tries to make the "start" some distance from the lake which is watched, as if it is made near the shore the deer is more likely to run to some other water. Having gone a suitable distance, the dogs are let loose, and if they are good ones will soon hunt up a fresh track or work up an old one, and with many an eager whimper the scent is followed till the deer is roused, when with ringing roars they dash off on the trail.

If the deer is a buck and has fed well during the night he will often make a short and comparatively straight run for the lake, but a fawn will frequently run for half a day, so that a fawn's track is avoided when possible. A doe also will often make a long run, but the length of all "runs" varies, and is governed by many different circumstances. For one thing, a fast dog will usually "water" a deer quickly, as he does not give it time to do much circling. The fast dog is therefore the best for lake work, while a slow one is best for the runway, as the deer will dawdle ahead of a slow dog and stick to the runways.

The starter now makes for the lake, or for the camp to get fresh dogs, or perhaps waits for the return to him, on the back track, of the dogs already started, and tries to make another start, if the hunt has gone wrong and the dogs have had a short run.

The deer usually takes to the water at one of half a dozen places where runways lead thereto, but often puts in an appearance where least expected. The man on watch must be ever vigilant, for a deer may pop in when the dogs are out of hearing and a mile

or so behind. Shooting a deer from a small boat, with half frozen fingers, panting lungs and tired arms, is no easy contract, and the head and neck of a plunging deer is a mighty small mark under the circumstances. On the runway a man must be equally vigilant and perhaps a better shot, for if he does not plant his bullet in the right place the deer will run many a mile and often escape altogether.

To resume; Crotch lake was partly frozen over when we arose before daylight to begin hunting, but, nevertheless, one of us watched it, while the others guarded the runways. Other parties with plenty of dogs, were stationed on many of the small neighboring lakes, and from dawn till dewy eve the woods rang with the music of the hounds. This was all very nice, but when I had waited hour after hour until the cold had thoroughly chilled me, and no deer came around looking for trouble, I began to think what a fool I was to leave the comforts of civilization to hunt for shadows. Deer were numerous but perverse, and the first day was a blank. However, if deer hunting, or any other kind of hunting, was a sure thing, the excitement would be gone.

We had some excitement at night, hunting fleas, and they did considerable hunting on their own account too. I slept in a cot and escaped, but Steve and I.C. (Steve had now joined us), slept in one of old Freezy's bunks, and became very profane accordingly.

After two more days of bad luck, a couple of deer were bagged; one killed by I.C. on the runway, and the other on the lake after an exhausting paddle, and the exercise of all the skill at my command.

It is worth watching for hours, to hear on the hillside the bugle-like notes of the hounds now approaching and then receding out of hearing, till finally you hear them along the runway to the lake, and presently the puff, puff of the deer, like a locomotive in the distance, is followed by the



DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

THE DEATH OF THE MONARCH OF THE FOREST.



splash as he throws himself into the water. Then your greenhorn strikes out to get within range, frequently merely to get a snap shot, as the deer with white flag erect pops up the bank and disappears.

By careful management, coolness and good judgment the old hand often bags his deer, seldom without a most exciting chase; but for five deer started, the watcher on the lake does not get an average of more than one.

Owing to the ice we did not even do so well as this.

Watching a runaway one day, I had an exciting chase after a wounded deer, which, hard hit by the man with the dogs, passed a few hundred yards from my stand, but out of sight. Following the blood-red trail, we ran like mad, heedless of falls and bruises, till we came to the lake, where we found the deer dead on the shore. It had broken a space in the thin ice twenty feet square, where it and the hounds had fought to the death.

Steve said the fleas were too lively, and I. C. said the "dispepsy" medicine was done, so we decided to break camp for a time, and migrate into Quebec when the snow was deep enough to hunt moose on snowshoes.

Deep snow found us in Quebec, on the warpath for moose, with an Indian named Whiteduck as guide. Apart from the fleas and the onions, which our commissary-general, Cyrus, produced at every meal, we had had a very comfortable time at Crotch lake, but this time we did not expect any picnic. We proposed to run the moose down in the deep snow, and had been in training for some weeks. Handicapped as he is by the deep snow, in which he sinks to his belly, the moose can make a lively run for life, and no drawing-room hunter need tackle the contract of running one down on snowshoes.

Making our headquarters at a lumber shanty, we started out with a pair of blankets apiece, plenty of thick

socks and heavy clothing, prepared to bring home a moose if possible. Whiteduck carried some tea, hard tack, and pork, and led the way at a pace which soon bathed us in perspiration. Indeed, I suspect that a sweat bath constituted our guide's tub for the winter. In single file we trudged the whole morning without the sign of a track. Refreshed about noon by a hearty snack and a smoke, we kept pegging away. Suddenly Whiteduck stopped at an enormous track in the snow, and said, "moose pass here three day." The track didn't look very fresh, and for all we could tell it might have been a month old. "There is no use in following this old track," said Steve, but with a knowing look, the Indian replied, "ayubäh (the moose) may be close, close." That settled the matter, and though it was getting late in the day, we buckled to our work and raced uphill and down, over logs and through brush, falling down and getting up as best we could, but ever forward at the top of our speed.

Steve, the youngest and most active stuck close to Whiteduck's heels, while I formed a weary but determined rearguard. I. C., who was making good time, was heard to say that he wished that he had some "dispepsy" medicine; but there wasn't any.

Just before dusk, after a run of two miles, we came to the deeply trodden depression in the snow, where the moose had been yarded; and the break in the snow walls on the side opposite to us, showed that he had left on important business at our approach. The yard was a new one, but was pretty well tramped down, and the broken twigs about it proved that the game ahead of us had not fasted.

After a hurried consultation, as night was at hand, we decided to camp where we were, and resume the chase in the morning. Whiteduck scooped out a space about ten or twelve feet long and five feet wide in deep snow, and the rest of us proceeded to collect wood and balsam boughs

for our bed, for it was getting very cold.

The trench dug by the Indian was about four feet deep, and when we had built a fire at one end of it, and had a square meal and a smoke, we were quite comfortable; so cuddled under our blankets and with our fur caps drawn over our ears, we slept the sleep of the very tired. Twice during the night the Indian replenished the fire, and although it was at least 10 degrees below zero, we did not suffer from the cold.

Bright and early next morning, our tramp was resumed, and after an hour's hard run we found ourselves gaining rapidly on the moose. Whiteduck in great excitement now urged us to our utmost speed, as he said the moose was making an effort to reach a lake, now near at hand, where on its frozen surface he would gain rapidly upon us.

With added speed we pushed on, throwing our blankets and other im-

pedimenta to the winds. Soon we observed the redskin pointing eagerly ahead, and we saw our game desperately struggling towards a lake a few hundred yards distant. Steve, who was still to the front, with a big burst of speed got within range and fired as the moose crossed the brow of a hill and disappeared. Then pandemonium reigned, as with yells and hoots we breasted the hill, to find the trail covered with blood from a bad wound, while out on the lake the stricken brute was to be seen making frantic, but vain efforts, to keep up the pace. He was evidently too hard hit to go far, so Steve and Whiteduck rushed ahead and soon gave him his *coup-de-grace*. He was a big one but as I desire to retain what is left of my character for veracity, I do not give the measurements.

We killed one more within the week, and then headed for civilization, several inches taller in our own estimation.



## THE MEN WHO MADE MCGILL.

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, B.A.

MCGILL University is essentially the creation of a few individuals. It owes nothing to the state, except the memory of a grievous spoliation. It has grown up to greatness in a community naturally disabled from providing an adequate constituency of students. It had, in the early days, to grapple with the active hostility of avowed enemies, and the shortsighted apathy of those who should have befriended it. The ultimate success of an institution thus handicapped is as wonderful an achievement as any in the history of education; the story of its vicissitudes and its triumphs is as interesting as a romance.

The Province of Quebec was peculiarly unfitted to be the nursing school of a great English university. Numerically weak and, except in the city of Montreal, spread over a large area of country, the English-speaking minority of Quebec, as a body, showed at first little real concern for their own educational needs. In Montreal they early devoted their energies to business pursuits. They are the pioneers of our commerce, and theirs is the credit of having created and developed the rich trade that has made Montreal what it is. But an opulent community is not the natural birthplace of institutions of learning. It happened, however, that the minority in Quebec counted in its ranks an influential element of Scotsmen, who have carried with them into every quarter of the world the national love of education, and the national sagacity to give practical effect to their opinions. James McGill was a Glasgow man, who came to Canada in the years preceding the American Revolution, and made a fortune in the fur trade. He became a

prominent citizen of Montreal, commanded the local militia, represented the west ward of Montreal in Parliament, and occupied a seat in the Executive Council of the Province. Of the personality of the man the records of the past tell us little. He was, it appears, "in his youth, a very handsome man, but became corpulent in his old age. He was a prominent member of an association of fur magnates, known as the Beaver Club, and the reminiscence of a contemporary represents him, when a very old man, at one of the meetings singing a voyageur's song with accurate ear and sonorous voice, and imitating, paddle in hand, the action of a bowman of a North canoe in ascending a rapid." Mr. McGill was fond of reading, and cultivated the society of the few men of literary tastes then living in Lower Canada. In association with them he doubtless formed the resolution to leave the bulk of his fortune to found a college.\* It was, we are told, no deathbed design, but the deliberate plan of a shrewd and intelligent mind. At this time the educational future of the Province was under discussion. A system of schools was demanded, and Mr. McGill announced that if the Government carried out the necessary measures he would give, during his lifetime, twenty thousand dollars in aid of a university. Some preliminary steps were taken. The Legislature passed, in 1801, an Act creating the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning. Pecuniary aid was pledged, both in grants of money and in the shape of sixteen townships of

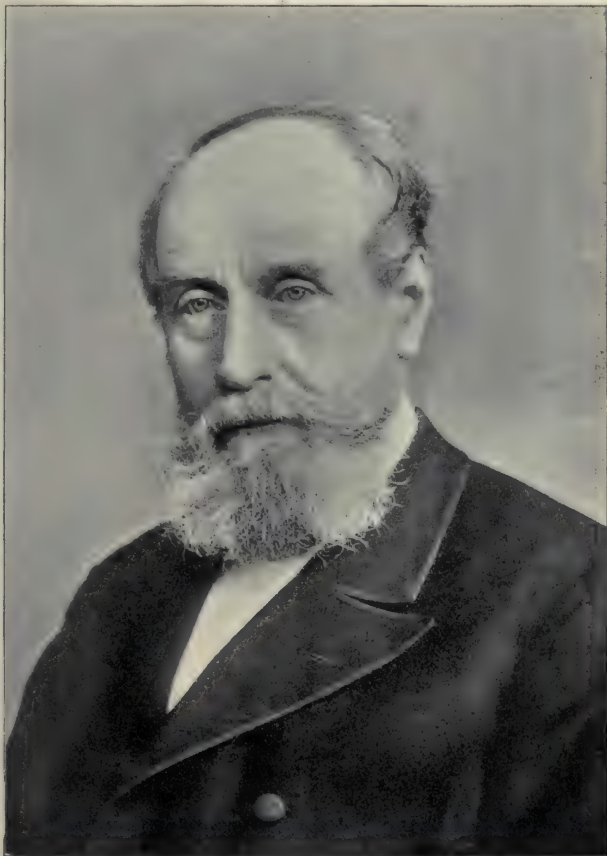
\* I am indebted to the kindness of Sir William Dawson for many facts relating to the foundation of McGill University, contained in a collection of addresses by himself on University subjects recently republished—a volume which the distinguished Principal Emeritus has generously presented to the McGill Graduates' Society of Toronto.



land set apart for education. But the French clergy were opposed to any general system of education controlled by state authority. Desirous of retaining in their own hands the train-

and bad faith, robbed the English-speaking minority of the state aid which had been faithfully promised by the representative of the Crown.

But James McGill sympathized



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTO.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S.

*Principal of McGill University, Montreal, 1855-1893.*

ing of their people, they successfully blocked the measures proposed by Government, and the result seems to have been that political vacillation

neither with the irresolute conduct of the politicians, nor with the retrograde policy of the French clergy. He was a man of his word, and his will, made

two years before his death in 1813, bequeathed the property of Burnside and the sum of £10,000 to found a college in the contemplated Provincial University. The entire bequest was valued, in 1813, at \$120,000. In the end, the whole proposed state endowment vanished, and the cause of higher education in Quebec, as far as the minority was concerned, rested upon the wise benefaction of a single individual.

The institution thus founded obtained a royal charter in 1821, and was administered by the Board of the Royal Institution, a body originally placed over the provincial school system, but whose powers were subsequently restricted to the control of McGill College alone. An attempt was made in 1823 to organize the new University, and Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, who was an intimate friend of Mr. McGill and connected with him by marriage, was offered a professorship. But he declined; and, as the property, owing to the litigation over the will, did not pass into the hands of the trustees until 1829, the actual beginning of the University must be placed at that date. At this time the Montreal School of Medicine was amalgamated with the College, and became its Medical faculty. This was a fortunate move, because the Medical School even then was a flourishing one, and it gave the University a real existence during the troublous years that were to come. The opening ceremony in 1829, took place in Burnside House, the old home of the founder, and a Principal, Dr. Mountain, afterwards Bishop of Montreal, and two lecturers formed the first teaching staff of the Faculty of Arts. The staff looks very imposing on paper, and is thus recorded in a book printed at the time: Principal, Rev. G. J. Mountain, D.D., Cambridge; Moral Philosophy, Rev. J. L. Mills, D.D., Oxford; History and Civil Law, Rev. J. Strachan, D.D., Aberdeen; Mathematics and Natural

Philosophy, Rev. J. Wilson, M.A., Oxford; Medicine, Thos. Farques, M.D., Edinburgh. But the start was made under very poor auspices. At this date the Imperial Privy Council, to which the lawsuit was carried, had only handed the Burnside property over to the trustees, and no decision had been rendered as yet regarding the money legacy. The rent from farm land situated some distance outside the city, and the fees of students could not produce a sufficient revenue for a college.

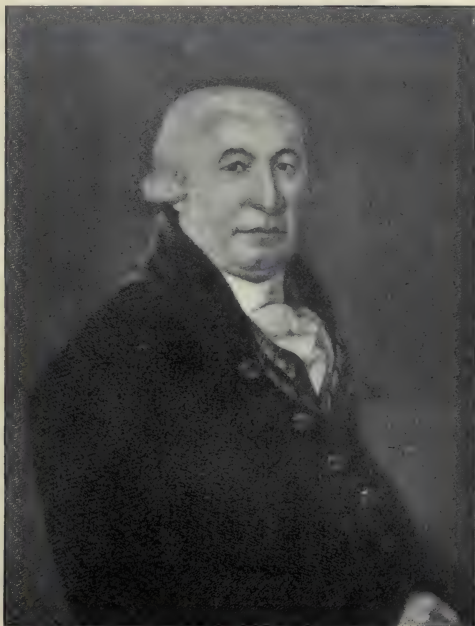
The income of the institution was, therefore, quite unequal to the demand upon it, and no assistance could be procured from the Government. The charter was practically unworkable, since appointments to the staff, and statutes regulating the internal management had to be sent across the sea for the approval of the Crown. The students in Arts numbered from six to a dozen, and the instruction was of the most meager kind. During some years no lectures at all were delivered.

In 1835, Dr. Bethune, rector of Christ Church, Montreal, became Principal. The history of his connection with McGill is one of the most extraordinary episodes in our educational records. The particulars are to be found in a return laid before the Parliament of the Province of Canada in 1849. The bitter controversies which took place would be laughable, if the picture were not painful evidence that the very existence of the University was imperilled by the bickerings and disunion that existed among its administrators. One cause of the trouble lay in the conflict of authority between the Governors of the College and the Board of the Royal Institution. The latter under the will were the trustees of Mr. McGill's property, and with some show of legal right, claimed to have large powers in the administration of the institution. The Governors, the controlling member being the Principal, contended that the duty

of the Royal Institution was to hand over the revenues of the estate to be disposed of by Dr. Bethune and his colleagues, one of whom we may mention, was the late Sir John Robinson, of Toronto. But the chief cause of difficulty was Dr. Bethune's avowed determination to make McGill College a Church of England institution. James McGill had, indeed, been a member of the Anglican Church, but his will contained no instructions upon the question of religion. After the lapse of half a century it is surely possible to take a dispassionate view of the whole matter. That Mr. McGill never intended his bequest to be diverted to sectarian purposes seems very clear now. At the same time, one may fairly conclude that Dr. Bethune was not actuated by selfish motives in clinging to the Principalship and to his residence in Buruside House. He was, no doubt, honestly zealous, as a staunch dignitary of the Church of England naturally would be, to secure for his communion so valuable an acquisition, and one so badly needed in Lower Canada just then, as an endowed college with university powers. His determination must have been confirmed by the evident fact that up to that period the institution had signally failed to fulfil the founder's hopes, while the support of an influential religious body would certainly insure it a larger measure of prosperity. But, fortunately, his well meant endeavors met with defeat. Dr. Bethune's appointment as Principal had never been sanctioned by the

Crown, and in 1846 this was formally refused and his connection with the college terminated.

The ensuing ten years form a criti-



FROM A PAINTING.

HON. JAMES MCGILL, (1744-1813).

*Founder of McGill University, Montreal.*

cal and yet highly interesting stage in McGill's progress. Two excellent appointments were made in the Faculty of Arts in 1846, and if the finances of the college had not been hopelessly involved, the institution might have taken a fresh lease of life that would have vastly facilitated the work of the man who, later on, after many years of brilliant management, repaired its fortunes and brought to fulfilment the noble design of James McGill. The Governors met in July, 1846, and appointed Mr. Edmund Allen Meredith to the vacant Principalship. He assumed the lectures in mathe-



matics besides. Rev. W. T. Leach had been previously made Professor of Classical Literature. The new Principal was a man of scholarship and talent. He came of a distinguished Welsh family who had settled in Ireland. His father was the Rev. Thomas Meredith, D.D., a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a mathematician of note. His mother was a daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Graves, also a Fellow of Trinity and a learned theologian and author. The young Principal had proved himself worthy of the stock from which he sprung. During his course at Trinity College, he had won the second classical scholarship, and on taking his degree of B.A. in 1837, had carried off the medal in science, as well as the prize for political economy. On coming to Canada in 1843, he resumed the study of law begun in Ireland, and before his appointment to McGill had been admitted a member of the Irish bar, as well as the bars of Upper and Lower Canada. For a year he delivered lectures in mathematics, and filled the Principalship with satisfaction, devoting himself especially to the task of securing a new charter for the University. This was not, however, actually obtained until 1852. In 1847, Mr. Meredith was offered and accepted the post of Assistant Provincial Secretary, and as the seat of Government was then at Montreal, his connection with McGill did not terminate. He remained a Governor, and his name appears as Principal in an official return as late as 1849. As the University had paid him no salary, it seems natural that he should have accepted a more lucrative post. More than forty years passed away before his term of service received any tangible recognition, except the degree of LL.D. from the University; but in the will of the late Thomas Workman, a few years ago, there was a provision that the sum of \$3,000 should be paid to the former Principal, "inasmuch as I have long been convinced of the

value of the services rendered to the University of McGill by Edmund A. Meredith, LL.D., during a very critical period of its history." Mr. Meredith subsequently became Under-Secretary of State for Canada, and did not retire from the Civil Service until 1878. He removed to Toronto, where he now resides. When the graduates of McGill living in Toronto organized a society a few months ago he was appropriately elected its Honorary President.

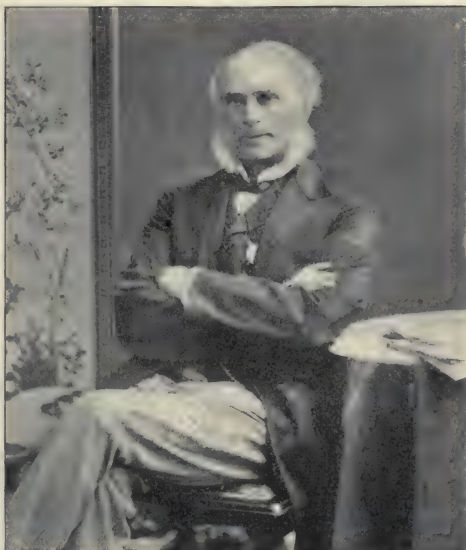
Another trying period now ensued for McGill. It is recorded that but for the persistency with which the late Vice-Principal, Archdeacon Leach, clung to its interests, the College, except the Medical Faculty, which was always prosperous, must have become extinct. A few prominent citizens of Montreal resolved to resuscitate the institution. Three of these men deserve special mention, namely Senator Ferrier, Hon. Christopher Dunkin, and Mr. Justice Day. The latter was Honorary Principal after Mr. Meredith's resignation. They consulted Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, who advised them to select for Principal Mr. J. W. Dawson, who had been Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia shortly before, and whose labors as a geologist with Sir Charles Lyall had already won him marked distinction. The circumstances of this important appointment have been related by Sir William Dawson himself:

"My plans for life (he says), lay in an entirely different direction. I had prepared myself, as far as was possible at the time, for field work in geology; and my ambition was to secure employment of this kind, or next to this, to have the privilege of teaching my favorite science with sufficient spare time to prosecute original work. . . . A deputation of the Board of McGill College waited on Sir Edmund Head, and one of the subjects on which they asked his advice was the filling of the office of Principal, which was yet vacant. Sir Edmund mentioned my name as that of a suitable person. At first, as one of them afterwards admitted to me, they were somewhat disconcerted. They were very desirous for the best reasons to follow Sir Edmund's counsel; but, with his knowledge of available men in England, of some of whom they had already heard, they were somewhat surprised that he should name a comparatively unknown colonist."

This appointment, made with misgivings, proved the salvation of the University. With the advent of Dr.

Dawson the new era of McGill began. To an extraordinary capacity for organization and administration the new Principal added untiring energy and love of his work. He at once grasped the truth that the success of McGill College must largely rest upon the advancement of primary and secondary education amongst the Protestant population of Quebec. His own prestige attracted always an increasing number of students from the Maritime Provinces, and the excellence of the Medical Faculty, then as now second to none in America, drew men from distant parts of Canada and the United States. But from Quebec itself, he saw, would have to come the bulk of the students in the Faculty of Arts, and in the creation of the McGill Normal school to supply the province with qualified teachers, and in constant efforts to raise the standard and efficiency of the Protestant schools in Montreal and throughout Quebec is to be seen the far-reaching policy of the new Principal. The record of the twenty years following his appointment is a long series of gifts and benefactions to the University by private individuals. Chairs were endowed, and scholarships, prizes and medals bestowed. In 1856 the general endowment was increased by over \$36,000, and the William Molson Hall erected in 1861 completed the buildings according to the original design, and added a library, convocation hall and museum to the college. The community became proud of the University, and rich men vied with one another in adding to its equipment and its resources. By this vol-

untary assistance chairs were founded in English, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Moral Philosophy and other departments, until McGill began to hold



E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.

*Principal of McGill, 1846-1849.*

the position and fulfil the purpose contemplated by its public spirited founder. But if, in these years from 1855 onwards, McGill grew in prosperity, the fame of its Principal grew still faster. The name of Dawson soon ranked with the first scientists of the time and shed a lustre upon the institution from which it could hardly fail to profit. As early as 1862 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the realm of science on two continents was recognized as one of the highest authorities. When one remembers the immense labours imposed on Dr. Dawson,—his duties in the lecture room, which were heavy and constant; the difficult and delicate task of administering the affairs

of a college inadequately endowed and continually pressed for money; the personal attention devoted to provincial education—it is hard to understand how the time was found to pursue original and important researches in geology and kindred departments, and to embody them in writing. And this, one must bear in mind, was not continued during a few years, but for over a generation. The sacrifices which a life of this kind involved are considerable, because it is abundantly manifest to anyone who considers the progress of science in the last forty years, that powers like those of Dr. Dawson devoted wholly to science and developed in the larger centres of thought and action, would have reaped for him richer rewards, both in renown and in material results, than the restricted field of a young and struggling colony rendered possible. But that such a thought ever occurred to him, there is not the faintest hint or suggestion in any of his writings or speeches. The interests of McGill College were always paramount to his own. In the addresses delivered from time to time on University subjects the allusions to James McGill and his noble bequest show that Principal Dawson rated high the value of the work to be done, and believed that the same public spirit and the same unselfishness which had actuated the founder should be repeated by men possessed of similar resources. It was by the zealous inculcation of this belief that the community became educated up to the knowledge that what the state had ignobly failed to do the Quebec minority must do for itself. The Principal did not impress this doctrine on other people alone, for one finds his own name in the subscription lists.

The general public considers itself quite competent to form a judgment upon the career of an eminent man of science who proved a conspicuous success in educational work; who has been president of distinguished scien-

tific bodies like the British Association and the American Association; who has written books that are widely read; and who has been knighted by the Crown for his fame and his public services. This is a record that all are ready to pronounce upon. But there is another sphere of action about which, in the nature of things, the public at large can have little personal knowledge. In the lecture room and the college halls a great part of Sir William Dawson's life has been passed. The opinion of the student world, while it may easily be condemned as crude and capricious, possesses at least the value of being formed from close contact with the man. The success of Sir William Dawson within the college walls has equalled his achievements in the larger world outside. His authority over the student body was unquestioned, chiefly because, while a strict disciplinarian, he exercised control only when necessary, and his personal intercourse with the students has been marked by a kindly courtesy and consideration which won the staunch support and respect of all who were worth winning. To his own house every student was regularly invited, and the freedom of this social intercourse never compromised the dignity and control of the Principal when he had to deal with students collectively. In the lecture rooms his charming and fluent style has attracted as many students to the courses in Botany, Zoology and Geology, as his fame in science. If his students could bear a grudge against him, which is hardly conceivable, it would be due to the fact that at times the temptation was almost irresistible to lay down the pencil and listen for the intellectual pleasure involved, rather than to attend to the serious business of taking notes. His powers of rapid and vivid generalization on points of science, have drawn many a round of applause from his absorbed listeners, and his invariable modesty of demeanor and utter absence of egotism



or vanity, served to enhance the pride of the undergraduates in their Principal.

Sir William Dawson has declared in one of his public addresses that he has in his possession a bundle of memoranda labelled "abortive schemes"—projects he had designed for the further good of the University, but which he was never able to carry out. But what of the immense work which Providence has given him strength to accomplish! He found McGill College a decaying institution with fifteen

Arts students; he passes over to his successors a splendidly equipped and flourishing University with new Faculties in Applied Science, and Veterinary Medicine, with an endowment 25 times the original foundation, and a prestige that attracts over 1000 students to the classes. He

has helped to bring Protestant education in Quebec to a high grade of efficiency, by years of unremitting labor in the Provincial Council of Instruction. The English minority, in no slight measure owing to his personal exertions, can boast a system of primary and higher education which far exceeds the most sanguine expectations of half a century ago. On every side are convincing proofs that he has rendered English-speaking Quebec the same priceless service which Ontario owes to Egerton

Ryerson, and that when the events of his career are passed in review, we may justly apply to Sir William Dawson, the epitaph bestowed upon the architect of a great cathedral: *si quæris monumentum, circumspice*.

It is not possible, in the brief compass of a hasty sketch, to do full justice to those later benefactors of McGill University who have at once vastly enlarged its usefulness and done honor to themselves. Because the advantage of private munificence in cases like this is not all on the one

side. As the President of Harvard pointed out, with gentle satire, at a recent University function in Montreal, colleges like McGill preserve wealthy persons from the epitaph: "And the rich man died also and was buried." No one, however, can grudge the lasting honor and fame which must ever attach-



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTO.

W. PETERSON, M.A., LL.D.

Present Principal of McGill.

to the names of those who have worthily followed in the footsteps of James McGill. The gifts to McGill University of the late William Molson, the late Peter Redpath, and the late Thomas Workman, as well as those of Sir Donald Smith, Mr. W. C. Macdonald, Mr. John H. R. Molson, Mrs. John H. R. Molson, and others, have been bestowed with a discrimination and liberality which cannot be too warmly commended. The University now possesses, in addition to the

original structure, a fine library, a complete museum, two magnificently equipped science buildings, accommodation for the law school, and a woman's department, while the Principalship has been adequately endowed, thanks to Mrs. John H. R. Molson's sagacious generosity.

To the chief place in the University has lately come a new man, in the prime of intellectual and physical vigor, and with a high reputation for scholarship and administrative ability. Sir William Dawson's successor, Dr. Peterson, was educated at the High School of Edinburgh and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated in 1875 with first class honors in classics. He subsequently studied at Gottingen and Oxford, and his record was again a most distinguished one. He became Assistant to the Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and, subsequently, Principal of University College, Dundee. His trans-

lations from the classic languages have earned for him the cordial approval of competent critics, and he was known in Scotland as "one of the finest Latin men of our time." No less emphatic are the encomiums upon his force and skill in university management at Dundee, and we read that "as an administrator he is the happy possessor of a rare business acumen, which has won for him the gratitude and respect of his colleagues and the admiration of his opponents." Principal Peterson has only been a few months at McGill, but already he has adapted himself with tact to the new surroundings, and from all quarters testimony comes that the authorities, in selecting him, chose wisely.

The old institution has many hundred graduates, scattered over distant lands, who will follow this new chapter in its history with keen appreciation and loyal affection.

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#### THE TWILIGHT FAIRY.

WHEN little heads are drowsy, and little bodies tire,  
The time has come to gather round and watch the glowing fire,  
And in the inky corners, where all danger lurking lies,  
The Twilight Fairy hovers in the dark of sleepy eyes.

Round all the room she flutters, and waves her dusky wings,  
And shadows play upon the walls—the queerest looking things!  
The firelight flickers cheerily, and darts into the gloom  
Its fierce, red eyes to search in all the corners of the room.

But yet it cannot reach them, and the darkness grows apace,  
The Twilight Fairy softly laughs as she flits from place to place.  
Her shadowy form you never see, but yet the children know  
That every night she stealeth in, with movements soft and slow.

And little heads are fallen now, and eyes are fast asleep,  
Only one boy a-dreaming sees the fire flame and leap.  
And the Twilight Fairy loves him, and wraps her veil around,  
For the world would be a poor place did we never leave the ground.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.



## A QUINTETTE OF VETERANS.

*Five relicts of the Legislature of the United Canadas who are now Members of the House of Commons.*

BY J. E. ATKINSON.

THE parliament which is living out its last days at the capital city and dying with the violence and death throes of some leviathan, is the seventh which confederated Canada has known. In that it has held six sessions and paid six indemnities it occupies a unique position. Two parliaments have held five sessions and thus filled out their ordinary span of life; three ran each one session short, while one had but an ill-fated existence of one session and a fraction of another. Looking back over the years to that November day in 1867 when first assembled in one chamber the representatives of the fourfold Provinces, among the ideas which are likely to come to one who looks down upon the men filling the places of those first members, the question half curious and half respectful asks itself: How many are

left of those who stood sponsors at that historic baptism. Gray heads and bald there are in plenty among the two hundred-odd who, when the chamber of the Commons is full, are seated there. But which of these were present on that memorable day when Governor Monk with his troopers came clattering up to the building to speak to the people of the new-born federation?

Nine members there are who, despite the vicissitudes of popular elections and ups and downs of party fortunes, are sitting in the closing days of this seventh parliament—some of them in the late evening of their political careers, and one or two it may be in the nightfall to which there follows no daybreak, no waking to further service. Checkered and varied have been their careers—varied the



measure of their success and varied the honor and returns with which they have been rewarded. The names of the nine are Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.; Sir John Carling, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Hector Langevin, Messrs. Bourassa, Costigan, Bowman and M. C. Cameron, and Dr. Cameron of Inverness. Not all have remained in the House continuously ever since. Five were members of the old legislative assembly of United Canada and have most nearly had an unbroken service throughout the intervening years, and portraits of these five gentlemen accompany this article.

#### SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

Prominent among them is one whose introduction to parliamentary life was at that period in the history of the union of Upper and Lower Canada when the "dead-lock" between the political parties held the constitution in suspense. Both parties had tried to carry on the government and failed. Successive dissolutions had served no purpose save to intensify the spirit of faction and to array the parties more bitterly against each other. To that state of affairs described as the parent of Confederation, Richard J. Cartwright made his bow in 1863 as member of the united counties of Lennox and Addington. Wealthy, educated and already an authority on finance, he seemed destined for success. Since that time he has seen the virile generation, to which the Fathers of Confederation belonged, with few exceptions, pass off the scene. For thirty-odd years he has sat in parliament without absence for one session, except in 1883 when his constituency was "redistributed" out of existence.

Now in his sixty-first year he is regarded by many people as the strongest mind in our public life, although as to that there will be differences of opinion. If one sought to sum up his personality in one word, that word would be—force. His physique and mentality alike suggest it. His argu-

ments are forged as with the strokes of a trip-hammer and projected with the force of a seige-gun. His ready speech and forceful language make it difficult to believe that he began his career as a slow and hesitating speaker with the additional handicap of a mannerism of pronunciation. Now he is one of the most notable orators whom Canadian legislatures have developed. His language is a model of strength and polished simplicity, vigorous and luminous, with a smack of old Saxon in the turn of some phrases which gives it a distinctive and piquant style. As a debater, he is cool and not to be moved out of his perfect self-possession. Bitter as are his denunciations of his opponents when he essays to deliver a set speech, he is in ordinary intercourse with his opponents considerate and courteous. His criticisms, except upon occasions of set speeches, are moderately worded and generally quite fair, as his opponents will admit.

He has never lacked the good will and admiration of his political friends although he is less understood by the rank and file of his party, than some other of their leaders, for which, no doubt, his own reclusive habits are responsible. He is admitted by every one to be scrupulously honest, and with his honesty, to be shrewd enough to circumvent the dishonesty of others. How great his usefulness and influence have been, cannot be measured in the same way as the services of men who have filled long terms in office. But we may be sure that the services are not void of effect and value which are given to his country by every public-spirited man, whether those services be as administrator or critic, as a practitioner of honesty, or assailant of dishonesty.

#### SIR JOHN CARLING.

Political fortunes, like other fortunes, are subject to inscrutable fluctuations. The enjoyment of office is denied to some men until late in life,

and then they die in harness, as a faithful worker may well desire to die when his time shall have come. To other men the responsibilities of government come early in their lives. To the latter Sir John Carling belongs. He commenced his political career in 1857, when he was elected member for London to the Canadian assembly. With one exception his record is the longest of any member of the present Parliament. Office came to him five years after his first election, when he was appointed Receiver-General of Canada. From confederation until 1871, he sat both in the Commons and the Legislature of Ontario, and in the latter held the portfolio of Agriculture and Public Works. When dual representation was abolished, he made his choice for the Federal House. He was taken into Sir John Macdonald's Government in 1882, and was Postmaster-General until 1885, when he changed to the Department of Agriculture. He was for years an influential figure in the politics of Western Ontario. His wealth, doubtless, gave him some advantage, but he was also possessed of an urbanity of manner and kindness of heart which won him many friends. It would be too much to suppose that the heat of party fires should not have forged some shafts of attack, but there can be no doubt that his long record, if we may except the election transaction, for which the responsibility should be distributed among his advisers, although the penalty of public opinion has fallen upon

his head alone, is such an one as may be pointed to with pride by his friends. Sir John Macdonald used to say that no man could be as honest as John Carling looked. Whether that be so or not, true it is that no gentler, or more benevolent, or honester countenance could easily be found than that of the old man, whose tall, straight figure these two or three sessions past may have been seen walking about the corridors of the buildings in which a few years ago he exercised the power of office. That was before younger men with methods different from his, and with younger energies, pressed

him out of the place he filled for so long a time in the councils and leadership of his party. For him, too, this session is the last he will sit through as the representative of the city which first elected him as a young man to commence the long career now closing under circumstances which cannot but arouse cer-



SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

tain sympathetic reflections.

## SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

Among the Fathers of Confederation was one whose name has ever since occupied a prominent position in contemporary history, and who is the only survivor in the House (except Sir Charles Tupper) of the men who met at Charlottetown and Quebec. Sir Hector Langevin held a portfolio in the Government of the United Canadas from 1864 until Confederation. He attended the conferences of the delegates from the four provinces in 1864, and there took part in the

fashioning of the constitution of the Dominion. He was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Secretary of State on the 1st July, 1867. From that day he held office continuously down to 1891, except for the five years that the Conservative party was in opposition. From the "sealing-wax department" he steadily worked his way up the ladder of ministerial importance. After the death of Sir George Cartier, he was elected by the Conservatives in the session of 1873 to be the Conservative leader in the Province of Quebec. And when he was put in charge of one of the great spending departments in 1879, he had reached a position which gave him great influence, and at the same time entailed responsibilities in connection with the administration of the public works of the country, which twelve years later wrought his downfall in the session of 1891.

He was never an eloquent platform speaker. This fact, and the further one that the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, one of his colleagues, was a popular orator of remarkable power, gave ground for the notion that between the two a bitter rivalry prevailed, a notion to which subsequent development gave color. Sir Hector's almost sole characteristic was his great industry. Since his retirement from the Government, under the stress of the revelations of 1891, he has dropped out of current politics, except that his name is used by Liberal speakers to illustrate their speeches. He seldom takes part in the proceedings of Parliament. On two occasions since 1891 he has risen to his feet to discuss the non-political subject of the boundary between Quebec and Ontario. Whether or not he hopes to see the clouds roll by, and to be able to re-establish himself, can only be guessed, for he is a silent man, with an inscrutable exterior. A few weeks ago, during the Ottawa crisis, his name was mentioned as a possible member of the Bowell administration, but the mere mention was enough to show

that his propitiation is not yet complete. It is a healthful sign politically that it should be so, for whether it be true or not that Sir Hector and his offences were not worse than other politicians, there would be no hope for a country in which moral sense was dead, and the memory of public unfaithfulness so short.

There is always in Parliament a body of men who, while not making much glare in the public eye, yet possess the strong sound judgment and experience which is as essential to the despatch of public business, and as useful as the more showy qualities of those whose names fill the newspapers, and occupy large places in the public mind. There must be leaders and spokesmen, but first there must be something to be spoken. Well and good if the thing to be spoken is spoken eloquently, and in such fashion as gratifies our ears, but no greater mistake could be made about parliamentary government, and no more superficial view of the underlying forces which control it than to forget in how large measure the leaders are but spokesmen, and in how far the responsibility for, and the character of what they speak rests upon the men who sit silent behind them.

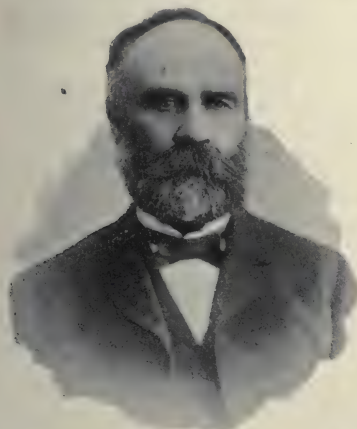
There must be captains and officers on the ship of state; a practised hand must be at the wheel, but these are helpless if the ship's crew are not also practised in seamanship (or statesmanship).

ISAAC ERB BOWMAN.

There is a desire among the electorate that their representatives should make speeches on the floor of Parliament. But, happily, the great public, in its shrewd fathoming of the true value of things, is not deceived for long by a mere maker of speeches, nor blinded long to the worth of men whose good qualities are unobtrusive. A score of men there are in the House of Commons whose voices are never heard in the debates, and whose names



seldom figure in the press, yet whose advice is listened to by their leaders, and their counsel received with respect in any emergency. The value of their



ISAAC ERB BOWMAN, M.P.

services, we may believe, is not less because they perform a quieter part in the government of the country. Among the men of this type is Isaac Erb Bowman, whose black hair and beard not yet thickly sprinkled with gray do not mark him out as one of the fathers of the House. His entry into public life dates back to 1864, when he was elected to the old Legislative Assembly of the United Canadas for the County of North Waterloo. Like a majority of his fellow members he served an apprenticeship in municipal trusts, and by his discharge of local responsibilities as well as by commercial success, reached and held the larger confidence which he has held for so many years. The close of this session will see his leave-taking of the political arena, and his departure will be regretted by those who have been his associates.

FRANCOIS BOURASSA.

Three or four rows behind the front seats on the Opposition side, and

almost under the press gallery, is the seat of the oldest member of the House. It is frequently empty these two sessions past, for the weight of years grows heavy for a head over which have passed the number of his winters. When he is in his place, a visitor in the galleries is not likely to see many more notable among the heads of the legislators than that of the member for St. John's, Que., with its crown of white hair, and the kindly features and shrewd eyes, half buried by a beard white as the crown above it. Few men there are in the House who were in public life when Francois Bourassa was not old. It was in 1854 that he entered upon his long political career, at the time when Separate Schools for Upper Canada, "Rep. by Pop." and other questions of a past generation were agitating the two Canadas and filling their legislative halls with religious and sectional bitterness. He has seen those disputes laid to rest, but unhappily he has also seen their places taken by succeeding



FRANCOIS BOURASSA, M.P.

broods of racial and religious misunderstandings. Comparing the relationship of the races in the fifties with the nineties, we may flatter ourselves

there is some improvement towards mutual understanding and some loosening of prejudices, but must we not also admit that it is not encouraging that these forty years of living under one roof have brought Ontario and Quebec no nearer together than they are, and that Catholic and Protestant, French and English, show still so much disposition to fly at each others' throats—"for the glory of God and patriotism."

It is many years since Francois Bourassa's voice has been heard in Parliament. At no time did he take a prominent part in the debates. From this he was precluded by the fact that in all the years he has been attending there, he has never learned to speak the English. Of his platform powers Quebec members speak in highest terms. Many are the stories told of how this small, plain-spoken man, with his keen wit and homely farmer ways used to make sport of certain city-bred orators who would come gaily enough into the lists against him.

Down to a few years ago his mind retained much of the keenness and activity which belonged to him in his

prime. But 83 years have left their mark, and his memory begins to play sad tricks upon him. Sitting in his seat some morning he will forget the hour of the day, and seeing about him few members in their places will wonder why the House does not adjourn when it has lost its quorum. Or on a Monday he will forget the day of the week, forget that he has just returned from his home where he spends his Sundays, and, under the belief that the day is Friday, will insist upon returning to L'Acadie. His memory is vague or altogether at fault so far as matters of recent occurrence are concerned, but the politics of twenty, thirty or forty years ago he discusses with the clearness which is often a peculiarity of age. In the redistribution of seats which was made in 1892, St. John's was united with the neighboring riding of Iberville. Mr. Bourassa's friend and neighbor, Mr. Bechard, who represents the latter, is to be the Liberal candidate for the new constituency, so that with the dissolution of this Parliament, Francois Bourassa will make his exit from a stage on which he has so long played a part.

#### 'NEATH SUMMER SKIES.

IN the dream and the hush of the summer night,  
 I stood two 'neath the pines on the mountain height,  
 A man and a woman with radiant eyes,  
 Clear as the stars of those summer skies.  
 And as they stood in the odorous air,  
 That July's flowers had breathed out there,  
 The man that gazed in that woman's face,  
 With form so perfect in curve and grace,  
 Had dreamed of a life of love and pride,  
 With that sweet woman by his side.

'Tis summer once more on that mountain height,  
 But they meet no more in the July night;  
 For summer dreams are like summer skies,  
 And are gone when the cold winds of winter rise

REGINALD GOURLAY.

## THE FACE IN THE TAM O' SHANTER.

I 'VE met it so oft in the busy street ;  
 'Tis framed in a Tam o' Shanter ;  
 That face so grave and shy and sweet,  
 That face in the Tam o' Shanter ;  
 I single it out from the surging throng,  
 That trim little figure that trips along,  
 So firm, yet so free and so airy.

Each evening I watch for the brow so grave  
 Of the face in the Tam o' Shanter,  
 Where soft and silky the tresses wave  
 Round the face in the Tam o' Shanter.  
 Often I've watched for a passing glance,  
 That beauty and truth so sweetly enhance,  
 Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter.

A man can but see as he learns to see,  
 Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter ;  
 One picture by rote I know I have got,  
 Of a face in a Tam o' Shanter.  
 The light in the eye is so steady and true,  
 No flippant philander its sparkles bestrew,  
 Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter.

If Cupid dare sport in a city street,  
 Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter ;  
 I fear for his arrows so straight and so fleet,  
 Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter.  
 I never could dawdle or sigh or repine,  
 But each hour (I own it) I wish you were  
 mine,  
 Dear face in the Tam o' Shanter.

AGNES ISABEL BAYNE.

## COLINETTE.

(From an unknown French poet.)

Colinette she had for name  
 In the summer of my prime ;  
 For the happy harvest time,  
 To her village home I came ;  
 I was but a school boy yet,  
 But a simple girl was she,  
 And she died in February.  
 Little Colinette.

Up and down the leafy close,  
 Hand in hand we used to run ;  
 How I revelled in the fun,  
 How she panted with the chase.  
 Finch and linnet, when we met,  
 Sang our loves that knew no wrong,  
 Made the burden of their song,  
 Little Colinette.

Then at last we met to part ;  
 Sat with darkening skies above ;  
 Love, (I knew it not for love),  
 Throbbing in my inmost heart,  
 Hiding all my soul's regret,

"Till another year," I said  
 As I took her hand, "Good-bye,  
 Little Colinette."

Oh, the story's very old,  
 Very common, that I tell,  
 Not the less will tears upwell  
 Whensoever the story's told.  
 Many a witching young coquette,  
 Now I woo with poet's pen,  
 Once alone I lov'd, as then,  
 Little Colinette.

EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON, M.A.

## IN ABSENCE.

What of the world ?  
 The world is old,  
 And cold.  
 The wind, through darkness hurled,  
 Sweeps in from sea.

What of the night ?  
 The night is dark ;  
 And hark !  
 The surge, in ominous flight,  
 Moans in from sea.

What of the hearth ?  
 The hearth is warm ;  
 The storm  
 Mars not, in all its wrath,  
 One thought of thee !

A. B. DE MILLE.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

## THE BROOKLET.

I'm only a little brooklet,  
 But merrily do I sing,  
 And kiss the stones as I roll by,  
 With a splash and an echoing ring.

I never loiter on my way,  
 But am always on the run,  
 From late at night to early dawn,  
 My work is never done.

For travel on I always must,  
 Until I reach the sea,  
 Where cradled on the great blue waves,  
 A part of it I'll be.

But till the ocean do I reach,  
 I still must ripple on,  
 To make life pleasant on my way,  
 I'll sing my merry song.

Montreal.

NORMA.



## ONLY JUSTICE.

BY WM. BLEASDELL CAMERON.

"And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock  
To pay with Huron blood the father's scars."

CAMPBELL.



It was not Gabrielle's fault. It all came of a little joke of her mother when the girl was but a child, for which she could in no wise be considered responsible. Unless, indeed, the mere fact of her existence—but who might hold her accountable for that?

Yet had it not been for her all that is here chronicled would never have taken place, nor this tale ever have been written. For, as everybody knows, there is always "A woman in the case."

Chief Thunder told me the story the other day, sitting in the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at his reservation on the Winnipeg River. Chief Thunder is very old—perhaps ninety—wrinkled, bent and deaf, and walks with a stick; this thing occurred when he was a stripling.

He removed his cap, and laid it carefully on the bench beside him; pushed his straight black hair back from his brown, leathern face, smoothing it with his hands, and regarded me silently for a moment out of his dull old eyes. Then straightening himself up against the counter, he began:—

"You ask me, my grandson, for a story of the old fur trade days. Well, this is one—something that was acted here—right on the river bank there

which you see through the window. It is a true one.

"When I was a boy the interpreter at the fort was Paul Lajeunesse, a French half-breed. He had a son named Baptiste, as well as a daughter, Gabrielle. He also took and reared as his own an Indian lad, whom we called "Mahingin" (The Wolf), but to whom he gave a French name which I do not now recollect.

"One day while these children were still young, Lajeunesse's wife said to the adopted boy, in fun—laughing and talking for lack of something else to do, as women will:—

"'Boy! when you grow up you will marry my daughter, Gabrielle.'

"Now, the girl was fair, tall and graceful, with long black, wavy hair—much handsomer than were our Indian maidens; and the boy, Mahingin, did not forget the words of his foster-mother, but kept them laid up within his mind.

"So when he had grown to be tall and strong and active, and commenced to think himself man enough to have a wife, he went to his foster-father and asked him for Gabrielle, saying that she had been promised to him in his boyhood by her mother.

"The old man was mending a snow-shoe. He paused, with the *babiche* between his fingers, and looked up sharply at the youth, incredulous. . . . He laughed loudly, in derision; then stopped abruptly, while his brow clouded, and snorted in a voice thick with anger:—

"'Quoi?—Give my girl to a wolf—to have a dog for a grandchild? . . . Kah win!—kah win! (No!—no!).'

"So Mahingin went about as before—only keeping *this* also in his mind.

"A year passed, and the master at the Fort sent the interpreter, Laju-



CHIEF THUNDER.

nesse, up the river to visit the camps of the hunting Indians and bring back their furs. He rode in a carriole, and Mahingin went with him and drove the dogs.

"As you know, my grandson, the driver of a dog-team always runs behind. Now, when they were gone a day and part of the next, the thought came into the head of Mahingin to kill his foster-father, and so possess himself of his daughter. Also he thought of the insulting words of his father who had adopted him, when he said his child would be a dog! . . .

"From the sled he took the gun which the trappers always carry to fill the kettle with meat. The old man sat leaning against the upright end of the sled, nodding. He did not dream, my grandson, of the dark design born under the wolferine cap of the young man who had grown up as his own

child. There was nothing strange about his taking the gun out.

"And so, when Mahingin had loaded it—with ball, my grandson—as he ran, he placed the muzzle between the shoulders of his father and pulled.

"The dogs, startled, stopped and looked back; the old man raised himself with pain and effort to his feet in the carriole and faced his assailant, who stood holding the gun still pointed towards him.

"His breath came in short, hard gasps. He looked, half in sorrow, half in reproach, at his adopted son.

"‘Do not shoot again, my son,’ he pleaded. ‘Don’t you see you have already given me my death wound?’

"But Mahingin was not so sure. He raised the rifle to the level of the old interpreter’s head and pulled again.



GABRIELLE.

"The ball went smashing through his forehead. He dropped forward with a groan, over the end of the carriole; his blood stained the snow.

"Now, when Mahingin saw what he had done he became afraid. He left the carriage and the dead man with the dogs on the road, and ran away to the tents of his brethren who were hunting in the woods.

"Well, as you know, my grandson, a train of dogs left to themselves for a time, cut the traces with their teeth. So, when Lajeunesse's train came home with nothing but the harness they knew something must be wrong. The

two men, whom the master sent to search for him, soon found out what it was, and they brought his body—hard, ah, so hard, like flint, and with that black, ugly hole between the eyes—to the fort. Baptiste — Lajeunesse's boy — said nothing, my grandson; he looked only, stood and looked, looked at the corpse of his father. But he made a

vow, my grandson; he swore—but that comes after. . . . Only remember that he said nothing—ever—that he told of it to no one.

"Four, five years went, but Mahingin never turned up at the fort to claim the hand of Gabrielle, the old man's daughter and Baptiste's sister. Perhaps he forgot all about her—who knows?—and took another wife. That is the way men frequently do, and

women also, especially women, my grandson."

The old chief leered and laughed softly to himself, the odd, vacant chuckle of senility. His feeble thoughts were ranging far, far back amid the scenes of a dead time, on a voiceless shore from which he was the last echo. . . .

He seemed to have forgotten his story. At length I ruffled the still waters of his dream—

"Well, did Mahingin never return to the fort?"

"Wait," he replied. . . .

"Baptiste was now interpreter in his father's stead. He enquired of the Indians each spring and fall, when they came with their furs to the fort from the hunts, if they had seen Mahingin, but they said no. Of course they knew where he was, but

they would not tell. For, though he had killed the interpreter's father, was he not of their own tribe and blood?

. . . . So Baptiste said nothing, but waited."

He paused again and sat with his head bowed, musing.

"And ———," I prompted.

"I was a boy, my grandson; and one afternoon in the Moon of Leaves, I was playing down there on the



PAUL LAJEUNESSE—THE INTERPRETER.





"Do not shoot again, my son!" he pleaded.

wharf, though it was a fine one then, and higher, with a house on the end and seats and railings along both sides.

"Looking up the broad sweep of the river, where the sun rested, I saw approaching a great brigade of bark canoes. It was the hunters returning in a body from the spring hunts. . . . I heard a voice at my elbow mutter, with a sound of grating teeth:—

"Perhaps, Mahingin,—*the dog!*—may be with them . . . in a big party he might think himself safe."

"I glanced back, afraid; then slunk away. It was Baptiste, the interpreter. He was waiting,—waiting still.

"Well; as it neared the fort, a salute rolled from the guns of the little fleet; and soon it was drawn up on the sandy beach alongside the wharf there.

"Baptiste walked down, and as each hunter stepped from his canoe, he shook him by the hand, welcoming him. . . . No one could have noticed any change in his face or his ordinary manner, my grandson, as he strolled leisurely down the bank towards the boats. Yet there seemed to be unusual warmth in his greeting, and his eyes danced with a strange wild fire of gladness. For ah! *at last*, Mahingin was there! . . . No one saw, either, the long, thin, keen-edged knife which lay along the under side of his right forearm, covered by his sleeve—the handle downward toward his palm!

"Mahingin was the last of the hunters to set his foot upon the beach. As he did so, Baptiste put forth his hand—not his *right* hand, my grandson, his left—and grasped the other's, placing himself thus, to the right of Mahingin, or more facing his left side. I stood off a little space watching.

"Suddenly Baptiste leant forward, . . . there was a flash in the sunlight, his right hand descended on Mahingin's back! . . . Again the hand was raised, and again it fell,—once—twice—on his chest this time,

with a sound like footfalls above one of our shallow graves. Ah! how the blood did leap red from the wounds as the knife left them! . . . Baptiste still held his hand; but at the third thrust his foster-brother gave a long, terrible cry, like a wolf, my grandson, like his name, and stumbling forward, fell with his face in the sand.

"Baptiste knelt down and threw him over on his back. He was not like a man, then,—Baptiste; he was like the Great Lynx that sinks his teeth in the throat, from whom there is no escape; his eyes were red and hot, like the sun in smoke; he did not know where he was; he did not see anybody—except Mahingin—he has a *devil!* He felt for his *heart*, my grandson,—and I suppose it still thumped, for *uh!* he pressed the blade in—and then—turned the handle—with his wrist—slowly—round and round! .

. . . Ah, he was wicked, that Baptiste—my grandson—when mad! . . . *Eigh!*—*Eigh!* . . . He wished to be sure he was dead!"

The old man leered as he looked at me, and chuckled insensately once more:

"After a moment, he got up, and taking the point of the knife between his thumb and forefinger—so—swung it slowly back and forth, watching the blood dripping from it at his feet; then opened his fingers and let it fall, as it swung, out into the stream. Then he turned to the hunters gazing dumbly by:

"Thus, O brothers and warriors, I avenge my blood, and deal death for death! . . . Five winters gone my father fell beneath the crack of a rifle in the grasp of this dastardly foundling, reared up as his son and my brother—under the same roof with me,—shot—with intent?—*Ay!* with intent—and when no one was near to see (but *I* knew—I learned the truth—he told . . . but no matter!)—*shot!*—and shot in the *back!* To-day I have killed his murderer—like a man, before you all. I have paid him

a stab for each bullet—with a couple thrown in for good measure; and if any say I have not done well,—let him speak—let him come and kill me—if he can.'



BAPTISTE.

"Now the silence which followed these words was fearful; for our people were many and strong in those days, my grandson, and had one weapon been pointed Baptiste would have been the mark for a handful of hissing lead.

"'He slew my father, I slew him,' he went on—'it is but justice—justice is all I ask. . . . Follow me to the master's house. There you shall have presents, and we will talk this matter out.'

"And turning his back to the sullen group, he led the way up the hill to the Big House in the centre of the Fort.

"The master was greatly alarmed; for he feared—and with reason, my grandson—that the Indians would destroy the Fort and slaughter all in it. He made them presents of tea, tobacco and other things. Then Baptiste got up in the middle of the great hall round which the warriors sat in a circle, and made a long speech. The

walls rang with that speech—for he could speak, my grandson, as one of ourselves—and in it he told again all I have told you now. How Mahingin had been brought up as his brother by his father; how he had cruelly shot that father, like the coward he was, from behind, and then—when he begged him not to shoot again—had sent a ball crashing through his head. How he himself had nourished the sweet thought of revenge, waiting and watching silently all these years. And then the time he waited for came—and he killed him—so—as they had seen.

"Still there was silence, till the chief rose. 'It was truth,' he assented, 'it was only justice. Say,' said he, 'you warriors, had this man slain the father of any one of you, would you not seek in return to slay him? . . . It is but natural; it is just.'

"The master made the last speech. He said:



MAHINGIN.

"I see, brothers, that you hold this in the right way. It is bad when the blood grows hot. But there will always be one to do wrong, among red



or white. . . . See, here are two kegs of rum. 'Take it up to your camp and drink, that it may give you good hearts.'

"So they shook hands, everyone; and after that Mahingin was buried in the bank there, under the steps leading down to the wharf. Then everything was *mee-u-pi-u*; the blood of our people no longer ran hot and the trouble was put at rest.

"He had few words, the master, my grandson, but he knew the path

to an Indian's heart was down his throat."

He picked up his cap, and as he placed the plug of *stemow* I handed him in his fire-bag, concluded:

"Baptiste was long interpreter at the Fort here."

"But Gabrielle?"

"Oh she married, of course, a clerk who afterwards became a big master in the company. You may see her descendants to-day all over the country."

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### MY LADYE.

My ladye's name is Madeline,  
Her coming clothes the earth with green  
And spreads the sky with fairer sheen,  
With sunlit cloud-dreams in between.

The sunset pauses in the West  
In brighter evening glory drest,  
The wild-bird twitters in her nest,  
The twilight falls with deeper rest.

It seems that when my ladye smiles,  
The cool deep shadows of her eyes  
Are lit with radiance from the skies,  
Like purple clouds where sunlight lies.

No coiled or braided locks hath she,  
But auburn tresses rippling free,  
Where sunbeams hide right winsomely  
And weave a golden net for me.

And when she meets me by the stream,  
So pure and childlike doth she seem,  
I fear me 'tis a teasing dream—  
My ladye's name is Madeline.

ISABELLE E. MACKAY.

## PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

BY F. TILLEMONT THOMASON.



PROF. RÖNTGEN.

HERR WILHELM KONRAD RÖNTGEN, (pronounced Runt-ghen), the professor of Physics in the small university of Würzburg, is the discoverer of a phenomenon which has sent the educated world into a buzz of

excitement as never before; and the enthusiasm has extended from physicists themselves to the members of almost every profession and trade.

Würzburg, the Capital of Lower Franconia in Bavaria, is situated on the River Maine, and is a small manufacturing town of about 63,000 population. It was the seat of an ancient bishopric, and principality of the old German Empire, was founded in the year 741, A.D., and was the capital city of a grand-duchy in the days of the great Napoleon. Its university was founded in 1403, and although it fell into disuse shortly after, it was refounded in the year 1582, and has ever been famous for its medical and physical researches.

The present occasion is not the first time that Professor Röntgen has specially distinguished himself; on a former occasion, about the year 1889, he contributed to the scientific world very important observations concerning various phenomena of light and air.

### THE NEW RAYS.

Some thirty years ago, Professor Hittorf of the Academy of Münster in Westphalia; and later on, Professor Crooke, in England, both discovered the qualities of rays produced inside

vacuum tubes by means of electrical induction coils: and about two years ago, Professor Lenard published his full investigations on the rays—*Kathode*, or negative pole rays, as they are called—and he proved that they belong to the universal æther, and have the power of passing through every sort of body; these Kathode rays have their origin within the vacuum tube, and they can be deviated from their straight course by magnetic influence; their behaviour *within* the vacuum tube was fully investigated, and since then has been the subject of frequent experiments before physics classes in every university—and it was while experimenting with these Kathode rays within the tube, that Professor Röntgen discovered that the Kathode rays in passing through the tube, or rather *after* passing through, take on other qualities, producing entirely novel and most interesting phenomena.

It is now, thanks to an alert and enlightened press, a matter of universal knowledge how the Professor in the course of certain experiments with the Kathode rays chanced to completely cover his tube with a cover of black cardboard through which ordinary light could not pass, and was astonished, on looking round, to see a paper screen, standing six feet away, and prepared with a phosphorescing material, become instantly luminous.

Herr Röntgen immediately followed the matter up and found that the rays were able to penetrate other and denser materials—he pursued his investigations and experiments for several weeks before he announced his discovery to the Würzburg Physico-Medical Society last December, when it was translated from the original German into English, as soon as possible

**FIG. 1.**

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

'Negative' photo. of Prof. Cox's hand, printed direct from the original  
'positive' plate taken by Prof. Cox at McGill University.





**FIG. 2.**

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

'Positive' photo. from a 'negative' plate or transparency, taken from the original 'positive' plate. This photo. gives the effect as seen on the original plate, and is the first one of its kind given to the public. (*See next page.*)

by Mr. Arthur Stanton, from the "Sitzungs-berichte-der-Würzburger Physic Medic. Gesellschaft, 1895," and printed in No. 1369 of vol. 53 of *Nature*, January 23rd, 1896; and since then has been flashed all over the world, and reproduced by thousands of newspapers.

#### EXPERIMENTS AT MCGILL.

The instant that fateful number of *Nature* reached Canadian soil, Professor Cox, the eminent Physicist of McGill University, Montreal, started upon a series of practical experiments with the new rays, and achieved even finer results than those attained by Professor Röntgen.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of February, Professor Cox made his first attempt before a concourse of professional men and students and took photographic impressions of his own hand; which by his kindness I am able to present to my readers in figures 1 and 2.

The apparatus used by Professor Cox include a Crooke's tube of glass about two inches in diameter and eight inches long, to each end of which he attached the wires of a large induction coil, and battery capable of 100,000 volts; these were placed upon a table, and at a few inches distance was placed a heavy block of wood, supporting an ordinary photographic "plate-holder," containing an extra rapid, 50-sensitometer, Stanley "dry-plate"  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and covered with a mahogany lid, so as to exclude daylight—for the experiment was conducted in full daylight—and upon this lid Professor Cox rested his hand, Fig 3.

After an exposure of twenty minutes, the plate was taken away and "developed" in the ordinary manner, and shortly after Professor Cox re-entered the laboratory, and delighted his audience with a view of the "plate," (Fig. 2) shewing a *positive* picture, exact life size, of the bones of his hand, right up to the wrist; the flesh being

daintly visibly around the bones; indeed, so exceedingly perfect was the result that even the lines of the palm can be distinctly observed.

The "plate" itself presents the appearance shown in Fig. 2, and is a *positive*; unlike "plates" in ordinary photography which are *negative* because ordinary lens photography is the result of reflected or reversed rays, while this is caused by the direct action of the new light on the plate *hindered only by the density of the bones*: hitherto Prof. Röntgen, *Nature*, and others have had prints made direct from the original *positive* plate for the purposes of illustrations as in Fig. 1, but I was happily able to point out to Mr. Notman, in time for publication in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, that such a print is a *negative* and therefore an incorrect representation of the original plate; Mr. Notman immediately accepted the suggestion and kindly caused an intermediate "plate," or transparency, to be prepared from the original "plate," and then printed from the transparency the photo reproduced in Fig. 2; thus the reader will have, for the first time the advantage of seeing exactly what the actual "plate" taken in the laboratory looks like, and on comparison will find that Fig. 2, gives a much clearer and more correct idea of the bones than Fig. 1, which latter only has hitherto been used for illustrative purposes—unfortunately.

Since this first experiment at McGill, Professor Cox has been literally besieged not merely with enquiries but with applications from medical men, to take photographs of wounds and fractures that have offered unusual difficulties. Thus on Christmas eve last in a drunken fight a young man was shot with a revolver; probing failed to locate the bullet; however after two weeks detention the wound healed over and the youth left the Montreal General Hospital; all went well for nearly a month when the

wound again became troublesome from the fact that the bullet still remained embedded in the leg. On February 6th, the youth was taken to Professor Cox's laboratory and photographed—his leg was bound down to something solid and immovable, a plate and holder placed on one side, and a Crooke's tube on the other side, and when after forty-five minutes exposure the plate was developed in the usual chemical baths in the "dark" room, it was found to give a sufficiently clear indication that the bullet was lodged between the small and the large bones of the leg; owing to a too short exposure the plate is useless for reproduction, although plain enough to enable the surgeons to perform a successful and rapid operation the next day, and thus one poor suffering mortal has been sent his way rejoicing by means of Prof. Röntgen's discovery. This "plate" will be touched up enough for reproduction in the *Journal of the Medical Association*, as it exhibits a very interesting case of the tortuous course of a bullet inside the human body.

Professor Cox having now shown the medical profession here and in various parts of Canada, how to employ the new rays, has given up further experiments of this practical nature, and is engaged in experimenting upon and thinking out the physical philosophy of the phenomena involved; like a true scientist he wants to understand *the why and the wherefore*.

Perhaps there is not even one solitary university in the whole world which is not at this present time busily employed in experimenting with these new rays; either seeking to extend their practical utility like Mr. Edison is doing, or trying to discover their nature and causes.

#### PROPERTIES OF THE NEW RAYS.

So far, much is a mere matter of speculation, this, however, is certain, *within* the Crooke's tube the rays are ordinary Kathode rays; that within

the walls of the tube these Kathode rays end in phosphorescence, and that where the Kathode rays end the new rays commence.

Kathode rays can be bent, and if they are bent *within* the tube it will be found that the new rays will take a different direction, *i.e.* will continue the new direction given to the Kathode rays; but once outside of the tube the new rays cannot be deviated from their straight course, nor can they be regularly reflected; therefore prisms and lenses have no effect upon them.

Of course these new rays have always existed in connection with the Kathode ray-experiments in Crooke's and other vacuum tubes, but as such experiments were always conducted in open daylight the tube had never chanced to be covered with any ordinarily opaque substance, and thus no one had ever observed the power of these Kathode rays to produce a special kind of ray, *beyond* the confines of the tube, of a different nature from the Kathode rays themselves *within* the tubes; until Prof. Röntgen happened to carelessly throw a shade over one of them and noticed a phosphorescing screen two yards away immediately light up.

The new rays differ from Kathode rays principally in that the former will not bend or deviate sensibly from a straight course, and again air absorbs the new rays to a much less extent than it does the Kathode rays; and all other bodies also seem more transparent to the new rays than to the Kathode rays.

As illustrating the power of the new rays I may mention that they will penetrate two ordinary packs of playing cards, or a book of one thousand pages, also thin plates of copper, silver, lead, gold and platinum; water and several other fluids are very transparent to the new rays, while the salts of the metals either solid *or in solution* behave like the metals themselves; increasing thickness increases the hindrance of any material to the rays



The following table gives the actual and relative thickness in millimetres, and the relative density to the new rays of the metal plates used by Prof. Röntgen.

METAL.	ACTUAL THICKNESS	RELATIVE THICKNESS	DENSITY.
Platinum....	.018 m m	1	25.5
Lead.....	.050 " "	3	11.3
Zinc.....	.100 " "	6	7.1
Aluminium..	3.500 " "	200	2.6

The new rays; called by Prof. Röntgen X rays, for the time being, because X is the mathematical symbol of any *unknown* quantity or quality; cause phosphorescence in various substances such as barium-platino-cyanide, calcium-sulphide, uranium glass, Iceland spar, rock salt, etc; and it is a question whether the photographic silver-nitrate plate is affected directly by the rays, *i.e.*, by physical fluorescence; or, by a secondary chemical result, *i.e.*, by chemical fluorescence, induced by the fluorescence of the material of the plate.

As might be expected of rays so like the ultra-violet rays of the *cold* end of the spectrum, these X rays do not produce heat to any noticeable extent, so that the phenomena cannot be explained on any calorific basis, as has been attempted by some enthusiasts, who were evidently in a great hurry to settle the matter.

The X rays are invisible to the eye, not because the material of the eye is impermeable by them, but because they are of an order to which the eye is not sensitive.

Most *thick* metal plates appear to be entirely opaque to the X rays; aluminum is relatively transparent; thin metal foils are slightly transparent, and while card-board, ebonite, leather, wood, slate, and carbon, are all very transparent, yet glass, especially that kind of glass invented by Faraday which contains borate of lead, is exceedingly opaque to X rays.

#### SUGGESTIVE THEORIZING.

Now everybody wants to know why all this is so; and I only wish I could tell them; the answer is one of Nature's most closely guarded secrets: a full and correct answer would almost open the door to the discovery of the essence of Life itself, as it would involve a perfect understanding of the prime causes and qualities of Energy, Matter and Æther: science has not yet attained to this enviable position, this miragic Mecca of the philosopher. Although it would be from the purpose of this article to enter very deeply into a scientific consideration of these phenomena, yet I think that a few words concerning the most recent ideas held by modern physicists about æther and matter and their *light* manifestations will perhaps give the unprofessional reader a better understanding of the significance and bearing of Prof. Röntgen's discovery.

A few years ago we were told that this world, and all the other world's around ours, were composed of atoms of matter in various degrees of motion, and that what appeared to be different substances were merely various manifestations of the same *matter* involved in different degrees of energy—we were told that all the worlds were suspended in a universal sea of a species of fluid called æther; we were told that each atom of solid, hard matter, however inconceivably small, yet had a distinct existence, and, moreover, was separately wrapped up in a quantity of æther; and, indeed, many physicists still hold to this view. But as the cap did not fit all round, and as the so-called electric fluid still remained inexplicable, a new theory arose out of the numberless experiments seeking the nature of electricity, and the idea began to gain ground some seven or eight years ago, chiefly headed by Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), that *everything everywhere* is composed of æther; that there is no thing in all the

worlds nor in all space other than æther.

We are now told that the universal Universe consists of *one continuous substance* filling all space, perfectly homogeneous and simple, existing equally everywhere, "*some portions* either at rest or in simple irrotational motion, transmitting the undulations which we call light; *other portions* in rotational motion, in vortices (whirlwinds inconceivably small), and differentiated (*i.e.* distinguished), permanently from the rest of the me-

the speed, of the size, of the shape and of the direction of these infinitely small whirlwinds of æther, we can understand, without any great mental strain, that vortices of certain speeds and certain directions coming into action against other vortices either of similar or dissimilar speed or direction or both, produce harmonious or in-harmonious results accordingly.

Thus the vortices of Kathode rays, within the vacuum tube, coming into contact with the vortices forming the so-called glass of the tube, produce a

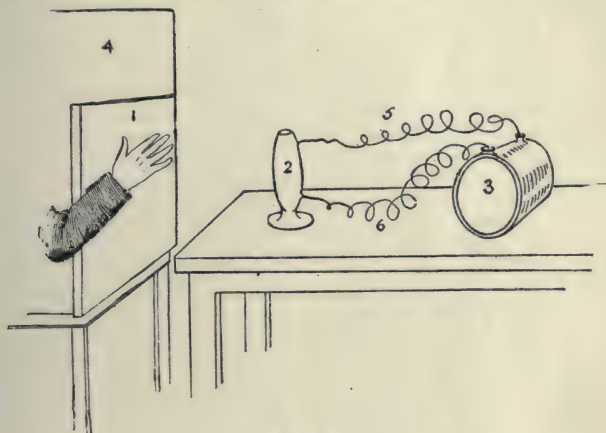


FIG. 3.

PHOTOGRAPHING A HAND.

1. Photographic Plateholder with plate.
2. Crooke's tube.
3. Induction coil.

4. Wooden block for steadying plate holder.
5. Negative pole.
6. Positive pole.

dium by reason of this motion—these whirling portions are what we call matter: their motion gives them rigidity, and of them our bodies and all other material bodies with which we are acquainted are built up.”<sup>(1)</sup>

Electricity—as likewise everything else—if now spoken of by physicists, as simply a manifestation of æther in motion, as also is light: and thus, as all the various phenomena of Nature are apparently but modifications of

new motion in connection also with the vortices of the air outside the tube, which resultant motion (now called the new X rays), in turn acts upon the vortices of the material placed in front of the phosphorescing screen or photographic plate (presumably in a more or less thoroughly harmonious manner), and thus react upon the vortices forming the air on the other side of the apparently opaque obstacle, and again act upon the vortices forming the phosphorescing material on the screen (this time probably inhar-

(1) Modern views of Electricity; by O. I. Lodge. Macmillan.

moniously, since a change is effected).

And thus is set at rest forever, *i. e.* supposing this æther theory is correct, the vexed questions of the difference between chemical and physical phosphorescence, and whether the "latent" image on a photographic plate is produced by direct physical impression upon the sensitive silver, or by chemical change.

The two ideas are now shown to be mere words, and the theory of change is limited to change of speed or size, or shape or direction, or all four together, of the vortices.

To give the reader a better idea of the endless variety of combinations possible on account of mere difference in speed only of these æther whirlwinds, I may mention that to produce æther waves one yard long 300,000,000 oscillations per second are required. An atom of sodium executes 500,000,000,000,000 vibrations in one second, this is about a medium pace and produces upon the retina of the eye a sensation called "deep yellow"; red light is produced by a much slower motion, viz., about 400,000,000,000,000 revolutions per second, while blue light is quicker, or about 700,000,000,000,000 per second; these figures represent the rotary speed of the vortices forming the material or *effect* capable of appreciation by organs composed in turn of vortices that have directions and speeds either harmonious or inharmonious to those exciting the effect; or neutral, in which case no effect is perceived by such organ.

Now, finally to apply this rough sketch of the ætherial theory to Prof. Röntgen's X rays; we have seen that the vortices of the red-warm rays of

light are the result of 400,000,000,000,000 oscillations per second; that heat is a slow form of motion; that the vortices of the cold-blue rays have nearly double the speed of warm-red rays, viz., 700,000,000,000,000 oscillations per second; that *somewhere* below the red, and *somewhere* above the blue speeds we must arrive at the limits of our limited human visual perception; that the X rays are not perceptible to our eyes; that being ultra-ultra-violet rays they are probably ultra cold, and finally, are probably of *far greater speed* of vortex rotation than the ordinary blue, or even ultra-violet rays perceived by the eye, which high speed would account for their *almost* perfect resistance to deviation by either prismatic or magnetic speeds and forms of vortex motion.

The vortices of Kathode rays are undoubtedly very rapid, but those of X rays are probably immensely more so—the oscillating vortices of the Kathode rays have probably, as the result of their action upon the vortices of the glass of the vacuum tube and upon the vortices of the denser air outside the tube, become geared as it were to an extra immense speed, which speed is probably reduced more or less in the wood or metal interposed between them and the phosphorescing screen or "plate," and becomes arrested or changed in speed, shape and direction of rotation by the vortices of the fluorescent material or the silver nitrate of the photographic plate.

But, at best, this is only a speculation based upon the Thomsonian theory of a Universal Æther, in various motions and speeds, constituting everything everywhere.





## KATE CARNEGIE.\*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A HOME OF MANY GENERATIONS

IT was the custom of the former time to construct roads on a straight line, with a preference for up hill and down, and engineers refused to make a circuit of twenty yards to secure level ground. There were two advantages in this uncompromising principal of construction, and it may be doubtful which commended itself most to the mind of our fathers. Roads were drained after the simplest fashion, because a standing pool in the hollow had more than a compensation in the dryness of the ascent and descent, while the necessity of slithering down one side and scrambling up the other reduced driving to the safe average of four miles an hour—horse doctors forming a class by themselves, and being preserved in their headlong career by the particular Providence which has a genial regard for persons who have too little sense or have taken too much liquor. Degenerate descendants, anxious to obtain the maximum of speed with the minimum of exertion, have shown a quite wonderful ingenuity in circumventing hills, so the road between Drumtochty Manse and Tochty Lodge gate was duplicated, and the track that plunged into the hollow was now forsaken of wheeled traffic and overgrown with grass.

"This way, Kate; it's the old road, and the way I came to kirk with my mother. Yes, it's narrow, but we 'ill get

through and down below—it is worth the seeing."

So they forced a passage where the overgrown hedges resisted the wheels, and the trees, wet with a morning shower, dashed Kate's jacket with a pleasant spray, and the rail of the dog-cart was festooned with tendrils of honeysuckle and wild geranium.

"There is the parish kirk of Drumtochty," as they came out and halted on the crest of the hill, "and though it be not much to look at after the Norman churches of the south, it's a brave old kirk in our fashion, and well set in the Glen."

For it stood on a knoll, whence the ground sloped down to the Tochty, and it lay with God's acre around it in the shining of the sun. Half-a-dozen old beeches made a shadow in the summer-time, and beat off the winter's storms. One, standing at the west corner of the kirkyard, had a fuller and sweeter view of the Glen than could be got anywhere save from the beeches at the Lodge; but then nothing like unto that can be seen far or near, and I have marvelled why painting men have never had it on their canvas.

"Our vault is at the east end, where the altar was in the old days, and there our dead of many generations lie. A Carnegie always prayed to be buried with his people in Drumtochty, but as it happened, two out of three of our house have fallen on the field, and so most of us have not had our wish.

\* This story commenced in the February number. Chapters I. and II. describe the return to Kildrummie of General Carnegie and his daughter with interesting sketches of Muirtown Station and the Junction. Two other interesting characters are introduced, Peter, the brakeman, and young Carmichael, the Free Kirk Minister at Drumtochty. These Chapters have been issued in pamphlet form, and may be secured for a three cent stamp enclosed in a letter to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto.

"Black John, my grandfather, was out in '45, and escaped to France. He married a Highland lassie orphaned there, and entered the French service, as many a Scot did before him since the days of the Scots Guards. But when he felt himself a-dying, he asked leave of the English government to come home, and he would not die till he laid himself down in his room in the tower. Then he gave directions for his funeral, how none were to be asked of the countyfolk but Drummonds and Hays and Stewarts from Blair Arnold and such like that had been out with the Prince. And he made his wife promise that she would have him dressed for his coffin as he fought on Culloden field, for he had kept the clothes.

"Then he asked that the window should be opened that he might hear the lilting of the burn below; and he called for my father, who was only a young lad, and commanded him to enter one of the Scottish regiments and be a loyal kingsman, since all was over with the Stewarts.

"He said a prayer and kissed his wife's hand, being a courtly gentleman, and died listening to the sound of the water running over the stones in the den below."

"It was as good as dying on the field," said Kate, her face flushing with pride; "that is an ancestor worth remembering; and did he get a worthy funeral?"

"More than he asked for; his old comrades gathered from far and near, and some of the chiefs that were out of hiding came down, and they brought him up this very road, with the pipers playing before the coffin. Fifty gentlemen buried John Carnegie, and every man of them had been out with the Prince.

"When they gathered in the stone hall that you 'll see soon, his friend-in-arms, Patrick Murray, gave three toasts. The first was 'the king,' and every man bared his head; the second was 'to him that is gone'; the third was 'to the friends

that are far awa'; and then one of the chiefs proposed another, 'to the men of Culloden'; and after that every gentleman dashed his glass on the floor. Though he was only a little lad at the time, my father never forgot the sight.

"He also told me that my grandmother never shed a tear, but looked prouder than he ever saw her, and before they left the hall she bade each gentleman good-bye, and to the chief she spoke in Gaelic, being of Cluny's blood and a gallant lady.

"Another thing she did also which the lad could not forget, for she brought down her husband's sword from the room in the turret, and Patrick Murray, of the House of Athole, fastened it above the big fireplace, where it hangs unto this day, crossed now with my father's, as you will see, Kate, unless we stand here all day going over old stories."

"They're glorious stories, dad; why didn't you tell them to me before? I want to get into the spirit of the past and feel the Carnegie blood swinging in my veins before we come to the Lodge. What did they do afterwards, or was that all?"

"They mounted their horses in the courtyard, and as each man passed out of the gate he took off his hat and bowed low to the widow, who stood in a window I will show you, and watched till the last disappeared into the avenue; but my father ran out and saw them ride down the road in order of threes, a goodly company of gentlemen. But this sight is better than horsemen and swords."

They were now in the hollow between the kirk and the Lodge, a cup of greenery surrounded by wood. Behind, they still saw the belfry through the beeches; before, away to the right, the grey stone of a turret showed among the trees. The burn that sang to Black John ran beneath them with a pleasant sound, and fifty yards of turf climbed up to the cottage where the old road joined the new

and the avenue of the Lodge began. Over this ascent the branches met, through which the sunshine glimmered and flickered, and down the centre came a white and brown cow in charge of an old woman.

"It's Bell Robb that lives in the cottage there among the bushes. I was at the parish school with her, Kate—she's just my age—for we were all John Thamson's bairns in those days, and got our learning and our licks together, laird's son and cotter's daughter.

"People would count it a queer mixture now-a-days, but there were some advantages in the former parish school idea; there were lots of cleverer subalterns in the old regiment, but none knew his men so well as I did. I had played and fought with their kind. Would you mind saying a word to Bell . . . just her name or something?" for this was a new life to the pride of the regiment, as they called Kate, and Carnegie was not sure how she might take it. Kate was a lovable lass, but like every complete woman, she had a temper and a stock of prejudices. She was *bon camarade* with all true men, although her heart was whole, and with a few women that did not mince their words or carry



"I AM THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER."

two faces; but Kate had claws inside the velvet, and once she so handled with her tongue a young fellow who offended her that he sent in his papers. What she said was not much, but it was memorable, and every word drew blood. Her father was never quite certain what she would do, although he was always sure of her love.

"Do you suppose, dad, that I'm to take up with all your friends of the jackdaw days? You seem to have kept fine com-



pany." Kate was already out of the dog-cart, and now took Bell by the hand.

"I am the General's daughter, and he was telling me that you and he were playmates long ago. You'll let me come to see you, and you'll tell me all his exploits when he was John Carnegie?"

"To think he minded me, an' him sae lang awa' at the weary wars." Bell was between the laughing and the crying. "We're lifted to know oor laird's a General and that he's gotten sic honor. There's nae bluid like the auld bluid, an' the Carnegies cud aye afford tae be hamely."

"Ye're like him," and Bell examined Kate carefully; "but a' can tell yir mither's dochter, a weel-faured mettlesome lady as wes ever seen; wae's me, wae's me for the wars," at the sight of Carnegie's face; "but ye 'ill come in to see Marjorie. A'll mak her ready," and Bell hurried into the cottage.

"Marjorie has been blind from her birth. She was the pet of the school, and now Bell takes care of her. Davidson was telling me that she wanted to support Marjorie off the wages she earns as a field hand on the farms, and the parish had to force half-a-crown a week on them; but hear this."

"Never mind hoo ye look," Bell was speaking. "A' canna keep them waitin' till ye be snoddit."

"Gie me ma kep, at ony rate, that the minister brocht frae Perth, and Drumsheugh's shawl; it wudna be respectfu' to oor Laird, an' it his first veesit;" and there was a note of refinement in the voice, as of one living apart.

"Yes, I'm here, Marjorie," and the General stooped over the low bed where the old woman was lying, and this is my daughter, the only child left me; you would hear that all my boys were killed."

"We did that, and we were a' wae for ye; a' thocht o' ye and a' saw ye in yir sorrow, for them 'at canna see outside see

the better inside. But it 'ill be some comfort to be in the hame o' yir people aince mair, and to ken ye've dune yir wark weel. It's pleasant for us to think the licht 'ill be burnin' in the windows o' the Lodge again, and that ye're come back aifter the wars."

"Miss Kate, wull ye lat me pass ma hand ower yir face, an' then a'll ken what like ye are better nor some 'at hes the joy o' seein' ye wi' their een. . . . The Glen 'ill be the happier for the sicht o' ye; a' thank ye for yir kindness to a puir woman."

"If you begin to pay compliments, Marjorie, I'll tell you what I think of that cap; for the pink is just the very shade for your complexion, and it's a perfect shape."

"Ma young minister, Maister Carmichael, seleckit it in Muirtown, an' a' heard that he went ower sax shops to find one to his fancy; he never forgets me, an' he wrote me a letter on his holiday. A'boddy likes him for his bonnie face an' honest ways."

"Oh, I know him already Marjorie, for he drove up with us, and I thought him very nice; but we must go, for you know I've not yet seen our home, and I'm just tingling with curiosity."

"You 'ill not leave without breakin' bread; it's little we ha'e, but we can offer ye oat-cake an' milk in token o' oor loyalty;" and then Bell brought the elements of Scottish food; and when Marjorie's lips moved in prayer as they ate, it seemed to Carnegie and his daughter like a sacrament. So the two went from the fellowship of the poor to their ancient house.

They drove along the avenue between the stately beeches that stood on either side and reached out their branches, almost but not quite unto meeting, so that the sun, now in the south, made a train of light down which the General and Kate came home. At the end of the

beeches the road wheeled to the right, and Kate saw for the first time the dwelling-place of her people. Tochtly Lodge was of the fourth period of Scottish castellated architecture, and till it fell into disrepair was a very perfect example of the sixteenth century mansion-house, where strength of defence could not yet be dispensed with, for the Carnegies were too near the Highland border to do without thick walls or to risk habitation on the ground floor. The buildings had first been erected on the L plan, and then had been made into a quadrangle, so that on the left was the main part, with a tower at the south-west corner over the den, and a wing at the south-east coming out to meet the gate. On the north-east and north were a tower and rooms now in ruins, and along the west ran a wall some six feet high with a stone walk three feet from the top whence you could look down on the burn. A big gateway, whose doors were of oak studded with nails, with a grated lattice for observation, gave entrance to the courtyard. In the centre of the yard there was an ancient oak and a draw-well whose water never failed. The eastern face was bare of ivy, except at the north corner, where stood the jack-daws' tower; but the rough grey stone was relieved by the tendrils and red blossoms of the hardy tropiolum which despises the rich soil of the south and the softer air, and grows luxuriantly on our homely northern houses. As they came to the



JANET MACPHERSON WAS WAITING IN THE DEEP DOORWAY.

gateway, the General bade Kate pull up and read the scroll above, which ran in clear-cut stone letters—

TRY AND THEN  
TRVST. BETTER GVDE  
ASSVRANCE  
BOT TRUST NOT  
OR. YE. TRY. FOR. FEAR  
OF. REPENTANCE.

"We've been a slow dour race, Kit, who never gave our heart lightly, but having given it, never played the traitor. Fortune has not favored us, for aye after aye has gone from our hands, but, thank God, we've never had dishonor."

"And never will, dad, for we are the last of the race"

Janet Macpherson was waiting in deep doorway of the tower, and gave Kate welcome as one whose ancestors had for three generations served the Carnegies, since the day Black John had married a Macpherson.

"Calf of my heart," she cried, and took Kate in her arms. "It is your foster-mother that will be glad to see you in the home of your people, and will be praying that God will give you peace and good days."

Then they went up the winding stone stair, with deep, narrow windows, and came into the dining-hall where the fifty Jacobites toasted the king and many a gathering had taken place in the olden time. It was thirty-five feet long by fifteen broad, and twenty-two feet high. The floor was of flags over arches below, and the bare stone walls showed at the windows and above the black oak paneling which reached ten feet from the ground. The fire-place was six feet high, and so wide that two could sit on either side within. Upon the mantelpiece the Carnegie arms stood out in bold relief under the two crossed swords. One or two portraits of dead Carnegies and some curious weapons broke the monotony of the walls, and from the roof hung a finely wrought iron candelabra. The western portion of the hall was separated by a screen of open woodwork, and made a pleasant dining-room. A door in the corner led into the tower, which had a library, with Carnegie's bedroom above, and higher still Kate's room, each with a tiny dressing closet. For the Carnegie's

always lived together in this tower, and their guests at the other end of the hall. The library had two windows. From one you could look down and see nothing but the foliage of the den, with a gleam of water where the burn made a pool, and from the other you looked over a meadow with big trees to the Tochtly sweeping round a bend, and across to the high opposite banks covered with brushwood. First they visited Carnegie's room.

"Here have we been born, and died, if we did not fall in battle, and it's not a bad billet after all for an old soldier. Yes, that is your mother when we were married, but I like this one better," and the General touched his breast, for he carried his love next his heart in a silver locket of curious design.

Three fine deerskins lay on the floor, and one side of the room was hung with tapestry; but the most striking piece of furnishing in the room was an oak cupboard, sunk a foot into the wall.

"I'll show you something in that cabinet after luncheon, Kate; but now let's see your room."

"How, beautiful, and how cunning you have been," and then she took an inventory of the furniture, all new, but all in keeping with the age of the room. "You have spent far too much on a very self-willed and bad-tempered girl, and all I can do is to make you promise that you will come up here sometimes and let me give you tea in this window-seat, where we can see the woods and the Tochtly."

"Well, Donald," said the General at table, to his faithful servant, "how do you think Drumtochtly will suit you?"

"Any place where you and Miss Kate will be living is a good place for me, and there are six or maybe four men I hef been meeting that hef the language, but not good Gaelic—just poor Perthshire talk," for Donald was a West Highlander, and prided himself on his better speech.



"And what about a kirk, Donald? Aren't you Free, like Janet?"

"Oh, yes, I am Free; but it iss not to that kirk I will be going to hear, and I am telling Janet that she will be caring more about a man that has a pleasant way with him than about the truth."

"What's wrong with things, Donald, since we lay in Edinburgh twenty years ago, and you used to give me bits of the Free Kirk sermons?"

"It iss all wrong that they hef been going these last years, for they stand to sing and they sit to pray, and they will be using human hymns. And it iss great pieces of the Bible they hef cut out, and I am told they are not done yet, but are going from bad to worse," and Donald invited questioning.

"What more are they after, man."

"It will be myself that has found it out, and it iss only what might be expected, but I am not saying that you will be believing me."

"Out with it, Donald; let's hear what kind of people we've come amongst."

"They've been just fairly left to themselves, and the godless bodies hef taken to watering the whisky."

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SECRET CHAMBER.

"THE cabinet now, dad, and at once," when they went up the stairs and were standing in the room. "Just give me three guesses about the mystery; but first let me examine."

It was pretty to see Kate opening the doors curiously carved with hunting scenes, and searching the interior, tapping with her knuckles and listening for a hollow sound.

"Is it a treasure we are to find? Then that's one point. Not in the cabinet? I have it; there is a door into some other place; am I not right?"

"Where could it be? We're in a tower cut off from the body of the Lodge, with a room above and a room below;" and the General sat down to allow full investigation.

After many journeys up and down the stair, and many questions that brought no light, Kate played a woman's trick up in her room.

"The General wishes to show me the concealed room in this tower, Janet, or whatever you call it. Would you kindly tell us how to get entrance? You needn't come down; just explain to me;" and Kate was very pleasant indeed.

"Yes, I am hearing there is a room in the tower, Miss Kate, that strangers will not be able to find; and it would be very curious if the Carnegies did not have a safe place for an honest gentleman when he was in a little trouble. All the good houses will have their secret places, and it will not be easy to find some of them. Oh no; now I will remember one at Glamis Castle. . . ."

"Never mind Glamis, nurse, for the General is waiting. Where is the spring? is it in the oak cabinet?"

"It will be good for the General to be resting himself after his luncheon, and he will be thinking many things in his room. Oh yes," continued Janet, settling herself down to narrative, and giving no heed to Kate's beguiling ways, "old Mary that died near a hundred would be often telling me stories of the old days when I wass a little girl, and the one I liked best wass about the hiding of the Duke of Perth."

"You will tell me that to-morrow, when I come down to see your house, Janet, and to-day you 'ill tell me how to open the spring."

"But it would be a pity not to finish the story about the Duke of Perth, for it goes well, and it will be good for a Carnegie to hear it." And Kate flung herself

into the window-seat, but was hugely interested all the same.

"Mary was sitting at her door in the evening, and that would be three days after Culloden, for the news had been sent by a sure hand from the Laird, when a man came riding along the road, and as soon as Mary saw him she knew he was somebody; but perhaps it will be too long a story;" and Janet began to arrange dresses in a wardrobe.

"No, no; as you have begun it, I want to hear the end; but quick, for there's the room to see and the rest of the Lodge before it grows dark. What like was he?"

"He wass a man that looked as if he would be commanding, but his clothes were common grey, and stained with the road. He wass very tired, and could hardly hold himself up in the saddle, and his horse wass covered with foam.

"Is this Tochtly Lodge?" he asked, softening his voice as one trying to speak humbly. "I am passing this way, and have a message for Mistress Carnegie; think you that I can have speech of her quietly?"

"So Mary will go up and tell the lady that one wass waiting to see her, and that he seemed a noble gentleman. When they came down to the courtyard he had drawn water for his horse from the well, and wass giving him to drink, thinking more of the beast that had borne him than of his own need, as became a man of birth.

"At the sight of the lady he took off his bonnet and bowed low, and asked if he might have a private audience, to which Mistress Carnegie replied, 'We are private here,' and asked, 'Have you been with my son?'

"We fought together for the Prince three days since—my name is Perth. I am escaping for my life, and desire a brief rest, if it please you, and bring no danger to your house.'

"Ye had been welcome, my Lord Duke,' and Mary used to show how her mistress straightened herself, 'though you were the poorest soldier that had drawn his sword for the good cause, and ye will stay here till it be safe for you to escape to France.'

"He wass four weeks hidden in the room, and although the soldiers searched all the house, they could never find the place, and Mrs. Carnegie put scorn upon them, asking why they did' her so much honour and whom they sought. Oh yes, it wass a cunning place for the bad times, and you will be pleased to see it."

"And the secret, Janet," cried Kate, her hand upon the door; "you know it quite well."

"So does the General, Catherine of my heart," said Janet, "and he will be liking to show it himself."

So Kate departed in a rage, and gave orders that there be no more delay, for she would not spend an afternoon seeking for rat-holes.

"No rat-hole, Kit, but a very fair chamber for a hunted man; it is twenty years and more since this door opened last, for none knows the trick of it save Janet and myself. There it goes."

A panel in the back of the cabinet slid aside behind its neighbor and left a passage through which one could squeeze himself with an effort.

"We go up a stair now, and must have light; a candle will do; the air is perfectly pure, for there's plenty of ventilation;" and then they crept up by steps in the thickness of the walls, till they stood in a chamber under six feet high, but otherwise as large as the bedroom below. The walls were lined with wood, and there were two tiny slits that gave air, but hardly any light. The only furniture in the room was an oaken chest, clasped with iron and curiously locked.

"Our plate chest, Kit; but there's not

much silver and gold it, worse luck for you lassie; in fact, we're a pack of fools to set store by it. There's nothing in the kist but some old clothes, and perhaps some buckles and such like. I dare say there is a lock of hair also. Some day we will have a look inside."

"To-day, instantly," and Kate shook her father. "You are a dreadful hypocrite, for I can see that you would rather Tochty were burned down than this box be lost. Are there any relics of Prince Charlie in it? Quick."

"Be patient; it's a difficult key to turn; there now;" but there was not much to see—only pieces of woollen cloth tightly folded down.

"Call Janet, Kate, for she ought to see this opening, and we 'ill carry everything down to my room, for no one could tell what like things are in this gloom."

"Yes, Perth lived here for weeks, and used to go up to the gallery where Black John's mother sat with her maid; but the son was hiding in the North, and never reached his house till he came to die."

First of all they came upon a ball dress of the former time, of white silk, with a sash of Macpherson tartan, besides much fine lace.

"That is a dress your grandmother wore as a bride at the Court of Versailles in the seventies. She was only a lassie, and seemed like her husband's daughter. The Prince danced with her, and they counted the dress something to be kept, and that night Lochiel and Cluny also had a reel with Sheena Carnegie, while Black John looked like a young man, for he had been too sorely wounded to be able to dance with her himself." And



"IT'S A DIFFICULT KEY TO TURN."

then the General carried down with his own hands a Highland gentleman's evening dress, trews of the Royal tartan, and a velvet coat with silver buttons, and a light plaid of fine cloth.

"And this was her husband's dress that night; but why the Stewart tartan?"

"No, lassie, that is the suit the Prince wore at Holyrood, where he gave a great ball after Prestonpans, and danced with the Edinburgh ladies. It was smuggled across to France at last with other things of the Prince's, and he gave it to Carnegie."

"It will remind you of our great days," he said, "when the Stewarts saw their friends in Mary's Palace."

Last of all, the General lifted out a casket and laid it on his table. Within it was a brooch, such as might once have been worn either by a man or a woman; diamonds set in gold, and in the midst, a lock of fair hair.

"Is it really, father? . . ." And Kate took the jewel in her hand.

"Yes, the Prince's hair—his wedding present to Sheena Macpherson."

Kate kissed it fervently, and passed it



to Janet, who placed it carefully in the box, while the General made believe to laugh.

"Your mother wore the brooch on great occasions, and you will do the same, Kit, for auld lang syne. There are two or three families left in Perthshire that will like to see it on your breast."

"Yes, and there will maybe be more than two or three that will like to see the lady that wears it." This from Janet.

"Your compliments are a little late, and you may keep them to yourself, Janet; it would have been kinder to tell me. . . ."

"Tell you what?" And the General looked very provoking.

"I hate to be beaten." Kate first looked angry, and then laughed. "What else is there to see?"

"There is the gallery, which is the one feature in our poor house, and we will try to reach it from the Duke's hiding place, for it was a cleverly designed hole, and had its stair up as well as down." And then they all came out into one of the strangest rooms you could find in Scotland, and one that left a pleasant picture in their minds who had seen it lit of a winter night, and the wood burning on the hearth, and Kate dancing a reel with Lord Hay or some other brisk young man, while the General looked on from one of the deep window recesses.

The gallery extended over the hall and Kate's drawing-room, and measured fifty feet long from end to end. The upper part of the walls was divided into compartments by an arcading, made of painted pilasters and flat arches. Each compartment had a motto, and this was on one side of the fireplace :

A · nice · wyfe · and  
A · back doore  
Oft · maketh · a rich  
Man · poore.

And on the other :

Give liberallye  
To neidvrl · folke ·  
Denye · nane · of ·  
Them · al · for · litle  
Thow · knawest · heir  
In · this lyfe · of what  
Chance · may · the  
Befall.

The glory of the gallery, however, was its ceiling, which was of the seventeenth century work, and so wonderful that many learned persons used to come and study it. After the great disaster when the Lodge was sold and allowed to fall to pieces, this fine work went first, and now no one examining its remains could have imagined how wonderful it was, and in its own way how beautiful. This ceiling was of wood, painted, and semi-elliptical in form, and one wet day, when we knew not what else to do, Kate and I counted more than three hundred panels. It was an arduous labor for the neck, and the General refused to help us; but I am sure that we did not make too many, for we worked time about, while the General took note of the figures, and our plan was that each finished his tale of work at some amazing beast, so that we could make no mistake. Some of the panels were circles, and they were filled in with coats-of-arms; some were squares and they contained a bestiary of that day. It was hard indeed to decide whether the circles or the squares were more interesting. The former had the arms of every family in Scotland that had the remotest connection with the Carnegies, and besides swept in a wider field, comprising David, King of Israel, who was placed near Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittany not far from Moses—all of whom had appropriate crests and mottoes. In the centre were the arms of our Lord Christ as Emperor of Judea, and the chief part of them was the Cross. But it came upon one with a curious shock to see this coat among the shields of Scottish nobles.

There were beasts that could be recognized at once, and these were sparingly named; but others were astounding, and above them were inscribed titles such as these: Shoe-lyon, Musket, Ostray; and one fearsome animal in the centre was designated the Ram of Arabia. This display of heraldry and natural history was reinforced by the cardinal virtues in seventeenth century dress: Charitas as an elderly female of extremely forbidding aspect, receiving two very imperfectly clad children; and Temperantia as a furious-looking person—male on the whole rather than female—pouring some liquor—surely water—from a jug into a cup, with averted face, and leaving little to be desired. The afternoon sun shining in through a western window and lingering among the black and white tracery, so that the marking of a shield came into relief or a beast suddenly glared down on one, had a weird, old-world effect.

"It's half an armoury and half a menagerie," said Kate, "and I think we 'ill have tea in the library with the windows open to the Glen." And so they sat to-

gether in quietness, with books of heraldry and sport and ancient Scottish classics and such like round them, while Janet went out and in.

"So Donald has been obliged to leave his kirk;" for Kate had not yet forgiven Janet. "He says it's very bad here; I hope you won't go to such a place."

"What would Donald Macdonald be saying against it?" enquired Janet, severely.

"Oh, I don't remember—lots of things. He thought you were making too much of the minister."

"The minister iss a good man, and hass some Highland blood in him, though he hass lost his Gaelic, and he will be very pleasant in the house.

"If I wass seeing a sheep, and it will be putting on this side and that, and quarrelling with everybody, do you know what I will be thinking?"

"That's Donald, I suppose; well?"

"I will say to myself, that sheep iss a goat." And Janet left the room with the laurels of victory.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE JUDGE'S GUINEA.

*One of Life's Common Tragedies.*

BY CHAS. P. DWIGHT.

IN a quiet little side street, some few moments walk from the main thoroughfare, stood a small, squatty, low-roofed edifice, known to the inhabitants of Hackett's Corners as Jacques Inn. Having been erected some years before the advent of the railway into that part of the country, Jacques Inn was ill-suited to cope with the more modern requirements of travel, and in consequence soon lost its prestige as the leading house of its kind in town. Other and more commodious structures had sprung up, and the little hotel was gradually forced into a back seat. Notwithstanding its disadvantages in this respect, however, it still managed to thrive with tolerable success, and on the broad ground of its comparative antiquity was accorded a measure of local patronage that served to keep it in comfortable existence. Besides this, Jacques Inn had long enjoyed an enviable reputation as the permanent abode of some of the best and foremost men in the community; a fact which in itself lent it an air of quiet respectability that was altogether beyond reproach. Some said that Jacques' death was directly attributable to the galling effects of beholding the town grow steadily away from him rather than around him, as he had fondly hoped might be the case; but, whatever the truth of this, the old man's heart would probably have rejoiced, had he lived long enough to learn how staunchly many of his old friends stood by their first love, and still made Jacques Inn their headquarters.

In Madam, he had left a worthy successor, and despite her positive fore-

bodings at the time as to the utter ruin which must follow her good man's death, the fortunes of Jacques Inn proved as little amenable to her direful prophecy as had she herself.

Madam was a short, stocky little Frenchwoman, with sad, almond-shaped eyes of black, and a quiet, unobtrusive demeanor, that totally belied a certain snappishness of temper which occasionally came to the surface when matters didn't run exactly right. On the whole, however, Jacques Inn was probably as well ordered a little house under her direction as it had ever been, and was indeed just such a place as one might expect Judge Arnton to choose as his permanent abode.

No less a dignitary than the Schoolmaster had also lived at Jacques Inn for the past thirteen years, and the stories told of his wondrous knowledge and powers of argumentation revealed a respect for this old fellow that was universal and profound. When thoroughly aroused, old Kenny had been known to emphasize his remarks with a quotation from the classics in a manner that had long since established his reputation as a scholar of marked attainments. There were few, indeed, who ever ventured on such dangerous ground, and probably the only man who had ever been known to cope with him with any degree of success was the Judge, when honors were so evenly divided that the point at issue would often become a theme of such absorbing controversy among the lesser lights who frequented Jacques Inn on an evening, that a free fight was not an uncommon result.

The Judge was somewhat more a



man of the world in his language and logic than old Kenny, and, as he strutted up and down the little bar-room of Jacques Inn, with long, flowing, white beard, and eyes that seemed to fairly blaze with righteous indignation behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, his figure was nothing if not impressive. Tall and erect, he paraded the streets of the little town with an air of such conscious and aggressive superiority, that few ever ventured to cross his path but with fear and trepidation, although those who knew him best often declared that behind this stern front the Judge was by no means an unkindly old soul. With the general public, however, he seemed moved for some mysterious reason to assume a vast amount of importance, and endeavored to exact a measure of personal deference towards himself that occasionally gave rise to little misunderstandings of a very serious nature, for, along with his other qualities, the Judge was a man of war through and through, and was seldom known to descend with any grace from the self-erected pedestal of dignity upon which he invariably stood.

Besides these there was yet another couple who went to make up the complete list of Madam's permanent boarders, and who, together with the Judge and old Kenny, formed a quartette in which she took a peculiar pride. The Major, alias "Bobby," a certain wiry, dried-up old patriarch of the plains, who from time immemorial had eked out a harmless existence in the neighborhood; and Attorney Moss, the solitary legal light of the place, had also made Jacques Inn their headquarters for as far back as any one could remember. Of the four, however, the Judge was perhaps the only one whose fame had ever extended beyond the limits of the town. Having once carried all the fire of his energy into a political campaign which had resulted in an overwhelming victory for his party, the old fellow was in return rewarded with the office of Probate

Judge for the county, a dignity the remembrance of which he fondly cherished to his dying day. In the minds of most people, however, his fame was more directly associated with a certain old Spade Guinea he possessed, and which he had been in the habit of exhibiting upon the slightest pretext for the past twenty years or more. Whether it was simply a hobby, or a genuine pride in possessing so rare a coin, no one was quite able to discern, nor did any amount of provocation seem sufficient to abstract the slightest explanation, as the following little incident will serve to show.

The Major was one morning seated by himself in his accustomed corner when Mr. Moss, with paper in hand, entered the bar-room, ensconced himself by the window, and proceeded to peruse its contents, as he was daily wont to do.

"Have you set eyes on the Jedge yet?" asked the Major, with a peculiar twinkle in his eyes, before Mr. Moss was well settled in his chair.

"Not this morning, Major," replied Mr. Moss, looking up from his paper with an air of the utmost condescension, "nor do I for one moment pretend to keep track of such a man's movements."

"Well, sir, there was great goins' on here this mornin' atween the Jedge and old Kenny," continued the Major. "They had it hot, sir, and all about that old coin the Jedge is forever trottin' out, a' showin' around as though no one had ever seen it afore. Old Kenny was examin'in' it again last night, and in some way the durn old thing disappeared. The funny part of it is the Jedge never missed it until this mornin', and when he came down to breakfast he was the wildest man you ever see. He swore he'd been robbed for sure, and when old Kenny commenced to laugh it off, he up and tells him he thinks he's got it himself. Well, sir, you'd jest orter seen old Kenny then. He swore and tore around fit to explode, but the Jedge

he jes' kep' right at him, and said he believed there'd been some underhand work sure. Well, sir, I never seed 'em at it worse—no, sir, never—and before they got through with it in marches Madame, and lays the coin down right in front of the Jedge's eyes, sayin' as how she'd found it under the table that mornin'. Well, sir, the Jedge's face were a perfect study—a perfect study, sir, and no mistake. "Twere rich—very rich," and the Major laughed and croaked until his sides fairly ached. Mr. Moss never once looked up from his paper, however, nor evinced the slightest interest in Bobby, the Judge, or the unfortunate pedagogue. But his interest was none the less keen, and as he strode quietly down the street towards the ramshackle old dwelling he called his office, the picture he drew in his mind of that awful encounter between the Judge and old Kenny was one which afforded him an inward satisfaction he could ill conceal.

For fully a week afterwards the baneful effects of this little encounter were painfully apparent in both old Kenny and the Judge. Indeed their bearing towards one another became so painfully savage that a second explosion seemed inevitable, for the remembrance of the occasion rankled in the bosom of each in such a way that had it not been for an event transpiring about that time which finally served to clear up the mystery of the Judge's Guinea, it would certainly have been difficult to predict the outcome.

A flurry of excitement had run through the town one afternoon as it became noised abroad that Death had stolen into their midst, and in the person of Mother Dolson removed a character long famous in and about the neighborhood of Hackett's Corners. Indeed her name was on everybody's lips, and the history of this wizened up old woman was a topic of the most earnest speculation among old and young alike. For years she had lived

in the tumbled down remains of a solitary old hut on the outskirts of the town, where but few had ever visited her, and then only with the gravest misgivings, for the name of Mother Dolson carried with it a significance not lightly to be overlooked in the minds of a community as credulous at heart as were the good people of Hackett's Corners. Just exactly when or how she had happened to take up her abode in the neighborhood, none were quite able to say. From the crumbling chimney of the old hut some boys had one morning seen ascend a tiny curl of smoke. Attracted by a sight so unusual they ventured in, but the spectacle which greeted their eyes was one which caused them to turn on their heels, and trembling in every limb rush wildly home. An old woman, whose make-up they avowed was for all the world like that of a witch, was there squatted by a fire she had just kindled, mumbling and rubbing her hands in a manner that had almost caused their hair to stand on end. From that day on the name of Mother Dolson gradually became a byword in the town for all that was weird and gruesome, and the stories told of her subtle powers were as numerous as they were startling.

Strange to say none had ever questioned her right to live in the isolated little hut she had chosen as her shelter, nor in any way molested her peace. In course of time it became whispered about that she was a most mysterious and successful combatant of nearly all the more common physical ailments peculiar to the neighborhood, and in this capacity she was accorded by many the most profound respect. Bobby, for instance, nevertired of expatiating upon the wonderful cure she had wrought in his case, and declared that he had never once felt a twinge of rheumatism since the day he had first hobbled out to see her. Others, too, had the most implicit faith in the old woman's remedies, and some had gone so far as to hint that

even the Judge had paid her an occasional visit. Of this, however, no positive proof seemed forthcoming, and his indignant denial whenever the subject was broached left little room for further questioning on the point. There were, nevertheless, some who stoutly maintained that they had seen the Judge enter Mother Dolson's hut, and although never sufficiently venturesome to openly or directly tax him with what he himself had often declared to be a piece of shallow tomfoolery, there was a quiet, well founded belief in his inconsistency in this respect that no amount of denial could altogether upset.

Now, in point of fact, the Judge *had* paid many visits to the hut of Mother Dolson. Impelled first by curiosity, he had learnt from her random mutterings that the old woman possessed a knowledge of his native English county that puzzled him not a little, and caused him to return on a number of subsequent occasions, in the hope of being able to still further draw her out. But it was in vain that he endeavored to abstract any very definite information concerning her source of knowledge, or her early life. On these points she was obdurate, and when directly questioned would simply laugh and croak in his face in the most aggravating manner imaginable.

To Mr. Moss, the Judge had occasionally confided the secret of his visits to Mother Dolson's hut, and the curiosity he had long felt respecting the old woman's past, in the light of the knowledge she undoubtedly possessed regarding places and events well nigh forgotten in his own mind. The Judge had never been known to talk very freely of his own early days, so that when he asked Mr. Moss to accompany him one afternoon on a secret visit to the old woman's hut, the latter very readily acquiesced in the proposition; and together the two set out. After a circuitous walk, intended by the Judge to conceal their real point of destination, they finally arrived at

Mother Dolson's hut, and after considerable knocking were admitted. In squeaky tones she bade them enter and be seated, and as she busied herself over the fire preparing her mysterious potions for the sick and maimed, seemed to take but little heed of their presence, as the pair demurely sat in one corner watching her every movement. The Judge finally found courage to open fire, but the result of that momentous visit is better left to the telling of Mr. Moss. For it having leaked out that he and the Judge had witnessed the last great drama in the old woman's life, it certainly seemed incumbent on either one or the other that the event should be described with more or less minuteness.

Accordingly it was an eager little throng that assembled in Jacques Inn that evening, and listened with open mouthed interest as Mr. Moss again and again explained to them how the old woman, becoming carried away with the excitement of the moment, as the Judge eagerly plied her with innumerable questions, had toppled over in a faint and with the latter's name upon her lips, expired. The exact nature of the interrogation to which the Judge had subjected her, Mr. Moss, for some reason or other withheld, but his rambling story finished, there were few who had not supplied the missing links.

"It seems hard to believe," said Mr. Moss, after he had finished describing the event itself, "knowing Mother Dolson as we did, that she was ever anything else but what she seemed. Hard indeed," he continued, "to picture her as ever having been young for instance, or in fact anything else but what she was. But, gentlemen, there is more under the sun than you or I ever dreamt of, and of all enigmas in this world a woman's life often presents the strangest."

With this introduction it seemed plain that Mr. Moss was thoroughly alive to the importance of his undertaking. His profession demanded an



able presentment of a case so serious, and he was determined to show those present something of his keen insight into human ways. Laying his hat on the bar, and clearing his throat for the effort, he proceeded with the story in such slow and measured tones that it might have been the life of a client for whom the old Attorney was pleading,—so earnest and fraught with pathos was his manner.

"Long, long years ago," he went on, "in a little English village across the seas, lived a maiden fair and good, into whose ears was one day poured the old, old story, of a young man's love,—a love so strong, and broad and deep that the maiden's heart was powerless to resist the charm, and into the mesh the two were headlong drawn. Possessed of boundless ambition but of immature judgment, this young man seemed to make but little headway in his struggle for existence, and court Fortune as he would, She ever seemed to frown and shrug her shoulders in mocking derision at his misdirected efforts. Wilful and headstrong, he possessed but little patience, and when temptation one day crossed his path he stumbled and fell. 'Twas a pleasant fall, he thought,—a gentle descent into a veritable bed of roses, for with the mere scratch of a pen had he not now secured what months of hard and grinding toil seemed bent upon withholding? Wildly exuberant, he almost defied the world, as with heart unnaturally light he planned the most lavish preparations for his bridal day, and she whom he was at last to claim for his own, exulted with him in his great joy.

"It was but a shortlived bliss, however, for like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky there one day came disclosure; and the grim monster, Law, pointing her finger in scorn at the young man, pronounced him Felon. 'Twas for love for her,' he madly protested, 'and surely it cannot be a crime,' but still the finger pointed in relentless accusation. It was indeed

a cruel awakening from a roseate dream, and madly did the young man curse his fate. Forever branded in the eyes of the world, but worst of all debarred by crime from the object of his passion, he knew not where to look for solace and cast about him as one in a dream. With lightning-like rapidity, however, there came a grim determination to cheat at any cost the prison of its prey, and with a swiftness born of fear he planned a flight. One little secret parting, in which was mingled untold misery, the exchange of two small tokens in remembrance of their happy dream, and all was over. Across the seas the young man went, but the love in the maiden's heart lived on. Beside it all else was a dream. Alone it lived and absorbed her very soul. And, as secretly and swiftly as he had planned escape from the consequences of his crime, so she in time, impelled by a love now deeper than ever, set madly out in search of him who had gone before.

"Well, the story of the long and bitter years that followed,—of the hopes and disappointments in the one great passion of this woman's life, may better be imagined than told. Suffice it that the Angel of Death has to-day rounded out her long career, though not before her dim and aged eyes had knowingly rested once again upon the idol of that maiden's heart.

"'See!' she faintly whispered, pulling from out her bosom a queer little trinket, fastened to the end of a string. 'I have thy token, man! Hast thou the guinea?' For all doubt seemed now dispelled, and —,"

"Enough! Enough!"

It was the Judge who here interrupted Mr. Moss. Quietly he had sat and listened to the story, until his pent-up emotions could withstand the strain no longer. Tremulously rising to his feet, the old man stood before them all, with eyes bedimmed and head bowed, while, with the guinea held between his fingers he told them in humble tones of an early love, and

how in the madness of his passion he had blighted with a crime his cherished hope, and had then fled. "But this," he said, holding the coin high, "well,— you know it's secret now," and the silence that followed his words was first broken by a sigh from Bobby, who wisely declared that "'twere a mighty queer world we live in, arter all."

## MY CANADA !

MY Canada !

I would that I, thy child, might frame  
A song half worthy of thy name.  
Proudly I say—  
This is our country, strong, and broad, and grand,  
This is our Canada, our native land !

My Canada !

'Tis meet that all the world should know  
How far thy sweeping rivers flow,  
How fair to-day  
Thy bonnie lakes upon thy bosom lie,  
Their faces laughing upward to the sky.

My Canada !

We look alway with love and pride  
Upon thy forests deep and wide,  
And gladly say  
"There giant fellows, mighty grown with age,  
Are part and parcel of our heritage."

My Canada !

So rich in glow and bracing air,  
With meadows stretching everywhere.  
With garden gay,  
With smiling orchards, sending forth to greet  
Full breaths of perfume from their burdens sweet.

My Canada !

Thou art not old, thou art not skilled,  
But through the ages youth hath thrilled ;  
'Tis dawn with thee,  
Thou hast a glorious promise, and thy powers  
Are measured only by the golden hours.

My Canada !

What thou art now we know full well,  
What thou wilt grow to be, ah ! who can tell ?  
We see to-day  
Thy lithe form running swiftly in the race,  
For all the things which older lands do grace.

My Canada !

With loyal sons to take thy part,  
To hold thee shrined within the heart,  
Proudly we say,  
"This is our country, strong, and broad, and grand,  
"God guard thee Canada, our native land !"

JEAN BLEWETT.

## SEA DREAMS.

J. EDWARD MAYBEE.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.  
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

OUTSIDE a winter wind whistled and howled. Within a genial warmth and comfortable surroundings made the storm a scarce thought of incident to me leaning idly back in my easy chair.

The room was in darkness save that through an opening in the portieres a gleam of light streamed in a golden bar across the carpet. Day dreams and "castles in Spain" flitted vaguely before me, scarce interfered with by the sudden hissing of powdered snow against the panes as a furious blast rattled doors and windows, or marred by the indications of human presence in the adjoining room.

Fancy followed fancy and thoughts as idle and vagrant as the foam bells on a summer sea gave place to others as little worth. Gradually a train of melancholy meditation usurped the place of vagrant imaginings, and as a veil of mist blends all nature into one indeterminate blur, so a shade of sadness tinged my every reflection.

Suddenly, as I mused, a few preliminary chords sounded from the piano in the next room and then the invisible player glided into the soft, soothing strains of the "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah."

Clear and calm the music flowed into the room full of hope and of the promise of help and comfort to all mankind. As at the command of a great Omnipotence, I was transported in spirit far from the influence of my brooding melancholy, and surrounding realities faded away "like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream." In fancy

I was alone on the deck of a little yacht, just as the dawn was breaking in the distant east.

To the north the land loomed dark and indistinct, but the pearly radiance already faintly revealed lights and half-tones which promised the future unfolding of beauties yet concealed. A faint air aloft just gave steerage way and the boat stole noiselessly through the glassy water, ruffled and darkened here and there with transient catpaws. The sky was clear save for some high-floating cirrus clouds in the west, tinted like mother-of-pearl by the rays of the yet unrisen sun.

Ahead still twinkled the yellow glare of a lighthouse, a friend whose past services were soon to be forgotten in rejoicings at the coming day. All things spoke of the old order of things rapidly passing away, and hinted at the reign of brightness, and beauty, and gladness soon to begin.

As I stood there on the dewy decks, there came upon me a spirit of thankfulness that the darkness of night was past and the voices of nature whispered to me, in many tongues, the *leit motif* of the dawn, Promise and Hope.

Still as I gazed, the scene vanished and resolved itself into clouds of rolling mist which, it seemed to me, were formed of the ultimate elements of all the fancies and experiences which form a yachtsman's life.

The music had changed and as the new theme was borne in upon my consciousness the rolling clouds took shape and again presented to me a scene of which I seemed a part.

A cheerful allegro movement filled my ears, changing as the vision gained



reality to the merry pipings of nature's songsters, greeting the smiling morn.

Our yacht lay moored close beside the reedy bank of a small river, winding its way to the lake through grassy meadows fringed with tall rushes and the glossy leaves and white blossoms of the arrowhead. To the right a small bluff crowned with trees approached closely the main stream, while a small tributary skirted its flank and gave its all unobtrusively to the unconscious river.

From branch to branch of the overhanging trees a kingfisher darted, piercing with his beady eyes the depths of the placid stream. The old legend has it that fourteen days of calm and tranquility were granted by Zeus to the grateful earth while the kingfisher was brooding on its nest,—halycon days for which the bird was ever to be held in loving estimation.

Beside me stood a kindred spirit. "See," he said, "the symbol of our happy days. May we form as truly a part of the harmony of nature as he does, and so make life worth living."

In the dewy meadow a red-shouldered blackbird flitted about from shrub to shrub, through the long grasses, musically rustling in the morning breeze. Around the boat, dragon flies darted and hovered like "living flashes of light," or settled on the flower heads of the water crowfoot, their iridescent bodies scintillating in the sun like polished gems.

All around was light and life, and insensate indeed would we have been if we too could not have joined in the universal anthem of thanksgiving offered up by nature in a temple grander than any made by human hands.

The music which had been as it were a subtle tint diffusing itself through the colors of the vision, changed once more and the picture faded and vanished.

The finale of the Tannhauser Overture was filling the room. Sounds of

conflict, the exhilaration of battle, and a note of triumph were in the swelling strains. The heart beat faster, the breath came quicker, and a proud sense of the power of achievement filled my being to the brim.

Ha! What is this? A broad and tossing sea, flashing to the horizon in tumbling mounds of emerald, capped with hissing white. Overhead great clouds lined in dazzling snow rush past the golden chariot of old Helios and momentarily darken the heaving emerald into deepest sapphire. The wind whistles boisterously past the leaping craft, whose rigging hums in Æolian tones to the touch of the wind god.

The fresh breeze blows abeam, and now and then a larger wave springs at the yacht, like an angry dog at the throat of a hunted stag. Broad on the bow it strikes, and the good ship shudders to the blow. Halfway up the mainsail flies the dazzling spray, iridescent to the kiss of the sun. Fore and aft the broken water runs, streaming in rivers round the skylight and companion. "This will not do!" "Luff her in time to the next."

Again a hissing wave springs madly at her, but a ready hand is on the tiller, and gracefully the good ship throws her bowsprit heavenward and then plunges unharmed down the far side of the white-capped wave now rolling away astern.

On the water-darkened decks the crew are stretched, clad in glistening yellow oilskins. Every sun-tanned face is set tense with the passion of the conquest of the sea, and from each eye flashes a light that shows every heart full of the intoxication of the mad, rushing, dazzling life of it all.

Ah! These are moments when one *lives*: better to know such, and then—good-bye—rather than stagnate in years of mere existence. At such times man feels like a god, but, alas! they cannot last. The great sea is as changeable as a half-tamed lion

of the desert which at one minute lies humbled in subjection to the will of a fearless keeper, and at the next turns and rends him in the moment of his victory.

The mournful strains of the Miserere are now sounding in my ears, and are still with me as I stand on a lonely shore looking out on the sullenly heaving waters of an erstwhile storm-tossed lake.

The sun had almost disappeared, but the heavy clouds massed in the west are still lurid with his rays. Here and there the oily top of a swell takes a bloody tint from the reflection of the sky, and one shudders at the idea that it is the blood spilt in a great battle.

A grim battle, indeed, there has been, and many this day have fought their last fight with the mighty waters. Do you not see? There! The broken spar of some goodly vessel sticking out from a wave hollow, like the arm of a drowning man thrown up as he sinks for the last time. An arm, indeed, it is, held up in mute appeal to heaven against the cruelty of the sea.

The sea has triumphed, but in the moment of victory its mood has changed, and in the cavernous base of the cliff at my feet the waves are sobbing a requiem for the dead blending in mighty harmony with the strains of man-born music still sounding in my ears.

Another story is welling from the instrument, responsive to the trained touch of the musician, who, all unconsciously, has been playing on the strings of my heart.

The peace that passeth all understanding is in it, and balm for troubled hearts. It speaks of purity and rest and love, and carries relief for world-worn souls momentarily tired of the battle of life.

In my dream I am alone on the dark waters. "The floor of Heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and pale Diana with her silver touch is brightening into beauty all the jarring ugliness the pitiless sun reveals. Like ivory are the sleeping sails, swelling into beauty like the rounded loveliness of a fair woman. Silver ropes throw inky shadows across the whitened decks into the darkness to leeward.

A light breeze is blowing, which builds on the ruffled waters a bridge of silver to the foot of the star-encircled throne of the goddess of night. Softly tinkling from the stem is a little spurt of spray, falling in drops, like pearls from the mouth of the gracious princess of the fairy tale.

Save the gentle lapping of the water all is still, and in the great hush of nature some of the "harmony that is in immortal souls" bursts in broken chords through "the muddy vesture of decay" which "doth so grossly close it in."

The music ceased. The vision vanished, and with a sigh I heard again the sighing winds, the hissing snow and distant tinkling of sleigh bells, but within me was the afterglow of the day-dreams evoked by music's mighty spell, and my spirit came back to earth refreshed and lifted up by the fleeting visions in memory's magic mirror.



## THE GHURGH'S FATAL MISTAKE.

BY W. A. DOUGLASS, B.A.

CHRISTIANITY appeals not to a single faculty, but to the many sides of the nature of man. Emotion alone seeks ecstatic spiritual exaltation, or degenerates into mawkish sentimentality; intellectuality alone is frigid; enthusiasm alone is all canvas without rudder or chart. In all these respects errors are committed again and again; but perhaps the most momentous error of the Christian church to-day is the disregard of social rights and duties.

The theory of nearly all, if not all, evangelistic efforts, is wholly individualistic. "Save the individual," says the preacher, "bring to bear on him such influences as will develop and strengthen in him all that is holiest and best; let him yield up his life to his highest ideals of duty, and imbue his soul with thoughts and sentiments the loveliest and the purest. As society is composed of individuals, if we can succeed in bringing every one to this glorious condition, then the whole of society must be all right."

This doctrine seems so self-evident, so much like a mere truism, that the overwhelming majority of people accept it at once unquestioningly as axiomatic. A few illustrations will show the fatal character of this insidious error.

"Get the best of bricks," said the architect, "if you wish me to erect a splendid structure, procure me the best of materials. If every part of the building is good, the whole must be good; for the whole is made up of the parts. Adjustment, arrangement and adaptation are of no importance." "Bring me stalwart soldiers," said the general, "men with muscles of iron, nerves of steel, and souls that know no fear. The army consists of men,

and if every man is good, the whole army must be good. Strategy, tactics and organization—to the winds with these; they are of no consequence."

As a building is a great deal more than a pile of bricks, as an army is a great deal more than a mass of soldiers, so society is a great deal more than a mere aggregation of individuals.

Society is an organization, an adaptation of parts to one another, an adjustment. Just as bad architecture will ruin any building in spite of the goodness of the materials, just as bad organization will ruin any army in spite of the goodness of the soldiers, so bad adjustment will vitiate humanity in spite of the goodness of individuals.

No more fatal would be the mistake of the architect who would ignore adjustment; no more fatal would be the error of the general who would ignore strategy, than is the error of expecting to evangelize humanity, while ignoring the doctrines of social rights and social relationships. "Make the individual good," says the evangelist, "and society will be all right. "Adjust society aright," says the secular socialist, "and the individuals will be all right." Each of these expresses but a segment of the truth. To beget the richest fruition of a perfected manhood we must unite these two segments in the bonds of a holy unity; we want individual good, but we cannot obtain this in an environment of injustice.

What is social adjustment? What is social relationship? What are social ethics?

"I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth." Such are the



initial words with which the universal Christian Church utters the acknowledgment of its belief. But if we really believe this declaration, there are many other things we must necessarily believe also. The laws of thought are as inexorable as the laws of the physical universe. If, therefore, we believe in the fatherhood of God, we must also believe in the brotherhood of man; from this there is no escape. And if we believe in the "maker" of heaven and earth, we cannot believe that the earth is manufactured as men make a stock of goods, or that it is raised as men raise a crop of wheat.

The moment, therefore, that we proclaim the doctrine of the fatherhood and the doctrine of the creation, do we not by that very act unfold to humanity certain truths of universal application and of overwhelming importance? Is it not a declaration to every man:—"Your father and creator for you?" Does it not at once place every one on an initial plane of equality—equality in sonship and equality to the rights of sonship! namely, heirship? Would any one dare to stand in the presence of any assembly and declare the contradiction of this? Would he dare assert that God is the father of a part of humanity only; that he created this world for the benefit of only a few, and that the rest are not equally the children of the Eternal Father, and not equally the heirs to His bounties?

Here, therefore, we have the basal idea of social relationship; the initial principle according to which we must erect our social structure; namely the right of all humanity to be recognized equally as the children of God, and equally the heirs to His bounties. Any denial of this doctrine is fatal to the fundamental and essential spirit of Christianity, and makes "our dearly beloved brethren" become the saddest of burlesques.

The grandest summaries of moral truths have been stated by the world's

Master Teacher in two ethical equations. "As ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye also unto them." Whatever rights and privileges you desire for yourself, you must be willing to concede equally to your neighbor, "Love your neighbor as yourself." The altruism must be equal to the egoism. Here Christ strikes the true measure and the true application of the principle of equality, and these principles at once smite at all ideas of special privilege, special advantage, or of special monopoly.

Here we have principles of relationship, universal and eternal. The lapse of time, the revolutions in the methods of production, the changes in form of government can never abrogate or annul these primary and fundamental principles—equality of sonship and equality of heirship to the works of the Creator.

It makes no matter by what process, in the course of history, these principles may have been discarded or ignored, whether by the brutish arbitrament of the sword, or by the calmer methods of legislation, we must always recognize the fact that any law or ordinance that conflicts with these principles is antagonistic to Christianity; and the equities demand its rectification as speedily as possible.

In face of these principles of equality of right to the gifts of the Creator, what shall we declare respecting the system which now permits one part of society to say to the rest: "This earth is ours." If you wish a place for your home, for your shop, for your food, you will kindly pay us for the privilege. The crop you raise, the goods you produce, the products that result from your industry, belong not to you, but you must surrender part of them to us for permission to occupy the earth."

Now, here is an extraordinary relationship. When a man builds a ship, erects a building, clears and improves a farm, raises a crop, furnishes goods, then that he should charge for these

improvements, that he should demand service or product in return, that he should expect enrichment for enrichment is fully in accord with the golden rule and the equities of brotherhood; but that a man should say: "Pay me for that which the Creator furnished," is not a doctrine of equity, an exchange of service for service, but a claim for servitude and tribute.

How can a man ever in equity acquire the right to charge his fellows for the occupation of the earth, for that which he never produced or for that to which he has made no improvement.

The oversight of this principle is working out its terrible results and menacing humanity with dire disaster. When a few families, without bearing any of the burdens of civilization, can revel in the wealth of multi-millionaires, produced by the toil of their fellows, when a few men can claim as theirs all the fuel deposits of a continent, when some men in the large cities can claim for the rental of land alone, hundreds of thousands of dollars per acre yearly, and when at the same time, thousands upon thousands of people thus despoiled scarcely know how, even with the severest toil, to maintain the dignity of the humblest kind of a home; when every increase in population increases the power of plutocracy to lay industry under great tribute; when every improvement in mechanism, every improvement in transportation, every improvement in organization forces the prices of commodities down, intensifying competition where competition is already too great, and gives a greater purchasing power to every dollar of the millionaire; when we thus widen the ever growing distance between the palace and the hut, what can be more sad than the terrible mockery with which we thus separate humanity into a mastery and a serfdom and then ask them to repeat, "Dearly beloved brethren," what a travesty of Christianity does this present to the heathen world!

Civilization means specialization. The homogeneous differentiates into the heterogeneous. The savage is a universal mechanic, but makes no progress. The civilized man follows one line only, but he mounts from the canoe to the ocean greyhound, from the pack horse to the locomotive, from the drivelling superstition of astrology to the marvellous triumphs of modern astronomy. As men specialize so localities specialize; here is mining, there is lumbering; here is power and manufacturing, there is harbor and commerce. Society organizes and concentrates in those places which have special advantages for special purposes. Wherever the advantage is the greatest, there population grows most dense and land value rises to its highest figures. Land value is the peculiar product of civilized, organized society. Its origin and its continuance is due to the presence of the multitude. What does honesty demand should be the destination of this peculiar value? As the value of the crop honestly belongs to the man who raised it, so the value of the land honestly belongs to the community that causes it.

Let this value go to individuals and we inevitably split society into hostile ranks, the master living by the sweat of another man's brow, and the servant bearing all the burdens of civilization, but excluded from enjoying the benefits thereof. Brotherhood and equity are annulled.

Organized Christianity to-day sees labor despoiled and degraded, she sees the brotherhood of man ignored, and she silently acquiesces. She urges men to honesty, but maintains a system which inevitably deprives the producer of a part of the produce of his industry. She prays for peace, but leaves in activity the forces that beget antagonisms, which at times culminate in strikes, riots and lock-outs. She lauds honest industry, but pays homage to the wealthy speculator who gives her liberally of his unearned wealth.

"To every man his due," said the apostle, and for centuries the scribes and the Pharisees have fought over the inanities of theological refinements and barren definitions; but how to

secure to every man his due, how to make the brotherhood not a mere empty platitude, but a living reality, is still the unattained.

## NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON.)

THE woman who is not liked by other women is not unseldom seen. Sometimes she is beautiful. Sometimes she is attractive. Sometimes she is a celebrity in art, literature, philanthropy, or music. But whatever may be her charms, she is lacking in her best having—her innate womanliness—if she is not liked by women. All good women admire womanliness. Women, too, discern its lack more quickly than do men. This is not a discredit to men, for they, in their turn, are more acute in the perception of manliness among their male fellow-creatures.

It is often admitted by a woman that she has no friends among women, and that all her friends are men. It is noticeable, too, that when a woman admits this, she does it rather boastingly as to herself, and rather depreciatingly as to the rest of her sex. She feels none of the shame which should cover her after such a confession. She rather glories in thus setting herself out of her natural place, and herding herself with men. She fancies far too often that she is superior to all the other women—that her gifts of nature, or attainments of intellect, place her above and beyond them. She measures herself by men's standard. Her womanliness and the attachment of women are gone from her at the same time. She sees it, and doubts not that the fault is theirs. She declares them to be unappreci-

ative of her, or—jealous of her. Then she straightway increases the distance between herself and them. She is rude to those of her own sex, or indifferent, or condescending. They resent it, and the gulf widens.

No unhappier woman can be conceived of than the one who has drawn away from her own kind, who has no friends among women, who exchanges for honest, womanly sympathy and appreciation the half-contemptuous court and unwholesome flattery which some men amuse themselves by paying.

A thoroughly womanly woman will ennoble any work of which she puts herself alongside. It is true some women scorn women-workers, but the best women do not. They understand and sympathize with them. There is no need for a woman to draw away from others of her sex, because she works for her living. She ought to draw the nearer to them. Then, if at any time, she needs womanly sympathy and womanly counsel, she will be able to secure it. The measuring of so much work for so much money hardens one. Women who disdain those of their own sex grow harder still, and suspicious. A mannish woman is a failure.

She who keeps her womanliness, and who sees the good in other women, is sure of their confidence. She has the esteem of all women, the friendship of a few; the respect of all men,



and, if God is generous to her, the honest love of one man.

Women are dying in many countries of a disease which the doctors do not diagnose. It is a curable disease—the causes can be attacked and dispatched without much delay, if only the patient be willing. She is, however, generally unwilling. This disease is contagious—very. There is a deal of inflammation about it, and varieties of delirium. Sometimes its effect is a life of lingering discomfort, often a speedy death, in which latter case the burial certificate does not tell the whole truth.

The disease is "big house." The idea of many women seems to be the getting of a bigger house than can be rightly afforded, and the filling of that house with more furniture than can be used. Once the idea is realized, they barter their happiness on earth for the cares of a junk shop, and spend their eternity in being sorry.

Some women live too much for the neighbors on the other side of the street, the casual callers, or the dyed-in-the-wool "good house-keepers" of their name and a past generation.

They sacrifice comfort to show, and offer up their health to the worrisome little god of exact house-keeping. It is not to be denied that some women keep house in so particular a way that the house is the only thing which they can keep. They fail to keep their husbands or their boys at home; they cannot keep their servants or their tempers; they keep mental count of nothing but the number of their various sets of spoons, and take notice of none of the shifting affairs of life, beyond dust on drawing-room mantels and fashions in lamp shades.

Now there are excuses for big houses. The most palpable one is a big family. Entertaining requires a large house, but this pre-supposes a large income and servants. It is the woman of moderate means who sins against herself, and the very word

home, when she apes an unwarranted importance in burdening herself with a large house.

It is such a pitiable confession of personal inferiority, if a woman must needs attract her circle of friends with the size of her house, the completeness of its equipments and the fatness of her purse. A woman will draw her own society to her, of her own power of attraction. That which comes by other means is far from being worth the having.

A house is the place to make a home, but it often happens that the more house there is, the less home can be found. Two rooms, or even one, can be made the very happiest and loveliest of homes if the wife so chooses.

The difficulty is that while the rich woman with a large income can maintain a large house and make a home of it, the woman with a small income makes it only a storehouse for things that are too expensive for her use, and while her strength is being taxed to take care of her white elephants, she has no time or inclination to make a home for the husband and for her little ones. She may have just as handsome a home, just as complete furnishings, but on herself comes the burden of work which the rich woman's servants do. The rich woman is free to make a home; the foolish, poorer one has no chance. She dusts and economizes, and pinches, and saves, till life is only one great misery and death cannot be much of an advantage.

Sometimes women look up wearily, and say: "I have no time to read, or go about; no time to think; no time for companionship with my husband; no time to make merry with my children;" then, with a dreary sigh, "But I do so like a big house, and it must be well kept."

The bitterness of it all is that the husband and children are neglected in order that this miserable makeshift made necessary by the climate, be kept in apple-pie order from garret to

cellar. And of course it must. No human being could decently argue for untidiness or dirt. The only hope of escape is in having less garret, less cellar, and less between them. The only hope of escape is in simplifying our way of living. It is not what we have, but what we are; what we strive for; what we hope for; what we think, that makes up our being. The things we gather about us through life, are only the paraphernalia of a journey. We commonly travel the more easily if we dispense with all luggage which is past our necessities. We get tangled with checking or registering our boxes and bundles. They fret us with the care they require. We scarcely have time to see what manner of country we are being hurried through, or how, and why, and to what ends the people about us live. It is so much better if we can be free to look about us—to absorb and breathe forth happiness—to dwell on wholesome beauty which Nature has spread over field and forest and sky, and which the dear bountiful mother of us all gives just for the looking—no entrance fee, no market-price attached.

—

The responsibility in connection with marriage is usually the last theme to be considered, when a youth and a maiden love each other. It is not to be wondered at. The education which women too often receive, has in its curriculum of studies no mention of the puzzling future that comes unbidden to wives and mothers. What sin can be more loathsome or more far-reaching in its ill effects than the transmitting of taints of blood or masterful appetites to children. It is not that girls and women are going against all the good in their natures when they do not measure well this thing. It is not their fault. They simply are not taught, and they should be.

In a little cemetery a man and a woman stood over a grave. It was

grass-grown, and there were a few flowers at its head. The girl's face was pale and drawn, and she moved restlessly, looking from the young man's face to the mound at their feet, then away across the clustering hillocks and the gleaming stones of brown and grey and white, to the weather-beaten old picket fence, and as she looked they dimmed before her—blurred, started, and lost themselves; for her eyes were full of tears.

The young man did not understand. They were lovers—almost. They had come for a walk, and she had brought him here. She was trying to say something, for she cleared her throat and looked up.

"You asked me to be your wife," the tears were wavering on the brink of her eyelids and her voice broke for a moment. Then, more steadily she went on. "I said I could not, and you did not understand. If I cared for you there could be no reason to say no, you thought; and if I did not care for you, I had been trifling. All my life long I have kept away from people. I was afraid that some good man might ask me to marry him. But you were different—you began by being my friend and I thought you and Annie were to be married. A motion of dissent was the man's only reply, and the low voice went on.

"It came upon me all at once—everything—that you and I—loved each other—that I dare not marry—that it was almost too hard to do what was right. My mother lies there—she died in an insane asylum. For years we spoke of her in whispers and tears, now with tears alone."

The young man looked pitifully across at the drawn face, and he tried to reach her hand.

"Disease," he murmured, "often accounts for these things," and he was troubled but not despairing.

"There is more," the girl said wearily. "My grandfather lies there, his sister beside him. They died in the same place." There could be no hap-

piness if I took my awful heritage into a home. I dare not buy my fire-side with such a sin. It is hard—so hard to do right, but we must not be cowards.

\* \* \* \* \*

That was years ago. The man has been successful in business and grown up girls call him father.

The woman is white-haired, with large restless brown eyes, and she is still Miss Martin.

It is only one case in many. The heroines are not all blazoned with medals. Some live in obscurity and suffer for the sins of others—ignorant sins perhaps, but bearing down the curse to others just as surely.

## LOWELL'S BOOK ON MARS.\*

*A Review.*

BY THE EDITOR.

FROM May 24th, 1894, to April 3rd, 1895, in a temporary observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, Percival Lowell, W. H. Pickering and A. E. Douglass studied the planet Mars through a steady atmosphere, and during that time made 917 drawings and sketches. The observations made at this last opposition of our fellow planet are now published by Mr. Lowell in popular form, with numerous and instructive illustrations.

Mars appears as a large, fiery-red star once in about every fifteen years, "rising at sunset through the haze about the eastern horizon." The orbit of Mars and that of the sun make a close approach at certain parts, and when the Earth and Mars happen to be in these close portions of their orbits at about the same time, we have a chance to examine it—and, perhaps, the inhabitants of Mars have an opportunity of viewing, in turn, that part of matter we call "The Earth." This planet comes closer to us than any other heavenly body except Venus and the Moon. Venus wraps herself in clouds and the moon is possessed of a "silent surface," but Mars is open

and clear countenanced, and possessed of marks of intelligence—marks worthy of close scrutiny, constant observation, and deep thought.

The author premises that the other bodies of matter, besides our earth, are likely to be worlds, and to possess beings with minds; that science has, with the spectroscope, proved the oneness of the universe in point of matter, sodium, magnesium, iron, etc., being present in the stars; and that if one views the cosmos as a whole, the earth and man are, in the words of our politicians, "mighty small potatoes." He also states in a precautionary way, that while there may be life on the other planets, it is not necessarily human life, and then explains his idea of proof to be the preponderance of probability.

Mars travels in an elliptical orbit, that of the earth being more circular. The result is that at some times Mars is four and a half times brighter than at others, and sometimes it is 33,050,000 miles away, and sometimes 61,000,000. When Mars is brightest and nearest to the earth, then it is best observed. Sometimes Mars is 154,500 000 miles from the sun, and at other times it is only 129,500,000, and thus has more light and heat at one

\* Mars by Percival Lowell, Fellow American Academy, etc. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo. Cloth, illustrated, \$2.50.



season than another. Its diameter is estimated at 4,215 miles, and thus has a surface a little more than a quarter of that of the earth. It has a night and a day, and rotates on its axis once in 24 hours and 40 minutes. It is almost round, but slightly flattened at the poles ( $\frac{1}{10}$  of the equatorial diameter, the earth's being  $\frac{3}{63}$ ).

For the sustenance of all natural life, air and water are necessary. The difference between a mummy planet like the moon and a planet on whose countenance many changes are seen, such as on Mars, is that the latter has an atmosphere which softens the sun's rays and the former has not. Mars has its polar snow cap, its greenish temperate zone and its reddish equatorial belt. The snow cap disappears in Mars' summer and reappears in its winter. The other belts change in aspect as the seasons come and go. Other technical experiments prove the existence of this atmosphere—an atmosphere without the clouds which the earth knows so well and in which Venus is almost obscured. Mars being smaller than the earth and hence likely to be less dense, *i.e.* to have greater volume for the same quantity of matter, has a thinner and rarer atmosphere than ours. This smaller mass would also have less attraction of gravity to exercise on the atmosphere around it.

Does Mars possess water? The polar snow cap is known to change, and as it changes in the presence of air, there must be water. As the cap disappears, a dark band appears surrounding it on all sides. This has been studied closely and observers are quite convinced that it is a belt of water occasioned by the melting of the polar snow. It keeps pace with the polar cap's retreat towards the pole.

Then Mr. Lowell takes up Martian geography or areography as he calls it and begins to explain, with the aid of his charts, the physical features of the Martian surface. Its small con-

tinents, its peninsulas, its bays and its canals are all brought into view and the reader may from the depth of his arm chair travel in spirit to a land he has no hope of ever reaching, for it is always over thirty millions of miles away. He may by reading this book add to this, the natural delight of an explorer for he will be gazing upon details of Martian geography never published until now.

This brief review of a most important and interesting book may be closed with a few quotations:

"Thus we see that several independent phenomena all agree to show that the blue-green regions of Mars are not water, but generally at least, areas of vegetation; from which it follows that Mars is very badly off for water, and that the planet is dependent on the melting of its polar snows for practically its whole supply. . . . But as a planet grows older, its oceans, in all probability dry up, the water retreating through cracks and caverns into its interior. . . . Signs of having thus parted with its oceans we see in the case of the moon, whose so-called seas were probably seas in their day, but have now become old sea-bottoms."

"When the great continental areas . . . are attentively examined . . . their desert-like ground is seen to be traversed by a net-work of fine, straight, dark lines. . . . There is nothing haphazard in the look of any of them. . . . They are, each and all, direct to a degree. . . . As a rule they are of scarcely any perceptible breadth, seeming on the average to be less than a Martian degree, or about thirty miles wide. . . . A thousand or fifteen hundred miles may be considered about the average length."

"But, singular as each line looks to be by itself, it is the systematic network of the whole that is amazing. Each line not only goes with wonderful directness from one point to another, but at this latter spot it continues to meet, exactly, another line

which has come with like directness from quite a different direction. Nor do two only manage thus to rendezvous. Three, four, five, and even seven will similarly fall in on the same spot, a gregariousness which, to a greater or less extent, finds effective possibility all over the surface of the planet. The disk is simply a network of such intersections."

"When we put all these phenomena together, the presence of the spots at the junctions of the canals, their

strangely systematic shapes, their seasonal darkening, and, last but not least, the resemblance of the great continental regions of Mars to the deserts of the earth,—a solution of their character suggests itself at once; to wit, that they are oases in the midst of that desert, and oases not wholly innocent of design; for in number, position, shape and behavior, the oases turn out as typical and peculiar a feature of Mars as the canals themselves."

## BLISS CARMAN'S LATEST BOOK OF POEMS.\*

*A Review.*

BY HARRY W. BROWN, B.A.

THE thoughts of the supernatural suggested by the title of this book are strongly confirmed upon getting a glimpse of the original cover, the shadowy outline engravings illustrating the text, and the heavy typography, making us think involuntarily of the old black-letter, of the "Ancient Mariner," and of sundry other things of olden times connected with the superstitious side of our beings. The making of the book as a piece of art is a distinct advance upon his earlier book, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," and, we imagine, will not be an unimportant factor in the number of sales made. The designs, which are the work of Mr. T. B. Meteyard, are all suggestive of old tapestry-work, whether in the conventional figures and flowers, or the old-fashioned galleons or house furnishings.

Bliss Carman requires no introduction to Canadian readers as a Canadian poet. His career may not be so well known. His name is generally classed with the list of young Cana-

dian poets, but there is a tendency fostered by his present surroundings and shown in this latest volume towards his removal into other spheres. His ancestors, on both his father's side and his mother's, (whose name was Bliss) were U. E. Loyalists who had taken prominent parts in the Revolution, and who removed at the close of the war to the southern portion of New Brunswick. The artist side of Mr. Carman, who is a musician as well as a poet, is probably inherited from his mother, for from her side of the house has sprung Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Carman was born at Frederickton, New Brunswick, in 1861. After graduating from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, he went to Edinburgh for postgraduate work, first in law, then in engineering; but finding neither of these congenial, in 1886 he went to Harvard and returned to his old studies in English and philosophy. This residence in the States opened up for him work as editor of

\* Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen. By Bliss Carman, Lamson, Wolfe & Co., New York; William Briggs, Toronto.

the New York *Independent* with which paper he remained until 1893. Since then he has been engaged in no permanent work, spending his time principally in editing and writing, and passing the seasons in New York, Washington, or Nova Scotia, as his fancy leads him. He suggested the idea of, and for some time assisted Messrs. Stone and Kimball in editing, the magazine, "The Chap-Book."

Mr. Carman's first published book of poetry was "Low Tide on Grand Pré," 1893. This was followed a year later by "Songs from Vagabondia," written in collaboration with Mr. R. Hovey, and in the spring of 1895 by "A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson."

Throughout all his poems, as throughout so much of the work of our Canadian poets, the keynote is sadness and gloom. The feeling of discontent is properly one with which we should all be imbued in order that the resultant dissatisfaction should inspire us to increased effort and power, and provide us with the satisfaction of knowing we have a latent force to open out before us a wider world. We Canadians are a young people, with the freest institutions in the world and with unbounded prospects and provision for future greatness, and therefore our poets should be filled with joy and ambition, and soar above present difficulties, even as Wordsworth's Skylark binding us both to Heaven and earth. Carman's later poetry is more hopeful; he feels that good will somehow or other come out of evil, even though we be cast down now. But this later poetry of his has lost its distinctive Canadian tone, and is more in accord with the spirit of unrest beyond our borders. Let us hope that some of our young poets will throw off their lethargy and give us songs which will have the inspiring effect of those young writers of Germany who yearned to rid themselves of the galling Napoleonic yoke.

Carman's two books, "Low Tide on

Grand Pré," and "Behind the Arras," strike two distinctive notes. Unlike so many collections of poetry embracing all moods and subjects, there is a unity of subject in each book, with the second a natural outgrowth of the first. In his introduction to "Low Tide," he tells us the poems "are variations on a single theme, more or less aptly suggested by the title. The title suggests to us a scene of nature, and upon glancing over other titles in the book, "A Windflower," "At the Voice of a Bird," "A Northern Vigil," "In Apple Time," we are strengthened in our surmise that it is a book on natural objects. But a perusal of the poems reveals to us that it is man's moods and feelings as revealed and interpreted by various aspects of nature. The following stanzas from the opening poem show the influence of beauty in nature on pleasure in the human heart, a beauty as transient in nature as it is fleeting in pleasure:

"The sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall,  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide."

\* \* \* \*

"There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

"And that we took into our hands  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

"Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

"So all desire and all regret,  
And fear and memory were naught;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hands had caught;  
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

"The night has fallen and the tide . . .  
Now and again comes drifting home,



Across these aching barrens wide,  
A sigh like driven wind or foam ;  
In grief the flood is bursting home."

In "Behind the Arras" we have the influence of the weird, the ancient, the supernatural in their relation to our feelings. The natural treasure house of a poet is nature herself, where eternal things strike the fancy and provoke ideas. When he goes to man's own experiences and feelings, he is taking a step distinctly in advance, and one where he must be cautious. The former appeals to local thoughts and coloring; the latter is for all mankind and all time, and the poet boldly challenges fame. In this volume, then, he depicts feelings and moods; the soft enervating beauty of the June moonlight, and the cold and gaunt December snow; old heirlooms revered for their antiquity, and modern wonders with strange and startling power; all in their peculiar power of influence over us.

In the first poem, "Behind the Arras," he gives us the scope of the collection :

"I like the old home tolerably well,  
Where I must dwell  
Like a familiar gnome ;  
And yet I never shall feel quite at home :  
I love to roam.

"Day after day I loiter and explore  
From door to door ;  
So many treasures lure  
The curious mind. What histories obscure  
They must immure !"

He tells us of the various rooms of the house and the bits of landscape to be seen from each of its windows.

"But most of all the marvellous tapestry  
Engrosses me,  
Where such strange things are rife,  
Fancies of beasts and flowers, and love and  
strife,  
Woven to the life ;

"Degraded shapes and splendid seraph forms,  
And teeming swarms  
Of creatures gauzy dim  
That cloud the dusk, and painted fish that  
swim,  
At the weaver's whim :

"And wonderful birds that wheel and hang in  
the air ;  
And beings with hair,  
And moving eyes in the face,  
And white bone teeth, and hideous grins, who  
race  
From place to place.

\* \* \* \*

"Sometimes they seem almost as real as I ;  
I hear them sigh ;  
I see them bow with grief,  
Or dance for joy like an aspen leaf ;  
But that is brief.

"They have mad wars and phantom marriages ;  
Nor seem to guess  
There are dimensions still,  
Beyond thought's reach, though not beyond  
love's will,  
Nor soul to fill."

Each person and thing on the tapestry grows in its vividness on the poet, until he believes himself haunted by strange beings in and behind it, brought into life by the wind blowing gently along. Passing through the strings of an old harp, it tells him of the weaver and of the characters he wove; and then

"Give me a little space and time enough,  
From revellings rough,  
I could revive, reweave,  
A fabric of beauty art might well believe  
Were past retrieve.

"O, men and women, in that rich design,  
Sleep-soft, sun-fine,  
Dew-tenuous and free,  
A tone of the infinite wind-themes of the sea,  
Borne in to me,

"Reveals how you were woven to the night  
Of shadow and light.  
You are the dream of One  
Who loves to haunt, and yet appears to shun  
My door in the sun."

In the closing stanzas of the poem he sounds a note higher than that in his earlier volume :

"O, hand of mine and brain of mine, be yours,  
While time endures,  
To acquiesce and learn !  
For what we best may dare, and drudge and  
yearn,  
Let soul discern.

"So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gate,  
Early or late,  
And part without remorse,

A cadence dying down unto its source  
In music's course :

" You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and  
buds,  
The heart-beats of the earth,  
To be remoulded always of one worth  
From birth to birth :

" I to the broken rhythm of thought and men ;  
The sweep and open  
Of memory and hope  
About the orbit, where they still must grope  
For order scope,

" To be through thousand springs restored,  
renewed,  
With love imbrued,  
With increments of will  
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still  
From each new skill.

" Always the flawless beauty, always the chord  
Of the overword,  
Dominant, pleading, sure,  
No truth too small to save and make endure,  
No good too poor !"

" And since no mortal can at least disdain  
That sweet refrain,  
But lets go strife and care,  
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,  
The wind knows where.

" Some quiet April evening soft and strange,  
When comes the change  
No spirit can deplore,  
I shall be one with all I was before,  
In death once more."

In "Fancy's Fool," the mortal who  
has lost his love is soothed by the  
cornel flower, who tells him that her  
life though underground with her  
roots does not prevent her from blossoming.

"The Moondial," the third poem in  
the book,

" — registers the morrows  
Of lovers and winds and streams,  
And the face of a thousand sorrows  
At the postern gate of dreams."

\* \* \* \*

" Whenever the wild control  
Burned out to a mortal kiss,  
And the shuddering storm-swept soul,  
Climbed to its acme of bliss.

" The green-gold light of the dead  
Stood still in purple space,  
And a record blind and dread  
Was graved on the dial's face."

But no one may read these records,  
for of each one who has attempted it,

" — always his innocent eyes  
Were frozen into the stone,  
From that awful first surprise  
His soul must return alone.

" In the morning there he lay  
Dead in the sun's warm gold,  
And no man knows to this day  
What the dim moondial told."

In the "Cruise of the Galleon," another hopeful note is struck. The Galleon is old Tellus, the Earth, who is riding at anchor off the Sun, surrounded with ice and storms, and without a chart. But Man takes the helm and brings back hope :

" We'll crowd sail across the sea-line—  
Clear this harbor, reef and buoy,  
Bowling down an open lee-line  
For the latitudes of joy ;

" Till beyond the zones of sorrow,  
Past grief's haven in the night,  
Some large simple world shall mirror  
This pale region's northern light.

" Not a fear, but all the sea-room,  
Wherein time is but a bay,  
Yet shall sparkle for our lee-room  
In the vast Altrurian day."

"The Red Wolf" is perhaps the most dismal of these poems. The dwarf, of course, is grim despair, who cries out "wolf" to us.

" With the fall of the leaf comes the wolf, wolf,  
wolf,  
The old red wolf at my door,  
And my hateful yellow dwarf, with his hideous crooked laugh,  
Cries 'Wolf, wolf, wolf!' at my door."

Not only at the fall of the leaf, but in the spring and summer time, in night and day does he appear, but a better time is coming when we shall get the mastery of despair :

" That day I will arise, put my heel upon his throat,  
And squirt his yellow blood upon the door ;  
Then watch him dying there, like a spider in his lair,  
With a 'Wolf, wolf, wolf!' at my door.

" The great white morning sun shall walk the earth again,  
And the children return to my door,  
I shall hear their merry laugh and forget my buried dwarf,  
As a tale that is told at the door."

The greatest difficulty presented to the ordinary reader in these poems is the obscurity. This arises probably from two reasons. In the first place the author has a very wide vocabulary, and in many instances he makes use of unknown words, and a person reading poetry for pleasure does not care to turn constantly to a dictionary. If the imagination could summon a picture to replace the word, the difficulty would be nothing; but generally there is no ground for the imagination to work from. The second difficulty is the trouble in finding the idea he wishes to convey. This is overcome only by re-reading and patient study,

and the reader does not receive that pleasure from the study he receives on divining the ideas of Browning.

Mr. Carman acknowledges Browning to be his master in poetry. In the quotation given above, beginning :

"O hand of mine and brain of mine be yours."

the idea and the manner of presenting it are both suggestive of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra." Browning's influence in the earlier volume is not apparent. Its poems are those of his earlier life; the poems in his newer book are those of a man in later life, with deeper thought and wider experience.

### HIDDEN GOLD.

ON Fisguard-street, in Victoria, B. C., stands a two story dwelling-house which has been tenantless for a quarter of a century. It is furnished throughout, even to the lace curtains and blinds on the windows, but its walls never re-echo the sounds of footsteps, or respond to the laughter of occupants. The rats and mice hold high carnival, and spiders weave their webs unmolested by the brush of the careful housewife.

There must be some strange story connected with this deserted dwelling, which, standing alone, with the wind whistling through its broken panes, with its broken picket fences and its yard and garden grown up with a rank growth of weeds and underbrush. There is indeed, nor is this the tale of a haunted house.

Many years ago, as the story goes, the dwelling was erected by a Mr. ———, who had arrived from Australia, with his wife and family. While in that far off colony he had amassed considerable wealth. This he brought with him in the form of gold coin. Eccentric in disposition, he had a horror of banks and bankers, so he placed his wealth in an earthen jar, which he buried in the yard surrounding his dwelling.

Years passed away. The prosperity which had attended him in Australia did not desert him in his new home. His store of gold increased, and the hoard in

the earthen jar grew in volume. But sickness came, and death claimed him for its victim. While on his deathbed he called his wife to his side and made her take an oath that she would never reveal the place of the hidden treasure. That oath she has solemnly kept.

After her husband's death Mrs. ———, under the influence of some superstitious fear, could not bear to remain in the house, and removed to the country, leaving the house and its contents just as they were. When the business boom came she had frequent applications to rent the house, which was centrally situated and near the Chinese quarter, but her reply always was, "My house is not to rent."

So it stands just as it did twenty-five years ago, save that the hand of time has laid its mark upon it. Whether the pot of gold still lies buried in its deserted grounds cannot be known, for the wife kept her secret well. But there are tales of midnight visitors, who have sought by means of the divining rod to discover the hidden treasure. Perhaps some day, as told in the fable, the ground may be turned up, and if the gold is not found the place may become a source of wealth in some other form to its possessor.

The story of the hidden pot of gold is unknown to many in the western capital, but the deserted house is a well-known object of curiosity.

J. J. BELL.





## GURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE DOGS OF WAR CHAINED.

A DIFFERENT tone is now noticeable in the United States newspaper and Congressional discussions of the Venezuelan question. The Dogs of War have been chained, locked and double-locked. While the President and the Monroe Doctrine have been upheld, the upholding has been performed in a fairer, juster and more reasonable manner. The leading war-like newspapers have ceased to declare that Great Britain is endeavoring to seize territory which belongs to Venezuela, and now content themselves with stating that there is some territory in dispute and that the desire, the only desire, of the United States people is that Venezuela should have fair-play and equal chances to prove her claim.

Lord Salisbury, through the Queen's Speech, has also declared for peace and says :—

"The Government of the United States of America have expressed a wish to co-operate in the termination of the differences which have existed for many years between my Government and the Republic of Venezuela, upon the question of the boundary between that country and British Guiana. I have expressed my sympathy with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement, and trust that further negotiations will lead to a satisfactory settlement."

Nothing could well be milder.

Both Governments seem anxious for a settlement of this question which will not endanger the measure of good-

feeling which obtains between two great nations with a common language, the same blood, a joint literature and a civilization which is essentially indivisible. British patriots, British writers, British artists and British statesmen have labored that the British people might be great, and because the people of the North American continent have inherited the fruits and benefits of these labors of past and present generations, they can never cease to be Britishers. They may be called "Americans," but they remain British still—though not to the same extent as the inhabitants of the British Colonies and the British Isles. The members of one family should settle all disputes, as Senator Blanchard remarked, "along lines of kindred friendship and peace."

### CANADA'S FEALTY.

Those who have carefully watched the course of public discussion in Canada during the past six months, can have come to no other conclusion than that Canada is as ready as ever to stand or fall, suffer defeat or gain victory, with the British Empire of which she forms a voluntary part. From all over the Dominion come evidences of deep-seated loyalty and of a fearless sense of duty. The Dominion House of Commons spent a sitting in making declarations which thrilled the nation when it heard them. And the following resolution was passed amid unanimity and cheers :—

"That in view of the threatening aspect of foreign affairs this House desires to assure Her Majesty's Government and the people of the United Kingdom of its unalterable loyalty and devotion to the British throne and constitution, and of its conviction that, should occasion unhappily arise, in no other part of the empire than the Dominion of Canada would more substantial sacrifices attest the determination of Her Majesty's subjects to maintain unimpaired the integrity and inviolate the honor of Her Majesty's empire; and this House reiterates the oft-expressed desire of the people of Canada to maintain the most friendly relations with their kinsmen of the United States."

The Legislature of the Province of Ontario, about the same time, passed a similar resolution in the following terms:

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty: Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, in Parliament assembled, desire, in view of recent events in relation to the territorial rights of Great Britain in South America and elsewhere, to assure your Majesty of the unalterable loyalty and devotion of the people of Ontario to your Majesty's person and Crown, and to the empire over which your Majesty reigns, and that, in case of any trouble affecting the interests of the empire, no sacrifice which the circumstances might demand would be considered too great for the people of this Province, should they be called upon to repel invasion or to defend the integrity of the British Empire."

The Canadian Press Association, at its annual meeting, passed a similar resolution, and the discussion showed that the thinking men of Canada have decided that Great Britain's destiny is Canada's.

These resolutions do not mean loyalty to a royal personage alone, but a deeper loyalty to those principles of law, of government, of liberty, which have made the British Flag the indicator of civilization, and the British people the most advanced and most cultivated among the nations of the earth.

#### AN ABLE JURIST.

Great Britain owes a debt of gratitude to one member of the Canadian Parliament for his untiring services

in her behalf. The voice of the Hon. David Mills may be seldom heard in proclamations of loyalty, but months,—yes, years—of his valuable time have been given to a thorough study of those international questions which affect British interests on this continent. His latest discovery includes his finding in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa of several old maps, some French and some Dutch, giving the boundaries of Spanish and Dutch possessions in South America. These maps will strengthen very materially the British contention with regard to the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela.

Mr. Mill's able article on the Monroe Doctrine in last month's issue of this MAGAZINE was, without doubt, the ablest presentation of the question from a British point of view, which has yet been given to the public.

But whether it has been the West Shore Difficulty, The Behring Sea Question, The Maine, or any other boundary line which has been under discussion, the Hon. David Mills was the man who presented the best results of patient research and of logical investigation. His services have been exceedingly valuable, yet they have been given without hope of reward, with an unselfish and unpretending patriotism, which could only arise from an extraordinary nobility of character.

#### A STIFFNECKED PEOPLE.

In a recent article in the *New York Herald*, G. W. Smalley, one of the most famous of modern journalists, speaks of Canada as "perhaps the most stiffnecked of all English colonies." But no further remarks throw any light on the real inwardness of this expression.

In their relations with the Mother Country, Canadians have certainly been unbending when either their rights or their duties were concerned. During the early years of the present century they agitated and fought for

responsible government. The Constitutional Act of 1791 granted representative government, but this was not enough. The responsibility of the Executive to an elective assembly, which now obtains in each of the Provinces and in the Federal Government, was then unknown. The colonists demanded this concession, and Lord John Russell finally granted it about 1842, but not before the agitation had resulted in the Rebellion of 1837. When the Provinces grew large enough to desire the right to control their own affairs, they pressed for another concession—the right to make their own regulations concerning commerce and impose their own customs duties. They pressed their claims, and the Imperial Government finally granted them. There have been other problems of a similar constitutional nature for which Canadians have requested solutions, and these have been invariably obtained.

But not alone in pressing for reforms and extensions of privileges, have Canadians been stiff necked. When a foreign power threatened in 1776, and again in 1812-13-14, and once again in 1866, to plant an alien flag over this portion of the British Dominions, Canadians were very unbending in their conduct. They announced their intentions with powder and ball, and wrote the confirmation with their lives' blood, with the result that Canada is still a colony of Great Britain, and stiff necked enough to be glad that such a circumstance still obtains.

#### FREE SILVER DEFEATED.

On December 20th of 1895, the President of the United States sent to Congress a message urging financial legislation. The gold in the Treasury was fast dwindling into insignificance, and war was a possibility. The House

of Representatives at once passed two measures, a bond bill, and a bill to increase the revenue by certain tariff changes.

The bond bill went up to the Senate. It was intended to provide for the issue of bonds, redeemable in five years and payable in fifteen, and bearing interest at three per cent. These bonds were not to be sold below par. The proceeds of such sale were to be used to redeem legal-tender notes. When the Senate received the Bill it was amended by a provision to allow the free coinage of silver at the mints on the same terms as gold; also to allow the coinage of the seignorage on silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act, and now in the Treasury, the immediate issuance of silver certificates against that amount of silver, the retirement of national bank notes of less denomination than \$10, and the redemption of greenbacks and Treasury notes in either gold or silver, as might suit the convenience of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bond bill thus amended came back to the House, where it was rejected by a vote of 215 to 90. In the meantime President Cleveland has issued bonds under an old law and it is probable that the bill will now be dropped.

There are two lessons to be learned from the discussion. The first is, the power of the United States Senate, and the impotence of the House of Representatives as compared with the corresponding bodies in Canada. The second is given in the words of the *Buffalo Enquirer* :—

“The free coinage men in the Senate cannot have their own way, but they may kill the revenue measure passed by the House as well as the bond bill. They have made a combination against it with the Democrats, and it is not probable that it can be forced to a vote nor certain that it will pass if a vote should be taken.”



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. W. E. Hunt, of the *Montreal Witness*, well-known in current literature as "Keppel Strange," has placed with William Briggs for publication a collection of "Poems and Pastels." The book will be a very welcome addition to Canadian literature. We cannot well have too much of the kind.

\*\*

The other day I became much interested in a cheap, Chicago novel, "Stanhope of Chester," by Percy Andraee\*. Once started at it, I found there was no half-way stopping point. When I finished it, I discovered I had been reading a tale of the part played by an embodied spirit, a wronged being's self or counterpart. Through its influence a man shoots himself and his friend is tried as a murderer. This enables the author to give a stern and biting criticism of English police regulations and criminal law—English, you see, because like most United States novels, it was written by an Englishman.

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For several years back, Clarence Hawkes, "the blind poet of New England," has been writing short stories and poems for the magazines. Some of these have appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. Now he has ventured to bring out a volume of verses† and he deserves to be successful—not because he is blind, but because he is a thinker and a singer. Notice the suggestion in this one-verse poem ;

ENVIRONMENT.

A wondrous shell was thrown up from the deep,  
Where it had lain long centuries asleep—  
But, in a day, the sun light and the dew,  
Had cracked and stained this shell of wondrous hue.

There is a volume in those four lines. Then he can be homely humorous too—like James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton. For instance take the following lines from "Bilin' Sap" :

Wall, jest about this time it gits ter look  
Like sugarin', so when the wind gets right  
An' it will freeze by night an' thaw by day  
Then boys look out fer jest a rush o' sap :  
'Tis then we git the spiles an' buckets out  
An' set the camp.

But in a short notice, justice cannot be done to this gifted poet. I cannot say that he is always original, but there is sufficient originality in his book to entitle it to a place in the best libraries, and no dusty corner either.

"The King of Andaman,"\* is a long novel by J. Maclaren Cobban, well-written it is true, but beyond giving an idea of some of the Chartist Weavers of '48, it does not seem to have any particular purpose. The characters are fairly strong, however. Another book in the same series\* is "Strange Survivals," by S. Baring Gould, a collection of European superstitions, analyzed, compared and criticized. Traditions and legends are related, grouped and dissected,—the poetry of life is laid bare by the scientist's scalpel. And yet those who wish or are so inclined may read of these "Strange Survivals," and in reading them may dream about the days and the years, and the people and the life of civilized Europe's earliest centuries.

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For some time Roberts Bros. of Boston have been publishing Balzac's novels in English, the translating being done, and well done, by Miss K. P. Wormeley. I recently read "The Marriage Contract,"† and it is certainly a most powerful piece of work. It describes the French ceremony which leads up to an engagement, and incidentally gives some views on marriage—its usefulness, its basis and its possible effects on the participants "in that struggle of two beings always in one another's presence, bound forever, who have coupled each other under the strange impression that they were suited." The gay young bachelor, Paul de Manerville, wooed and won Natalie, the daughter of Madame Evangéliste—the latter a Spaniard by birth. The trickery and subterfuges necessary before and after a French marriage—and some others, also—is portrayed in a most masterly manner.

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A new Canadian volume of some importance is "Kaleidoscope Echoes ;" ‡ being a collection of sketches by Rev. Philip Tocque, A.M. Some of the titles are as follows : The Secular and Religious Press, Church Schools, Newfoundland as a Health Resort, Plagiarism in the Pulpit, The Fur Seal, Church Union, The Bocothics or Red Indians of Newfoundland, The Celebrated Pusey Family, Yellow-covered Literature, and Woman's

\* Methuen's Colonial Library : Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† Honoré de Balzac's Novels, Roberts Bros., Boston, 35 volumes.

‡ "Kaleidoscope Echoes ;" by Rev. Philip Tocque, A.M. ; Toronto, The Hunter, Rose Co.

\* Paper 50 cents, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.

† "Pebbles and Shells," by Clarence Hawkes : Picturesque Pub. Co., Northampton, Mass.

Rights. Mr. Tocque has spent most of his years in Canada, and has been a careful compiler of information. The style of his writing is best explained by the word simplicity, and all his statements and arguments are made in a straightforward and precise manner. It is on Newfoundland subjects that Mr. Tocque is most at home, as he spent many of his best years and much of his wealth among the struggling fishermen of that British colony.

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The masters and students of the Iroquois High School, will, the coming summer, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that thriving school, and with enterprise worthy of all commendation are having published by William Briggs, a comprehensive history of the school from its earliest beginnings. The book will comprise some three hundred pages, and be embellished by a large number of photo-engravings.

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Autobiographies are seldom interesting, but that of Charles Francois Gounod,\* the musical composer, is worth reading both for its information and for its literary style. In it we find that besides being famous as the producer of the opera "Faust," he was noted as a painter, and he is thus able to write cleverly of Michael Angelo and Raphael. What he says of music and musicians it is unnecessary to dilate upon, as he is an acknowledged master in this realm. It may be stated, however, that his comments on the compositions of Mozart and Mendelssohn are of intense interest, and his meeting and subsequent friendship with the latter musician is touched upon with engaging freedom and delicacy. The book itself is a work of art with its illuminated cover and heavy, rough-ended paper.

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A volume of much interest to students of pioneer American life is "The Story of the Indian"† It is the first volume in the "Story of the West" series. The object of this series is to preserve the picturesque and individual types of a life in the real West, which is rapidly fading away and to offer the romantic stories of the Indian, explorer, cowboy, miner, soldier, and other representative figures in a permanent form. Mr. Grinnell's intimate personal knowledge of his subject has enabled him to draw an admirably graphic picture of the actual Indian whose home-life, religious observances, amusements, together with the various phases of his devotion to war and the chase, and

finally the effects of encroaching civilization, are delineated with a certainty and an absence of sentimentalism or hostile prejudice which impart a peculiar distinction to this eloquent story of a passing life. In his Appendix the author gives a most scholarly and concise description of the ethnological characteristics of the North American Indians—of the nearly sixty distinct linguistic stocks to be found north of Mexico. The illustrations are also valuable, the one which shows the totem poles being a British Columbia picture, as are several others. As a book of reference it is very valuable.

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"Jean, the Bobbin carrier, and Other Stories" announced for issue this spring by William Briggs, is a collection that will arouse more than common interest. The author, Mr. Clifford Smith, one of the editorial staff of the Montreal *Witness*, has by his contributions to periodical literature, already a reputation as a clever writer and a good story-teller. The publication of this collection of stories will give him a distinct place among the brilliant horde of writers of the day. Mr. Smith's stories are all Canadian in subject-matter and in treatment. These glimpses of French Canadian life are photographic in their fidelity, and he handles the quaint broken-English of the *habitants* with exquisite effect. We bid our readers look out for this book. The appearance of such books as this one and "Old Man Savarin," are events in the life of our literature.

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Since the days of Stanley's Life of Arnold, few books of biography or of a biographical character have appeared, which have given such great pleasure as the letters of Matthew Arnold\* which have just been published.

By easy stages the reader is taken from the Chartist disturbances of 1848, to the year succeeding Her Most Gracious Majesty's jubilee. In the letter to his mother, dated April, 1848, describing the terror caused to some people by the Chartist Convention, Arnold, in about a dozen lines, draws a vivid word picture of the excited state of feeling, so vivid that any one can fancy out the whole scene for himself.

Arnold seems to have been a great admirer of Goethe. He describes him thus: "I have been returning to Goethe's Life, and think higher of him than ever. His thorough sincerity—writing about nothing that he had not experienced—is in modern literature almost unrivalled." It was one of the greatest of charms in Matthew Arnold's character, that he was so thoroughly sincere and wrote and spoke of nothing he did not understand. Who has not experienced the agony of hear-

\* "Memoirs of an Artist" an autobiography by Charles Francois Gounod; Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Cloth, \$1.25.

† "The Story of the Indian." By George Bird Grinnell, author of "Pawnee Hero Stories," "Blackfoot Lodge Tales, etc." With sixteen full-page illustrations. Cloth, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

\* Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1844-1888, collected by G. W. E. Russell. Macmillan & Co., New York and London. \$3.00.

ing some chattering youths of either sex; or, perhaps, some conceited and would-be considered clever woman, speaking of books and authors in the most dogmatic fashion, one that would not be attempted by the most profound students?

We are afforded a glance at two famous women in a letter to Miss Wightman, dated December 21st, 1850. They are Harriet Martineau and Charlotte Brontë. Arnold does not appear to have greatly admired the former, and says very little about the latter.

Arnold married in 1851, and in a letter to his wife from Birmingham, dated December 2nd, 1851, he gives a brief account of that famous city, which contains more real information in its dozen lines than many columns often do.

It is impossible to give any lengthened notice of these delightful letters, but there is scarcely a subject that has agitated the minds of politicians since 1848 that is not mentioned,—the Crimean War, the Mutiny, Parliamentary Reform, the Irish Church, the Franco-German war, the Burials Bill—and here it may be remarked that Arnold erred in his judgment and conclusions—Home Rule. Of the Queen's Jubilee, though there are several letters of the period, Arnold never directly writes.

One prophetic sentence is contained in a letter to Mrs. Forster, dated May 12th, 1887. He says, speaking of English politicians, "I think the man with a future is Chamberlain."

I have to lay down my pen, being governed by the "inexorable logic of facts," which state that the whole is greater than the part. I have no space to descant upon any but a very brief part of these letters, and I should like—what a labor of love it would be—to go through the whole two volumes. As does their editor, I conclude with saying that to have known Matthew Arnold has been "Part of my life's unalterable good."

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S. R. Crockett is one of the authors who have suffered at the hands of a certain class of publishers. Books such as "A Galloway Herd," and "Bog Myrtle and Peat," brought out without the author's sanction or permission, have done little to increase his reputation. They seem not to have come from the pen that gave us such books as "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," or "The Lilac Sunbonnet," but evidently are early productions that he would gladly see in the flames. After these poor efforts we are pleased to know that a book that shows this really great writer at his best is about to appear. The "Cleg Kelly" sketches that have formed a delightful feature in the *Cornhill Magazine*, are soon to be issued in book form. Smith, Elder & Co. have secured the English mar-

ket, and D. Appleton & Co., the American. With the latter house, William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, has arranged to publish a Canadian Copyright Edition, which is announced for issue March 6th. "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the city: His Progress and Adventures," is the title in full of the book, which will be fully illustrated and handsomely bound. Crockett is at his best with his boy characters, and Cleg Kelly is a unique character, likely to live in literature in the company of Oliver Twist, and Tom Brown, and Tom Sawyer, and such choice spirits.

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The Stolen Bacillus\* and other Incidents, by H. G. Wells, is a collection of short sketches, written in a pleasant manner, treating of some of the crazes of the day. They are as impossible in many of their incidents as can be imagined. Perhaps it is this very impossibility that makes them so interesting. "The Flowering of the Strange Orchid" is one of the best of the stories, and also one of the most impossible. "The Hammer Pond Park Burglary" is also exceedingly good and interesting. But readers had better obtain the book for themselves.

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The Standard Dictionary which is published by Funk & Wagnalls and which has had an enormous sale during the past year has been raised in price. It takes considerable nerve to say to the public "we have raised our price; pay it or go without." Moreover, it requires the possession of an article which has an excellence unsurpassed by that of any competing article, and which cannot be easily equalled.

That Funk & Wagnalls possess such an article in the Standard Dictionary has been amply proven by the testimony of all the leading journals and public men who have examined the work and by the enormous sale which has taken place. The general plan of the work was the result of many years of patient study and concentrated thought. Every feature which had hitherto made dictionaries famous was adopted and improved upon, and many new ideas introduced.

The dictionary contains 3,185 vocabulary terms, or 176,000 more than the revised Webster. Some complaints have been made that it contains some terms which a dictionary should not contain, but such criticism is childish. A dictionary must reflect the language of the people and reflect it accurately and completely. By recording everything, the dictionary creates nothing suggests nothing, and approves of nothing. But its completeness is its excellence.

The spelling of this work is conservative, and yet aggressively positive along the lines

\*Methuen's Colonial Library. The Copp, Clark Co.



of reform agreed upon almost unanimously by all the leading philologists of England and America. It notes the preferences of each of the leading dictionaries where they do vary, so the difference can instantaneously be seen; whilst the spellings peculiar to Great Britain are preserved. All disputed spellings and pronunciations were referred to a select committee of over fifty leading authorities in English, Canadian, Australian, East-Indian, and American universities. In the Appendix, the tally of over 179,000 votes, or preferences, are recorded, showing the individual preference of each member of the committee on each word submitted. Whoever has occasion to differ with the preference of the editor will find that this dictionary furnishes the convenient data for the disputant to form his adverse or favoring conclusions.

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A book on "The True Sphere of the Blind," by E. B. Robinson, B.A., a gentleman, blind since his birth, is in the press of William Briggs.

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Edwin A. Grosvenor, whose sumptuous work on Constantinople, published by Roberts Bros., is attracting such attention, graduated at Amherst in 1867, being salutatorian and class-poet. He studied, says *The Bookman*, at Andover Theological Seminary and in Paris, and from 1873 to 1890 was Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople. An ardent and tireless student, all his time was devoted to work along historical lines. His extensive and frequent travels in Europe and Asia seem like romances, each vacation or leave of absence being consecrated to some special subject of historical research. Thus he has traced a great part of the routes of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander, many of the campaigns of Napoleon, the checkered career of Joan of Arc from Domremy to Rouen, and all the

journeys of St. Paul. Mr. Grosvenor is a member of the leading learned societies of Southern Europe, such as the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos of Constantinople, and the Syllogos Parnassos of Athens an honor rarely accorded to foreigners. Resigning in 1890 from Robert College, he spent the following year in travel in the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek Islands, Asia Minor and Northern Syria. In January, 1892, he was called to Amherst College as Lecturer in history. During three years—June, 1892, to June, 1895—he was head of the Department of French Language and Literature at Amherst, and also for two years meanwhile, 1892-94, head of the Department of History in Smith College. At the Amherst Commencement of 1895, he was appointed to the new chair of European History, which position he now holds.

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A translation of Emile Zola's book "Le Ventre de Paris" has been given to Americans under the title of "The Fat and the Thin."\* It is a story of life in and around those vast Central Markets which form a distinctive feature of modern Paris. These place from a world of their own and teem at certain hours of the day and night with such exuberance of life, that a description of them becomes an interesting study. The novel is certainly accurately descriptive, but is also somewhat drawn out and lacking in exciting incident which ensures the persistent interest of the ordinary reader.

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A new book, by Annie S. Swan, entitled "Memoirs of Margaret Granger," is announced by William Briggs for issue in the coming Spring. This book will, like her other works, have a great sale among general readers.

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\*F. Tennyson Neely, New York and Chicago. Paper 50 cents.





PEN AND INK SKETCH.

DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY F. E. SPRINGER.

"THE COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME."

HE—It is more fashionable to shave. I wonder how I would look without my moustache?  
SHE—Probably no worse than you do with it.



## IDLE MOMENTS.

**A GOOD CHRISTIAN.**—Mrs. Guilfoyle—Are you observing Lent, Mrs. Goldfog's? Mrs. Goldfogle—Yes, strictly. I think by remaining away from the opera until Easter I shall be able to save enough to get me a nice spring outfit.

**SHOULD WAIT.**—Miss Chance—I don't think a girl should feel sure of a man until she is married to him, do you? Bella Beenther—Not even then. She should wait until she actually has the alimony in her own hands.

**NOT SURPRISING.**—Kilduff—The forests are pretty well used up now. Hunker—I am not surprised to hear that. So very many schemers are constantly sawing wood.

**EASILY EXPLAINED.**—Mrs. Twickenham—How pale your little baby brother looks, Willie! Willie Slimson—I should think he would. They haven't fed him on anything but milk since he was born.

**THEIR COMPROMISE.**—Catterson—My wife wants me to take her to Europe next summer, but I can't afford it; so we've compromised. Hatterson—On what? "I'm going to stay home."

**DESIRED A LIFT.**—Beggart—Is this Mr. Sandow, the strong man? Stranger—Yes. Beggar—You can lift a most anything, I suppose? Stranger—Yes. Beggar—Er—could you raise a dime for me?

**HIS REASON.**—Wilton—Why have you taken to the cycle so zealously? Kilton—To study stock. Wilton—What Kind? Kilton—Calves, principally.

**TIME BY THE FORELOCK.**—Higbee—Miss Duell said she received a valentine from you. Robbing—That's strange. I didn't send any. Higbee—Didn't you send one last year? Robbins—Yes, by a messenger boy. Higbee—This must be the one.

**SAVED HIS LIFE.**—Mills—I heard that you won in your uncle's will contest, and yet you seem to be worse off than ever. Hills—Yes; I won \$50,000, but—Mills—What? Hills—The lawyers' fees were \$60,000, and it took my last \$10,000 to pay them. Mills

—Poor fellow! Here's a \$1. Go and get something to eat.

**A CHANCE FOR ITS USE.**—"Shakey!" said Mrs. Gukenheimer to her husband. "Vell?" "Haf you read about dot new light which dakes pigshers of bones inside beoples?" "Vell, vot if I haf?" "Ve might have liddle Isaac's pigsher daken dot vay. Maype ve finds dot kavorter of ein tol'er he svollered last week."

**THE RAILROAD'S MISTAKE.**—"I hope you enjoyed your bridal tour," said Spudds to Huggins. "Yes, in a way, but I should advise other couples to patronize another line of railway." "Why?" "Well the one we travelled on doesn't cater to the bridal traffic." "How's that?" "There isn't a tunnel on the entire line."—*The Conductor.*

**FIRST LESSON.**—The daughter had announced her engagement to the mother, and the mother was looking grave.

"Have you considered my dear Stella," said she, "the arduous duties of a wife or, at least, the duties that the husband expects from his wife?"

"I think so, mother," replied the young woman.

"You will have to look after all his clothes, you know—mend his shirts, see that his collars don't get frayed, keep an eye on his handkerchiefs, and press his trousers. Have you ever pressed trousers?"

"No, mother, you know you always pressed papa's pants," said the beautiful girl, "but I could learn, of course."

"Many wives rebel at pressing trousers," continued the old lady, as she conjured up the past, "but on the other hand, many husbands hate to pay the tailor for doing it."

That evening, about 10.30, the mother unexpectedly entered the parlor and discovered her daughter seated comfortably on the knees of her fiancé.

"Stella!" she exclaimed, in a voice fraught with meaning.

"Oh, don't be silly, mother," replied Stella, tossing her well shaped head. "I am pressing George's trousers for him."

The willingness to please is greater than rubies.







THE SIGNAL.

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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No. 6

## THE PREROGATIVE OF DISSOLUTION, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS LIMITATIONS.

BY SENATOR L. G. POWER.

THE object aimed at in this paper is to present to the reader, in a concise form, views upon an important subject, which are to be found in various authoritative treatises on constitutional law and practice. Those treatises are not always readily accessible even to students; and it is felt to be desirable to place the conclusions stated in or to be deduced from them before the general reader, in order to enable him to form an intelligent judgment.

### I. DISSOLUTIONS AT THE INSTANCE OF THE GOVERNOR.

In theory, the head of the Executive—Monarch, Governor General, or Lieutenant-Governor—has, under the English system of government, the right to dissolve, at his discretion, the popular House of the Legislature. In practice, this general proposition, like most other general propositions when applied to that system, is subject to limitations.

The discretion must be a reasonable one. If the Governor (using that term to describe the official head of the Executive, whether Imperial, Dominion or Provincial) undertakes to exercise his power to dissolve against the wishes of the Ministry of the day, who

are supported by a substantial majority of the Lower House, he must have reasonable grounds for believing that they do not represent the popular sentiment, that either their general administration or policy, or their attitude with respect to some question of grave practical importance does not meet with the approval of a majority of the electors; and he must find other ministers prepared to assume the responsibility for his action. There have been in England since the establishment of the present system of administration three cases, two of them very well known, where the king dismissed ministers who were supported by a majority in the House of Commons, and appealed from that House to the electors. In 1784, George the Third dismissed the Coalition Ministry of Fox and Lord North, which had the support of a large majority in the Commons, and formed a new administration under Pitt, which, upon an appeal to the country, was triumphantly sustained. The precedent thus established was followed in 1807, after the dismissal of the Grenville administration, and again in 1834, when William the Fourth dismissed the Melbourne Ministry, and called upon Sir Robert Peel to form a new administration.



An appeal having been made to the electorate, Peel's government found themselves in a minority in the House of Commons, and after a struggle were obliged to resign, and make way for the return of the Whig Ministry.

While the action of George the Third, in 1784, is generally regarded with approval, the same cannot be said of that of his son fifty years later. In principle the cases were the same, but in 1784 the king gauged more accurately the public sentiment than did his successor in the later case; and, therefore, there seems to be among historians and constitutional writers a disposition to look upon the father as having exercised his discretion reasonably, while the son used his without that qualification. Even though an unlearned observer may be disposed to deem the disfavor with which William's experiment has been regarded as an illustration of the truth of the maxim, that "nothing succeeds like success," the failure of that experiment operates as a kind of guarantee that a governor shall not dismiss ministers supported by a majority in the popular House, unless he has the best ground for believing that his action will be sustained on an appeal to the electors—the ultimate source of authority. Such dissolutions, which may be called "compulsory," are in every case preceded by a dismissal of the existing administration and the appointment of new ministers, who are prepared to assume responsibility for the action of the Governor.

"The grounds upon which the sovereign may constitutionally dismiss a ministry Lord Brougham has thus defined: 'If they exhibit internal dissensions among themselves; if they differ from the sovereign, or from the country at large (upon a question of public policy); if their measures are ruinous to the interests of the country, at home or abroad; or if there should exist a general feeling of distrust and disapprobation of them throughout the country.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Cases of compulsory dissolutions are not unknown in the colonies.

"In 1861, Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland being dissatisfied with the reasons given to him by his prime minister (Mr. Kent) for submitting to the local legislature—a bill affecting the salaries of *employés* in the Civil Service of the island, dismissed the ministry, and entrusted the formation of a new administration to Mr. Hoyles, the leader of the opposition in the assembly. Mr. Hoyles succeeded in this undertaking, but, being in a minority in the assembly, requested the governor to dissolve the legislature, to which his excellency acceded. Meanwhile, the assembly, on March 5th, 1861, passed resolutions protesting against the change of ministry and the proposed dissolution, and negatived a motion to go into committee of the whole house on ways and means. Whereupon, two days afterwards, the legislature was dissolved by proclamation: a certain bill which had passed both houses, having been previously assented to by proclamation. The result of the elections was favorable to the new ministry, and the objectionable measure which had been disapproved of by the governor was not again brought forward."<sup>\*</sup>

"In 1853, a prohibitory liquor law was passed by the New Brunswick legislature, but the Act proved to be wholly inoperative and incapable of enforcement. Whereupon the lieutenant-governor (J. H. Manners Sutton), without expressing any opinion upon the principle of prohibitory legislation, sent a memorandum to his Ministers, in which he expressed his conviction that a continuance of the existing state of affairs was fraught with peril to the best interests of the community, and called for immediate remedy. He, therefore, suggested a dissolution of Parliament, with a view to a decided expression of public opinion in favor of or in opposition to the prohibitory principle. Ministers dissented altogether from his excellency's conclusions, and would not advise a dissolution."<sup>†</sup>

The lieutenant-governor persisted: ministers resigned: a new administration was formed: the assembly was dissolved, and a new one elected, which, by an overwhelming majority, endorsed his excellency's action.

In the same province the general elections of 1865 were run on the question of Confederation, and a large

<sup>\*</sup> Todd, *Parliamentary Government in England*; 2nd edition, Vol. 1, p. 316.

<sup>\*</sup> Todd, *Parliamentary Government in the Colonies*; 2nd Edition, p. 667.  
<sup>†</sup>Ib. 660, sq.

majority of members opposed to the union were returned. In the next year, the lieutenant-governor (Mr. A. H. Gordon) proposed to recommend the question again to the consideration of the legislature. Ministers declined to adopt this course, and resigned. The lieutenant-governor formed a new ministry and dissolved the assembly; and at the ensuing general election a majority of members favorable to the union were returned.

These two New Brunswick cases have one feature in common, which distinguishes them from all other cases which occur to the writer. They arose out of the refusal of the ministry of the day to undertake certain legislative action at the instance of the governor. It is submitted that, as precedents, they are of doubtful value. If recognized, they might lead to the initiative in legislation being transferred from the ministry to the governor, a thing which is repugnant to our ideas of parliamentary and responsible government.

In March, 1878, Lieutenant-Governor Letellier of Quebec dismissed his ministers, on the grounds that they had failed to give due consideration to his recommendations with respect to public affairs, and that they "had taken steps in regard both to administrative and legislative measures, not only contrary to his representations, but even without previously advising him of what they proposed to do."

A new administration was formed, which upon an appeal to the people secured a bare majority. The ultimate result was that, on the 25th of July, 1879, Mr. Letellier was removed from his office, on the ground that, his "usefulness as a lieutenant-governor was gone." Mr. Todd does not approve of the action of Sir John Macdonald's government in Mr. Letellier's case; which did not meet with the approval of the Colonial secretary (Sir M. Hicks-Beach) and was also contrary to the individual opinion of the Governor-General of the day—the Marquis of

Lorne. Now, that the keen party feelings evoked in the case have in a great degree passed away, most statesmen will be disposed to look upon the action of the Dominion government as being the reverse of commendable and to regret that the Colonial Secretary did not see fit to take more decided steps to prevent its being taken. Although one would have supposed that Mr. Letellier's experience had not been calculated to encourage any other lieutenant-governor to follow his example, we find that in 1891 Lieutenant-Governor Angers of Quebec dismissed the Mercier administration, although they were sustained by a large majority in the Assembly. Upon a subsequent appeal to the people, the action of Mr. Angers was sustained.

The conclusion as to compulsory dissolutions is that, although the right of a governor to order them is theoretically absolute, it is so limited by the actual necessity to find advisers prepared to defend his action and the practical requirement that that action shall also be endorsed by the electors and, in the case of a colony or province, that it shall not be disapproved by the superior authority to whom he is responsible, that there is little risk that the exercise of the prerogative will ever lead to serious abuse or mischief.

## II. DISSOLUTIONS AT THE INSTANCE OF MINISTERS.

With respect to dissolutions at the instance of the ministry, the impression seems to have got abroad in Canada that the government of the day, whether Dominion or Provincial, are entitled to claim a dissolution from the governor whenever they please and with or without due notice to the public. It is submitted that, in any such case, the exercise of the discretion of the governor in favor of his ministers is subject to limitations. The existence of an impression to the contrary, justified to a certain extent by Canadian precedents, lends to the sub-

ject of voluntary dissolutions a practical interest which is more or less absent in the case of those called compulsory; and the matter deserves to be considered at some length.

The statutory rule of England on the subject is contained in chapter 38 of 1 George, 1, St. 2, which enacts:

"That this present parliament, and all parliaments that shall at any time hereafter be called, assembled or held, shall and may respectively have continuance for seven years, and no longer to be accounted from the day on which by the writ of summons this present parliament hath been, or any future parliament shall be appointed to meet, unless this present, or any such parliament he after to be summoned, shall be sooner dissolved by His Majesty, his heirs or successors."

The rule as to the Dominion Parliament is embodied in section 50 of *The British North America Act, 1867*, which reads as follows:

"Every House of Commons shall continue for five years from the day of the return of the writs for choosing the House (subject to be sooner dissolved by the governor-general), and no longer."

The enactments with respect to the assemblies of the several provinces are substantially identical with the section just quoted, the term being four years instead of five, and the Lieutenant-Governor being substituted for the Governor General.

What construction would one naturally put on section 50 of *The British North America Act*? That the House should run its statutory term, unless dissolved by the Governor General for what he deems sufficient reasons. He is the judge of the sufficiency of the reasons. The question of dissolution is the only one, not Imperial in its character, as to which he should act independently of his ministers, and for his action as to which he is responsible to the Queen. As representing the Queen, it is his duty to see that Her Majesty's subjects of all shades of political opinion are treated fairly. He owes certain duties to his ministers, but he also owes something

to their opponents, and more to the country at large than to either party. While he will give their due weight to the arguments of his prime minister in favor of anticipating what one may call the natural decease of the House of Commons, he will weigh those arguments, not as a friend or an advocate but as a judge.

The framers of our federal constitution having, after due deliberation, and looking at the question from the standpoint of experienced politicians and disinterested observers, decided that each House of Commons should endure for five years, unless its life was shortened by the exercise of the Governor's prerogative of dissolution, that prerogative should not be called into operation except for the most serious reasons. If, in the deliberate opinion of parliament, the existing term is too long, the proper constitutional steps should be taken to shorten it, by seeking an amendment of the fiftieth section of *The British North America Act*; but, until that is done, the natural expectation of the people, that each parliament shall have five sessions in as many years, and that the country shall not be obliged to bear more frequently than is necessary the direct cost of holding a general election, and the indirect cost involved in the disturbance of business which accompanies the campaign, and the natural expectation of members of the Commons, that the position and privileges which they have won, after trying, disagreeable and often expensive contests, shall be enjoyed for the term assigned by the Constitutional Act, should not be disappointed, unless the Governor is satisfied that the public interests unmistakably and emphatically demand such action. If a measure of the first importance which was not in question at the last election—as for instance a radical change in the tariff—is proposed, it would seem proper that the people should be consulted before its adoption; and something might be said in favor of seeking a



mandate from the new electorate, where there has been a very great extension of the franchise.

There is a general impression that a ministry who find that they cannot carry on the public business in a House elected under their opponents have a right to claim a dissolution; but, while the fact that they have taken office in a hostile house is an element which would naturally have much weight in influencing the Governor's decision, it does not give them an absolute right to what they seek; and there have been such cases where the dissolution asked for has been refused.

Any unbiased inquirer would, without hesitation, conclude that a government having an assured majority in the popular house should not, in the absence of any new question of overshadowing importance as to which there is urgent necessity for an expression of the opinions of the voters, and of any radical change in the composition of the electorate, be allowed a dissolution of a house which has yet one or more sessions to serve. Such a dissolution, made with a view chiefly to an advantage expected to accrue to the party in power, is a proceeding for which it would be difficult to find a defence based upon reason or justice, or, as will be shown, sound constitutional practice.

### *English Practice.*

It will be well now to inquire whether or not the authorities bear out the views just expressed. In dealing with those bearing upon English practice, it should be borne in mind that the parliamentary term provided by the Act of George the First, is two years longer than that prescribed by *The British North America Act*; that the English parliament, in passing that Act was dealing with itself; that the Act enlarged the term of the then existing House of Commons from three to seven years because—as was alleged—an election at the expiration of the then current three years

might have endangered the King's throne, a reason which has long ceased to exist, if it ever did exist; that it is set forth in that Act—though this is possibly of no consequence—that each House of Commons “shall and may” continue for seven years, whereas in *The British North America Act* the word “shall” is used alone; and that in England no attempt is made by a ministry to whom a dissolution is accorded to take their opponents by surprise, or to secure what is called a “snap” verdict from the electors. In the case of Canada, the Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, the supreme authority of the Empire, and is to be administered by an imperial officer responsible to the Queen, while in England the Queen has no responsibility to any other authority; the term of five years was deliberately chosen, without any regard to mere temporary exigencies, real or imaginary, and some Canadian politicians are not above seeking party advantage in the choice of the time for holding elections.

In England premature dissolutions of Parliament do not take place where the ministers of the day have a working majority and no great issue has arisen. Speaking of the dissolution of 1784, Hearn says,\*

“For eighty years parliaments had died a natural death. They had terminated either by effluxion of time or by the demise of the Crown. The last occasion on which a premature dissolution had taken place was the dispute of the two Houses in the reign of Queen Anne about the Aylesbury men. Even on that occasion, the royal interference only anticipated by a very brief space the natural close of the parliament's existence.”

What has happened since then is thus summarised by Mr. Syme:†

“During the last hundred years (from 1780 to 1880), there have been twenty two dissolutions of parliament and of them eight have been on account of the near approach of its natural term of existence; five on account of defeats of ministers owing to their not be-

\* Government of England, 2nd Ed'n p. 160.

† Representative Government in England; 156 sq.

ing able to command a majority in the House; four on matters personally affecting the sovereign, or on his demise; and one to admit of an enlarged system of representation being put into immediate operation. Of the remaining four one was on a want of confidence motion carried against the administration of Lord Melbourne; one was a vote of censure on the administrative policy of Lord Palmerston in connection with the war in China; and two on account of the rejection of measures introduced by ministers, the first being the Reform Bill of Earl Grey, rejected by the Lords; and the second, the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell, rejected in the Commons."

At page 162 and in several following pages of Hearn's "Government of England" will be found a concise and interesting discussion of the question of dissolution, to which the reader is referred. It may be well to quote enough to sustain the position above assumed.

"The power of dissolution," says Burke, 'is of all the trusts vested in His Majesty the most critical and delicate.' 'It is,' says another eminent statesman (Sir Robert Peel) 'a great instrument in the hands of the Crown; and it would have a tendency to blunt the instrument if it were employed without grave necessity.' The popular impression on this subject, however, is very different. It seems to be generally supposed that a defeated minister is entitled, if he think fit, at once to 'appeal to the country.' The concurrence of the Crown is assumed as a matter of course. But although ministers may advise a dissolution, the King is by no means bound to follow that advice. The refusal to grant the dissolution would be a sufficient ground for the resignation of ministers; but on the other hand, compliance with the request can only be meant to assist them against the hostility of parliament. Such assistance the King cannot and ought not indiscriminately to give."

And then the author proceeds to consider various cases in which a dissolution should be granted.

The enumeration does not include any case where a ministry have an assured majority in the Commons. Mr. Todd, in his great work on *Parliamentary Government in England*, takes the same view of the general question as Chancellor Hearn, and at page 506 of the second volume says:

"It has been urged that it is the right of a minister to claim from the Crown the dissolution of a Parliament which has been elected under the auspices of his political opponents, and that this claim may be preferred whenever the popular branch thinks fit to withhold its confidence from the administration. But constitutional usage does not warrant such a limitation of the discretion of the Crown in the exercise of the prerogative of dissolution. For it is not a legitimate use of this prerogative to resort to it when no grave political question is directly at issue between the contending parties and merely in order to maintain in power the particular ministers who hold the reins of Government.

Upon this principle, Lord John Russell refrained from advising a dissolution when his administration was defeated in the House of Commons in 1852; and for the same reason, he declined that the dissolution upon the defeat of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1857, was not justifiable."

In 1846, upon Sir Robert Peel's defeat on the Irish Coercion Bill by a combination of Whig free traders and Tory protectionists, he resigned office, stating that,

"He would not consent to advise a dissolution for the mere continuance of his own administration in office, unless he could reasonably anticipate that it would insure him the support of a powerful party, united to him by a general concurrence of views on all great questions, a result which, at this juncture, he did not consider probable. Moreover he thought that the country, after its recent excitement, stood in need of repose."

Peel's conduct on this occasion is commended by the authorities as being patriotic and in accordance with the spirit of the constitution. On the other hand, Lord Derby's dissolution in 1859 is condemned; because the Parliament was only in its second year; because the measure the rejection of which was the occasion of the appeal to the electors was not one of an urgent or vitally important character; because the Government had no reasonable expectation of securing a majority in the new House, and because "at the time of the dissolution the state of public affairs was very alarming." As Hearn says (p. 168); "This dissolution, then, must be regarded as a mere party measure, and as such

comes within the express condemnation of Sir Robert Peel."

It may be well here to summarise from the second volume of Todd (pp. 504-506), "the particular occasions upon which by constitutional usage a minister is justified in advising the Crown to exercise its prerogative of dissolving Parliament.

"In order to take the sense of the country in regard to the dismissal of ministers by the Sovereign, as in 1784, in 1807 and in 1834."

"For the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of the constituent body in relation to some important act of the executive government \* \* \* \* or some question of public policy upon which the ministers of the Crown and the House of Commons are at issue."

"Whenever there is reason to believe that the House of Commons does not correctly represent the opinions and wishes of the nation.

But this rule must be taken with some qualification."

The general doctrine of dissolution as laid down by Sir W. R. Anson is substantially the same as that of Mr. Todd. See Anson's *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, 2nd Edition Vol. 1, pp. 275-279.

#### *Practice in the Colonies.*

Having said so much of the theory and practice in England, it will be well to examine some of the authorities as to voluntary dissolutions in the self-governing colonies. Before doing so, however, one may direct attention to a circumstance which adds to the differences already mentioned between England and the colonies. In England the Parliament is sovereign; and a dissolution may be the only way to avert action which might do irreparable mischief, either on account of its revolutionary character or for some other reason. In the colonies, the existence of written constitutions—in the shape of Imperial Statutes or despatches—renders revolutionary action impracticable, while the power of the Governor to veto or reserve a Bill operates as a preventative of unwise or vicious legislation.

The whole subject of the Governor's

discretion in granting or refusing a dissolution to ministers is very fully considered in Part 3, of chapter XVII. of Todd's *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies*, to which the reader is referred.

The general principle—already enunciated—is laid down at page 560, sq.

"The sovereign has an undoubted constitutional right to withhold his consent to the application of a minister that he should dissolve Parliament. But, on the other hand, the Crown can only grant a dissolution upon the advice of a responsible minister. If the minister to whom a dissolution has been refused is not willing to accept the decision of the Sovereign it is his duty to resign. He must then be replaced by another minister, who is prepared to accept full responsibility for the act of the Sovereign and its consequences, in the judgment of Parliament."

While referring the reader to Mr. Todd's work for a discussion of the whole subject, it may be well to cite a few instances in which a dissolution has been refused.

The most unreasonable application for a dissolution mentioned by Mr. Todd was one made to Lord Mulgrave in Nova Scotia, in 1860.

"After a dissolution of Parliament in the previous year, his ministry (led by the late Hon. rable James W. Johnston and Dr. (now Sir) Charles Tupper) who had theretofore a good working majority, found themselves considerably weakened, the opposition being almost able to turn the scale against them. Ministers declared, however, that several of their opponents were disqualified, and that their seats should be vacated. They endeavored to persuade the house to unseat these gentlemen without a resort to the legal method of trying controverted elections, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Instead, the House resolved that they had no confidence in the administration.

"Whereupon ministers strongly urged upon the governor the necessity for another dissolution of parliament, not only on their own behalf, but also on public grounds. His Excellency carefully reviewed their arguments, dissented from their conclusions, and declined to accede to their request. He promised that whenever he should be of opinion 'that a constitutional necessity for a dissolution exists,' he would not hesitate to appeal to the country; but he added, 'so long as I remain Her Majesty's representative in Nova Scotia, I shall claim to be the judge of



when that time has arrived.' As it was, he deemed it to be neither expedient nor for the public convenience that a dissolution should take place so soon after a general election. Accordingly the ministry resigned." p. 769, sq.

At the other extreme, stands the case of Sir Edmund Head and Mr. Brown in 1858. The Governor General invited Mr. Brown to form a government upon the defeat of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John A. Macdonald—on the question of the choice of a Capital for Canada—knowing, as he must have done, that a large majority of the existing Assembly were opposed to Mr. Brown; and if he had been in earnest in his invitation to Mr. Brown, he must have known that a dissolution was essential to the success of the new administration. Yet Sir Edmund refused it. At the same time, Mr. Brown should have been warned by the Governor's statement, that he would give no pledge as to a dissolution, and should have declined to proceed without a pledge.

"In May 1872, the legislative assembly of Victoria having agreed to vote expressing a want of confidence in the administration of Mr. (afterwards Sir) C. Gavan Duffy, the cabinet presented to the Governor (Lord Canterbury) a minute expressing their conviction that they were bound to give effect to this vote either by an immediate resignation of office or by recommending a speedy dissolution of Parliament.

They believed that a dissolution of Parliament, as an alternative to resignation of office, was justifiable under any one of the following circumstances:—

1. When a vote of 'no confidence' is carried against a government which has not already appealed to the country.
2. When there are reasonable grounds to believe that an adverse vote against the government does not represent the opinions and wishes of the country, and would be reversed by a new Parliament.
3. When the existing Parliament was elected under the auspices of the opponents of the government.
4. When the majority against the government is so small as to make it probable that a strong government can be formed from the opposition, all these conditions they believed to be united in their own case."

Notwithstanding all this, the Gov-

ernor refused the dissolution, and the ministry resigned. In the same year Governor Bowen refused a dissolution to Mr. Stafford, the prime minister of New Zealand. In the same colony, in November, 1877, the governor, the Marquis of Normanby, refused a dissolution to Sir George Gray. In 1879, Governor Weld of Tasmania refused a dissolution to Mr. Crowther. In October, 1879, Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille of Quebec refused a dissolution to Mr. Joly; and, in February, 1883, Lieutenant-Governor R. D. Wilmot refused a dissolution to Mr. Han-nington.

Mr. Todd's general conclusions on the subject of dissolutions are to be found at pages 800 and 801 of his work on *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies*, and are substantially that, they are in the discretion of the Governor, that, if the Governor is of opinion that a dissolution is asked for merely to strengthen a particular party, it must be refused; and that if it is desired to ascertain public opinion upon disputed questions of public policy, it may be granted.

#### *Objectionable Practice in Canada.*

Nowhere in works on constitutional practice can there be found any reference to the propriety of granting a dissolution to a ministry having a working majority in the popular House, in the absence of any new question of vital consequence and of any radical change in the composition of the electoral body. Sufficient authority has been cited to show that no governor would be justified in granting a dissolution in such a case. Not that there was much need of citing authorities; because a premature dissolution being an appeal from the Commons House to the electors, there can be no such appeal when the House supports the ministry. Yet there is no doubt but that such indefensible dissolutions have been allowed since 1867, both in the case of the Dominion Parliament and in those of various provincial legis-

latures. The first Parliament of Canada lasted for its full term. The second, elected in July, 1872, was dissolved on the advice of Mr. Mackenzie in January, 1874. Mr. Mackenzie's claim to a dissolution on the ground that the existing House of Commons had been elected under his opponents was much strengthened by the revelations made as to the circumstances of the elections of 1872. The House elected in January, 1874, held the normal number of five sessions, each in a separate year. That elected in September, 1878, was dissolved by the Marquis of Lorne in May, 1882. For this premature dissolution no substantial excuse has ever been offered. It was alleged in a vague and general way that many millions of foreign money were only awaiting a ratification of the National Policy to be invested in Canadian industries. But, as the millions did not materialize within any reasonable time after the ratification, it is to be presumed that this assertion, which would if true have constituted no valid defence of the government's conduct in advising the dissolution, was put forward upon the principle that "a poor excuse is better than none."

The fifth parliament—that elected in May, 1882—was dissolved in January, 1887, having held only four sessions. A reason given for this dissolution, and entitled to some consideration, was that there had been since the election of the existing House a decided extension of the franchise. The sixth parliament was dissolved in February, 1891, having had four sessions. "The reason alleged for dissolving Parliament was that the Dominion Government had, through the Imperial Government, made certain proposals to the United States looking to an extension of Canada's commerce, and that if such proposals resulted in a treaty which must be ratified by Canada, it would be expedient that the Government should be able to deal with a Parliament fresh from the people rather than with

a moribund House." When it is considered that the electors were given no inkling of the character of the arrangement which the Dominion Government proposed to make with that of the United States, the absurdity of this alleged reason for dissolution will be apparent. Had Sir John A. Macdonald, after negotiations had begun and a basis of arrangement had been agreed upon, submitted for the information of the people an outline of the proposed treaty, upon which he asked their verdict at the polls, few would be disposed to find fault with Lord Stanley for having allowed the dissolution. As it is, no serious student of constitutional practice can look upon the action of the Governor-General as constituting a satisfactory precedent.

This paper has already attained too great a length to allow one to say much of dissolutions of provincial legislative assemblies. That of Nova Scotia was dissolved in December, 1874, having had only three sessions, and as far as the writer can remember, without any substantial reason known to the constitution. The Ontario legislature was dissolved in November, 1886, without a fourth session. The reason given for this dissolution was, it appears, the same as that alleged for that of the Dominion Parliament in the succeeding year—a great extension of the franchise—and was, therefore, sustained by English precedents. In New Brunswick there have been at least two premature dissolutions, for the last of which—in the autumn of 1895—no constitutional reason has, to the writer's knowledge, been advanced. The recent dissolution of the Manitoba legislature was of a different character, there being an important question at issue between the Government of the Province and that of the Dominion, as to which there seemed good reason for wishing to know whether the people of the province held the same views as the government and legislature. In saying this, the writer does not of course

wish to be understood as expressing an opinion on the merits of the controversy between the two governments.

Enough has been said to make it clear that a Governor should not accede to the request of his Minister for the premature dissolution of the popular House, unless he is thoroughly satisfied that the request is based upon sound and sufficient constitutional reasons, and also to show that this salutary rule has been ignored in Canada, both as to the Dominion and as to various provinces. It is also clear that the time of a dissolution may be a very important factor in politics, and may have a marked influence on the current of public affairs. For instance, had the sixth Parliament of Canada been dissolved after, instead of before, the session of 1891, there is little doubt but that the result of the succeeding general election would have been altogether different from what it was, and that, whether for good or ill, the government of the country would, during the past four years, have been in the hands of the Liberal party. What is done cannot be recalled; but care should be taken to avoid in the future the vicious practice which has obtained in the past; and our governors should exercise their proper constitutional prerogative. In England, ministers would scorn the idea of trying to take advantage of their opponents by means of a sudden and unexpected dissolution; and in the United States the duration of the various houses of Congress and the legislatures is fixed by the several constitutions, so that no party can be surprised.

In Canada, as in most other colonies, the tone of public life is not as high as in the Mother Country; almost any political stratagem is looked upon as

being justified by the great end of defeating the enemy; and the only safeguard for the country and for the party for the time being in opposition is to be found in the due exercise by the Governor of his constitutional discretion with respect to dissolution. The discretion must be exercised, either by the ministers, who are disqualified by their direct personal as well as their party interests, or by the Governor, who is supposed to survey the political field with a calm and unprejudiced eye, and to hold the scales fairly and evenly between the contending parties.

The history of the colonies, particularly of those in Australasia, contains many illustrations of the wholesome influence exerted by Imperial Governors in preventing the debasement and degeneration of public life; and it is to be regretted that, of late years, our Governors-General should have apparently waived their claims to a constitutional discretion in the matter of granting or withholding dissolutions. It is, of course, understood that this discretion is to be exercised upon the advice of ministers prepared to accept full responsibility for the governors' action. Every thoughtful lover of Canada must feel that the tone of public life in our country is not so high as to render unnecessary the tempering influence of a disinterested and elevated mediator between political parties, and must wish that, as in Australasia, the representatives of the Crown shall be true constitutional governors, and not mere official figure-heads.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that this paper is not to be regarded as intended to express the views of a party, or section of a party, or of any person other than the writer.





## HOW JOSEPH WON ASENATH.

BY S. R. ALLEN.

**I**N the days of Riyan\* the Pharaoh, the poverty of Egypt went forth like a messenger of Eblis throughout the land, and laid a blight upon its joys. The heart of the people fainted, and would have become as water, had not a wise provision been made through the timely interpretation of the King's dreams. But it was not the court magician or astrologer who gave the meaning of the visions, but Joseph, the Syrian slave of Kittir,† for he was instructed in all knowledge, and understood the signs in the heavens and night thoughts of the sleeper. When brought before the royal throne he freely conversed with the monarch in the seventy different languages which the King spoke, and so greatly pleased him with his profound wisdom that at once he was created chief prince under that Pharaoh, and received full control of the treasury. Thereafter it became his duty to visit the store-cities of Egypt and obtain account of the accumulating wealth of grain, and in the years of dearth to supervise the sale and distribution of food to the people.

Now it came to pass, in the first year of plenty, in the fourth month, and on the eighteenth day of the month, as he journeyed through the land,

gathering corn into granaries, he came to Heliopolis, where was the celebrated Temple of the Sun, whose splendor filled the spectator with awe and became the crowning glory of the city. Priests of royal descent adorned the learning of that beautiful place with the wisdom of many ages. Thither resorted the ignorant to be taught, and sages of many countries made pilgrimages to its schools in order to become skilled in the higher lessons of life, and learn to uplift the veil between the present and the future state. Of that princely city poets sang, and grave historians rehearsed its praises, while under the shadow of that wonderful obelisk of Usertesen, philosophers sat and mused upon the generations of man, the changing seasons and the end of time. When Joseph drew nigh to the outskirts of the city, as became his rank, he sent word to Pentephres the High Priest, by sixteen young heralds, who proclaimed his approach and announced that the representative of the Pharaoh would be his guest on a certain day.

With joy in his heart, and an unusual light in his eye, the holy man summoned his only daughter, Asenath, to his side. Young and beautiful, this child of a priestly line was the object of admiration among the nobles of Egypt; even the son of Riyan sought her in marriage, but she had refused them all as being unworthy

\* RIYAN—Many oriental writers agree that the Pharaoh of Joseph's time was Riyan, the son of Al Walid, an Amalekite.

† KITTIR—Arabic scholars also call him Itfir; both names are corruptions of Potiphar.

suitors. Light-hearted and graceful as the gazelle bounding over the vales of its native land, no wonder she was regarded as a royal prize. Reared among scholars, priests and statesmen, she had learned to be brave, and dared to assert her own rights and vindicate her actions. Among the marvels of her home was a top story laid out in twelve rooms, the first of which was large and gorgeous, being decorated with artistic colored stones; the ceiling was purple, and ornamented with painted pictures of the gods of Egypt—Isis, Horus, Osiris, Nut, Anubis, and many others; so that, as far as symbols were concerned, she dwelt in the very presence of deities. Other chambers on this top story were variously occupied, but seven of them were allotted to seven very beautiful young women, the friends of Asenath. On the approach of Joseph to the residence of Pentephres, that official took his daughter to a private room, and told her that the first prince under the Pharaoh, and governor of all Egypt, would soon be with them as a guest; and said he, "Come, my dearest child, and I will present thee to him for a wife; and thou shalt be his bride; and he shall be a bridegroom to thee for all eternity."

To many a girl (for she was only eighteen years old at the time), to many a girl this would have seemed a grand opportunity to become famous throughout all her land and the neighbouring nations. To be the bride of a prince was not an every day occurrence; and even though her father could keep her in affluence, should she unwisely let this occasion pass away? Let me tell you, as a secret, that Asenath was not an ordinary woman. Great in stature like Sarah, the princess of that Abraham who walked in the immediate presence of Jehovah, she was also blooming as Rebecca, and her marvellous beauty rivalled that of Rachel the well-beloved of Jacob, the Prince of God. When her father mentioned a foreign alliance, her

Egyptian spirit rebelled within her at the suggestion of becoming the wife of the Hebrew. With a scornful pride she answered, "Would'st thou deliver me up to consort with a Syrian slave, a runaway from his native land, a mere upstart of a hated race; one from whom the taint of dishonor has not been cleansed? I pray thee, O my father, leave me to my own choice. Send the royal slave away to find in Zuleikha\* his bride and wife. As for me, I'll seek consolation in prayer to Hathor, the protector of woman and her rights."

So saying she hastened to her own room, giving her father no time to remonstrate, nor chance to introduce her to Joseph, who at that moment was announced as having arrived. Although a woman, she was not devoid of curiosity, and having reached her compartments, she seated herself at the window to observe what manner of man the new prime minister was. As she looked out upon the open courtyard, fear and wonder seized upon her heart and senses. Was it one of the glorified nine of Egypt she saw? Surely it must be; and yet she had not heard of any deity having come to earth in her day. If he were not a god, he was like unto the divine Horus, for, all-beautiful in person, clothed with the finest of pure white linen, crowned with a golden crown, and seated in a chariot of gold, she beheld the man whom a few minutes before she had despised and rejected. A supernatural dread overtook her, and, as Joseph raised his eyes, her eyes met his. A kingly grandeur surrounded him as with a garment, while from the twelve precious stones that decked his crown, dazzling rays of light shot forth, and formed a halo of glory around his head. The skilful charioteer drove into the spacious court with more than human demeanour, and

\* ZULEIKHA—Some orientalists affirm that Zuleikha was the wife of Potiphar, who died about the time of Pharaoh's remarkable dreams, and that Joseph married the widow to whom Moses gives the name Asenath in the biblical account.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

"The skilful charioteer drove into the courtyard."



when the royal occupant descended from his seat, Asenath saw in his hand an olive branch full of fruit.

The strange feeling which had come over her excited nature was passing off, when, gazing around her chamber, she met with another surprise, for the pictures of the gods on the ceiling seemed to be bowing prostrate towards her, as if in the act of worship. Never had she such an experience in all her life; to be met with this unheard of conduct on the part of the old divinities was more than she could bear, and, unwittingly, she descended the stairway, and heard her father say, "Blessed is the Lord God Jehovah, inasmuch as my lord Joseph hath esteemed me worthy of a visit, but the woman whom thou sawest was no strange woman, but my dear child Asenath." At the sound of her father's voice, and mention of her own name, all the old defiant will left her, and she felt as though she were renewed in life and nature; all disquiet of heart and mind had flown, and peace, even the perfection of peace, reigned within. To her everything around appeared wondrously changed, but her father observed that a transformation had been wrought in his daughter, and, taking her by the hand, he led her towards Joseph. For a second time their eyes met, and into her soul faith and love were born, as her new King said, "My sister, the Lord God, who gives life to all, shall bless thee, and cause thee to become a blessing unto the Gentiles." Rejoiced at heart, Pentephres said to his child, "Go thou up and kiss thy brother." But Joseph suffered her not, saying, "It is not right for a God-fearing man, who glorifieth with his mouth the living God, and eateth the blessed Bread of Life, and drinketh the cup of immortality, and is anointed with the sacred chrism of eternal being, to kiss the lips of the stranger, the unholy and unclean." To him the maiden replied, "O be not so stern, for it wounds my heart, which is no longer

estranged from thee who art its light."

Weeping because of her new joy, and the sweet sorrow of her apparent repulse, she repaired to her own room again, and wept and fasted for seven days, at the end of which time she was fully persuaded to yield to her father's request to become the wife of Joseph, whom now she loved. Early on the eighth day, as the morning star ascended in the east, she beheld the heavens rent, and saw a man whose eyes shone as the sun, and whose hair was as fire. Calling her by name, he said, "I am the Prince of the house of God, and Captain of the Lord's host. Arise upon thy feet and I will come and speak with thee." When she arose, lo, he stood beside her, and bade her take off the sack-cloth which she wore and put on her usual garments, and, moreover, he informed her that her name was written in the Book of Life in the Paradise of God, and that no longer should she be called by her earthly name, but as the City of Refuge was she henceforth to be known. Anxious to preserve their reputation for hospitality, and to learn more from the angel, she asked him to remain and eat some fruit and taste of the wine the Pharaoh had recently sent to her father. "I fear before thee," she said, "but I pray thee rest awhile, and I will call my father, and my maidens will minister to thee, for I perceive thou art from a far country, even from the celestial fields of Aarru."

But the messenger replied, "Wait thou upon me, for no others shall see me at this time; only unto thee am I sent." Then she brought unto him sweet wine, bread and fruit, and asked for a sign whereby she would know the truth of his mission. "If thou wilt bring me a honeycomb, thou shalt have a sign," said he. At these words she was sorrowful, for she observed he did not touch the food placed before him, nor did he taste the wine, and she knew they had not what he requested. "Alas, my lord," she



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"The marriage ceremony took place."

responded, "we have no honey." Then he said unto her, "Go thou to the cellar, and there shalt thou find some lying on a table." No longer fearful she hastened to obey, and found a honeycomb as indicated. Returning with a heart full of emotion she laid it before the angel, who ate thereof and gave part to her, and she did eat also. "Thou askest of me a sign," said the mysterious visitor; "behold this shall be a pledge unto thee;" and so saying he touched a portion of the honeycomb with his right hand, and immediately fire came from the table whereon it lay and consumed it, but the table itself remained uninjured. "What is thy name?" then asked Asenath, but the angel made no answer, and vanished from sight. Looking out of the window she saw a chariot drawn by four horses cleaving the eastern sky and ascending into the heavens. Then with bowed head and reverent mien she stood for a few moments, when, raising her face toward the east, now showing the rosy flush of day, with a worshipful yet jubilant voice she exclaimed, "I know thee who thou art; thou art Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews;" and lowering her voice she asked, "And wilt thou not also be mine?" Then came to her a voice out of the east saying, "I have redeemed thee, thou art mine." So full of joy was she that she wished to be alone and muse upon this wonderful occurrence, but already she heard the household stirring, and knew she would be expected to greet her father. While she was preparing to leave her room she was greatly astonished by the entrance of the seven maidens,

all arrayed in festal costume, who stood around her and sang :—

"Hail to thee Asenath mother of nations.  
Ruler of Kingdoms on earth yet to be;  
Hail to thee City of Refuge created  
Joseph thy lover awaiteth for thee.

"Bright on thy brow is the diadem shining;  
Wide is thy sway as the bounds of the sea;  
Haste thee and come unto Joseph the Saviour,  
Asenath City of Refuge to be."

When they finished this song they clothed her in goodly raiment, and, almost bewildered at the strange words, yet not so strange, for she remembered that the angel had told her of the new name, she followed the wishes of her young women, and went with them at once to the reception room where she met her father, who greeted her kindly, and blessed her in the name of Osiris, and the divine Ra. Joseph was there also, looking more wondrously attired than on his previous visit, and withal, he bore himself with a kingly dignity that at once exalted him beyond measure in the eyes of those around. As Asenath entered the room he arose from the divan and bowed before her, and when Pentephres concluded his benediction upon his child, he said, "Blessed be the Lord God for thee my sister, and blessed be thy name forever upon the earth. Be thou a refuge in distress, and the resplendent jewel in thy brother's joy."

Shortly afterwards the marriage ceremony took place, and a feast of seven days was provided. Then went forth the happy pair to their own home—a royal bridegroom and a royal bride; Joseph the All-beautiful, and Asenath, City of Refuge.





## KATE CARNEGIE.\*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

### CHAPTER V.

#### CONCERNING BESOMS.

IT is one of the miseries of modern life, for which telephones are less than compensation, that ninety out of a hundred city folk have never known the comfort and satisfaction of dwelling in a house. When the sashes are flying away from the windows, and the skirting-boards from the floor, and the planks below your feet are a finger-breadth apart, and the pipes are death-traps, it does not matter that the walls are covered by art papers and plastered over with china dishes. This erection, wherein human beings have to live and work and fight their sins, and prepare for eternity, is a fraud and a lie. No man compelled to exist in such an environment of unreality can respect himself or other people; and if it come to pass that he holds cheap views of life, and reads smart papers, and does sharp things in business, and that his talk be only a clever jingle, then a plea in extenuation will be lodged for him at the Great Assize. Small wonder that he comes to regard the world of men as an empty show, and is full of cynicism, who has shifted at brief intervals from one shanty to another, and never had a fit dwelling-place all his years. When a prophet cometh from the Eternal to speak unto modern times as Dante did unto the Middle Ages, and constructs the other world before our eyes, he will have one circle in his hell for the builders of rotten houses, and doubtless it will be a collection of their own works, so that their sin will be its punishment, as is most fitting and the way of things.

Surely there will also be some corner of heaven kept for the man who, having received a charge to build the shell wherein two people were to make a home, laid its foundations deep, and raised strong walls that nothing but gunpowder could rend in pieces, and roofed it over with oaken timber, and lined it with the same, so that many generations might live therein in peace and honor. Such a house was the Lodge in those days, although at last beginning to show signs of decay, and it somehow stirred up the heroic spirit of the former time within a man to sit before the big fire in the hall, with grim Carnegies looking down from walls, and daring you to do any meanness, while the light blazing out from a log was flung back from a sword that had been drawn in the '15. One was unconsciously reinforced in the secret place of his manhood, and inwardly convinced that what concerneth every man is not whether he fail or succeed, but that he do his duty according to the light which may be given him until he die. It was also a regeneration of the soul to awake in a room of the eastern tower, where the Carnegies' guests slept, and fling up window, with its small square panes, to fill one's lungs with the snell northern air, and look down on the woods glistening in every leaf, and the silver Tochty just touched by the full risen sun. Miracles have been wrought in that tower, for it happened once that an Edinburgh advocate came to stay at the Lodge, who spake after a quite marvellous fashion, known neither in England nor Scotland; and being himself of pure bourgeois blood, the fifth son of a factor, felt it necessary to despise

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his land, from its kirk downwards, and had a collection of japes at Scottish ways, which in his provincial simplicity he offered to the Carnegies. It seemed to him certain that people of Jacobite blood and many travels would have relished his clever talk, for it is not given to a national decadent to understand either the people he has deserted or the ancient houses at whose door he stands. Carnegie was the dullest man living in the matter of sneering, and Kate took an instant dislike to the mincing little man, whom she ever afterwards called the Popinjay, and so handled him with her tongue that his superiority was mightily shaken. But there was good stuff in the advocate, besides some brains, and after a week's living in the lodge, he forgot to wear his eye-glass, and let his r's out of captivity, and attempted to make love to Kate, which foolishness that masterful damsel brought to speedy confusion. It was also said that when he went back to the Parliament House, every one could understand what he said, and that he got two briefs in one week, which shows how good it is to live in an ancient house with honest people.

"Is there a ghost, dad?" They were sitting before the fire in the hall after dinner—Kate in her favorite posture, leaning forward and nursing her knee. The veterans and I thought that she always looked at her best so with her fine eyes fixed on the fire, and the light bringing her face into relief against the shadow. We saw her feet then—one lifted a little from the ground—and V. C. declared they were the smallest you could find for a woman of her size.

"She knows it, too," he used to say, "for when a woman has big feet she always keeps them tucked in below her gown. A woman with an eight size glove and feet to correspond is usually a paragon of modesty, and strong on woman's rights."

"Kate's glove is number six, and I think it's a size too big," broke in the

Colonel—we were all lying in the sun on a bank below the beeches at the time, and the Colonel was understood to be preparing a sermon for some meeting—"but it's a strong little hand, and a steady; she used to be able to strike a shilling in the air at revolver practice."

"Ghost, lassie. Oh, in the Lodge, a Carnegie ghost?—not one I've ever heard of; so you may sleep in peace, and I'm below if you feel lonely the first night."

"You are most insulting; one would think I were a milksop. I was hoping for a ghost—a white lady by choice. Did no Carnegie murder his wife, for instance, through jealousy or quarrelling?"

"The Carnegies have never quarrelled," said the General, with much simplicity; you see the men have generally been away fighting, and the women had never time to weary of them."

"No woman ever wearies of a man unless he be a fool and gives in to her—then she grows sick of him. Life might be wholesome, but it would have no smack; it would be like meat without mustard. If a man cannot rule, he ought not to marry, for his wife will play the fool in some fashion or other like a runaway horse, and he has half the blame. Why did he take the box-seat?" and Kate nodded to the fire. "What are you laughing at?"

"Perhaps I ought to be shocked, but the thought of anyone trying to rule you, Kit, tickles me immensely. I have had the reins since you were a bairn, and you have been a handful. You were a 'smatchit' at six years old, and a 'trimmie' at twelve, and you are qualifying for the highest rank in your class."

"What may that be, pray? it seems to me that the Scottish tongue is a perfect treasure-house for impertinent people. How Scots must congratulate themselves that they need never be at a loss when they are angry or even simply frank."

"If it comes to downright swearing, you must go to Gaelic," said the General, branching off. "Donald used to be quite contemptuous of any slight efforts at profanity in the barrack yard, although they sickened me.

"Toots, Colonel; ye do not need to be troubling yourself with such poor little words, for they are just nothing at all, and yet the bodies will be saying them over and over again like parrots.

"Now a Lochaber man could hef been saying what he was wanting for fifteen minutes, and nefer hef used the same word twice, unless he had been forgetting his Gaelic. It's a peautiful language, the Gaelic, when you will not be fery well pleased with a man."

"That is very good, dad, but I think we were speaking in Scotch, and you have not told me that nice complimentary title I am living to deserve. Is 'cutty' the disreputable word? for I think I've passed that rank already; it sounds quite familiar."

"No, it's a far more fetching word than 'cutty,' or even than 'randy' (scold), which you may have heard."

"I have," replied Kate instantly, "more than once, and especially after I had a difference in opinion with Lieutenant Strange. You called me one or two names then, dad—in fact you were quite eloquent; but you know that he was a bad fellow, and that the regiment was well rid of him; but I'm older now, and I have not heard my promotion."

"It's the most vigorous word that Scots have for a particular kind of woman."

"Describe her," demanded Kate.

"One who has a mind of her own," began the General, carefully, "and a way, too, who is not easily cowed or managed, who is not . . ."



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"Kate in her favorite posture."

"A fool," suggested Kate.

"Who is not so conspicuously soft in manner," pursued the General, with discretion, "who might even have a temper."

"Not a tame rabbit, in fact. I understand what you are driving at, and I know what a model must feel when she is being painted. And now kindly pluck up courage and name the picture." And Kate leant back with her hand behind her head, challenging the General—if he dared. "Well?"

"Besom." And he was not at all ashamed, for a Scot never uses this word without a ring of fondness and admiration in his voice, as of one who gives the world to understand that he quite disapproves of this audacious woman, wife or daughter of his, but is proud of her all the time. It is indeed a necessity of his nature for a Scot to have husks of reproach containing kernels of compliment, so that he may let out his heart and yet pre-



serve his character as an austere person, destitute of vanity or sentiment.

"Accept your servant's thanks, my General, I am highly honoured." And Kate made a sweeping curtsey, whereupon they both laughed merrily; and a log blazing up suddenly, made an old Carnegie smile who had taken the field for Queen Mary, and was the very man to have delighted in a besom.

"When I was here in June"—and the General stretched himself in a deep red leather chair—"I stood a while one evening watching a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maid who was making a daisy-chain and singing to herself in a garden. Her mother came out from the cottage, and, since she did not see me, devoured the child with eyes of love. Then something came into her mind—perhaps that the good man would soon be home for supper; she rushed forward and seized the child, as if it had been caught in some act of mischief.

"Come into the hoose, this meenut, ye little beesom, and say yir carritches, What's the chief end o' man?"

"Could she have been so accomplished at that age?" Kate enquired, with interest. "Are you sure about the term of endearment? Was the child visibly flattered?"

"She caught my eye as they passed in, and flung me a smile like one excusing her mother's fondness. But Davidson hears better things, for as soon as he appears the younger members of a family are taken from their porridge and set to their devotions.

"What are ye glowerin' at there, ye little cutty? Toom (empty) yir mooth this meenut and say the twenty-third Psalm to the minister."

"Life seems full of incident, and the women make the play. What about the men? Are they merely a chorus?"

"A stranger spending a week in one of our farmhouses would be ready to give evidence in a court of justice that he had never seen women so domineer-

ing or men so submissive as in Drumtochty.

"And why? Because the housewife who sits in church as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth speaks with much fluency and vigour at home, and the man says nothing.

"His normal state is doing wrong and being scolded from morning till night—for going out without his breakfast, for not cleaning his boots when he comes in, for spoiling chairs by sitting on them with wet clothes, for spilling his tea on the tablecloth, for going away to market with a dusty coat, for visiting the stable with his Sunday coat, for not speaking at all to visitors, for saying things he ought not when he does speak—till the long-suffering man raked fore and aft rushes from the house in desperation, and outside remarks to himself, by way of consolation, 'Losh keep's! there's nae livin' wi' her the day; her tongue's little better than a threshing-mill.'

"His confusion, however, is neither deep nor lasting, and in a few minutes he has started for a round of the farm in good heart, once or twice saying 'Sall' in a way that shows a lively recollection of his wife's gifts."

"Then the men love to be ruled," began Kate, with some contempt; "it does not give me a higher idea of the district."

"Wait a moment, young woman, for all that goes for nothing except to show that the men allow the women to be supreme in one sphere."

"In the dairy, I suppose?"

"Perhaps; and a very pleasant kingdom, too, as I remember it, when a hot, thirsty, tired laddie, who had been fishing or ferretting, was taken into the cool, moist, darkened place, and saw a dish of milk creamed for his benefit by some sonsy housewife.

"Sandie and I used to think her omnipotent, and heard her put the gude man through his facings with awe, but by-and-by we noticed that her power had limits. When the matter had to do with anything serious,

sowing or reaping or kirk or market, his word was law.

"He said little, but it was final, and she never contradicted; it was rare to hear a man call his wife by name; it was usually 'gude wife,' and she always referred to him as the 'maister.' And without any exception, these silent, reserved men were 'maister'; they had a look of authority."

"They gave way in trifles, to rule in a crisis, which is just my idea of masculine government," expatiated Kate. "A woman likes to say what she pleases and have her will in little things; she has her way, and if a man corrects her because she is inaccurate, and nags at her when she does anything he does not approve, then he is very foolish and very trying, and if she is not quite a saint, she will make him suffer."

"Do you remember Dr. Pettigrew, that prim little effigy of a man, and his delightful Irish wife, and how conversation used to run when he was within hearing?"

"Glad to have a tasting, Kit," and the General lay back in expectation.

"Oi remember him, as foine a young officer as ye would wish to see, six feet in his boots,"

"About five feet ten, I believe, was his exact height, my dear."

"Maybe he wasn't full grown then, but he was a good upstanding man, and as pretty a rider as ever sat on a horse. Well, he was a Warwickshire man."

"Bucks, he said himself."

"He was maybe born in both counties for all you know."

"Alethea,' with a cough and reproving look."

"At any rate Oi saw him riding in a steeplechase in the spring of '67, at Aldershot."

"It must, I think have been '66. We were at Gibraltar in '67. Please be accurate."

"Bother your accuracy, for ye are driving the pigs through my story. Well, Oi was telling ye about the

steeplechase Jimmy Brook rode. It was a mile, and he had led for half, and so he was just four hundred yards from the post."

"A half would be 880 yards."

"Oi wish from my heart that geography, arithmetic, memory, and accuracy, and every other work of Satan were drowned with Moses in the Red Sea. Go, for any sake, and bring me a glass of irritated water."

"Capital," cried the General. "I heard that myself or something like it. Pettigrew was a tiresome wretch, but he was devoted to his wife in his own way."

"Which was enough to make a woman throw things at him, as very likely Alethea did when they were alone. What a fool he was to bother about facts; the charm of Lithy was that she had none—dates and such like would have made her quite uninteresting. The only dates I can quote myself are the Rebellion and the Mutiny, and I'll add '75 when we came home. I don't like datey women; but then it's rather cheap for one to say that who doesn't know anything," and Kate sighed very becomingly at the contemplation of her ignorance.

"Except French, which she speaks like a Parisian," murmured the General.

"That's a fluke, because I was educated at the Scotch convent with those dear old absurd nuns who were Gordons, and Camerons, and Macdonalds, and didn't know a word of English."

"Who can manage her horse like a rough-rider," continued the General, count'ing on his finger, "and dance like a Frenchwoman, and play whist like a half-pay officer, and —"

"That's not education; those are simply the accomplishments of a besom. You know, dad, I've never read a word of Darwin, and I got tired of George Eliot and went back to Scott."

"I've no education myself," said the General, ruefully, "except the Latin the old dominie thrashed into me, and

some French which all our set in Scotland used to have, and . . . I can hold my own with the broadsword. When I think of all those young officers know, I wonder we old chaps were fit for anything."

"Well, you see, dad," and Kate began to count also, "you were made of steel wire, and were never ill; you could march for a day and rather enjoy a fight in the evening; you would go anywhere, and the men kept just eighteen inches behind; you always knew what the enemy was going to do before he did it, and you always did what he didn't expect you to do. That's not half the list of your accomplishments, but they make a good beginning for a fighting man."

"It will be all mathematics in the future, Kit, and there will be no fighting at close quarters. The officers will wear gloves and spectacles—but where are we now, grumbling as if we were sitting in a club window? Besides, these young fellows can fight as well as pass exams. You were saying that it was a shame of a man to complain of his wife flirting," and the General studied the ceiling.

"You know that I never said anything of the kind; but some women are flirty in a nice way, just as some are booky, and some are dressy, and some are witty, and some are horsey; and I think a woman should be herself. I should say the right kind of man would be proud of his wife's strong point, and give her liberty."

"He is to have none, I suppose, but just be a foil to throw her into relief. Is he to be allowed any opinions of his own? . . . It looks hard, that cushion, Kit, and I'm an old broken-down man."

"You deserve leather, for you know what I think about a man's position quite well. If he allow himself to be governed by his wife in serious matters, he is not worth calling a man."

"Like poor Major MacIntosh."

"Exactly. What an object he was

before that woman, who was simply —"

"Not a besom, Kate," interrupted the General, anxiously—afraid that a classical word was to be misused.

"Certainly not, for a besom must be nice, and at bottom a lady—in fact, a woman of decided character."

"Quite so. You've hit the bull's-eye, Kit, and paid a neat compliment to yourself. Have you a word for Mrs. MacIntosh?"

"A vulgar termagant"—the General indicated that would do—"who would call her husband an idiot aloud before a dinner-table, and quarrel like a fishwife with people in his presence."

"Why, he daren't call his soul his own; he belonged to the kirk, you know, and there was a Scotch padre, but she marched him off to our service, and if you had seen him trying to find the places in the Prayer-book! If a man hasn't courage enough to stand by his faith, he might as well go and hang himself. Don't you think the first thing is to stick by your religion, and the next by your country, though it cost one his life?"

"That's it, lassie; every gentleman does."

"She was a disgusting woman," continued Kate, "and jingling with money; I never saw so many precious stones wasted on one woman; they always reminded me of a jewel in a swine's snout."

"Kate!" remonstrated her father, "that's . . ."

"Rather coarse, but it's her blame; and to hear Mrs. MacIntosh calculating what each officer had—I told her we would live in a Lodge at home and raise our own food. My opinion is that her father was a publican, and I'm sure she had once been a Methodist."

"Why?"

"Because she was so Churchy, always talking about celebrations and vigils, and explaining that it was a sin to listen to a Dissenting chaplain."

"Then, if your man—as they say



here—tried to make you hold his views?"

"I wouldn't, and I'd hate him."

"And if he accepted yours?"

"I'd despise him," replied Kate, promptly.

"You are a perfect contradiction."

"You mean I'm a woman, and a besom, and therefore I don't pretend to be consistent or logical, or even fair, but I am right."

Then they went up the west tower to the General's room, and looked out on the woods and the river, and on a field of ripe corn upon the height across the river, flooded with the moonlight.

"Home at last, lassie, you and I, and another not far off, maybe."

Kate kissed her father, and said, "One in love, dad . . . and faith."

## CHAPTER VI.

### LOVE IS ETERNAL.

THE General read Morning Prayers in brief, omitting the Psalms and lessons, and then after breakfast, with much gossip and ancient stories from Donald, the father and daughter went out to survey their domain, and though there be many larger, yet there can be few more romantic in the north. That Carnegie had a fine eye and a sense of things who, out of all the Glen—for the Hays had little in Drumtochty in those days—fastened on the site of the Lodge and planted three miles of wood, birch and oak, and beech and ash, with the rowan tree, along the river that goes out and in seven times in that distance, so that his descendants might have a fastness for their habitation, and their children might grow up in kindly woods on which the south sun beats from early spring till late autumn, and within the sight and sound of clean, running water. No wonder they loved their lonely home with tenacious hearts, and left it only because it was in their blood to be fighting. They had been

out at Langside and Philbaugh, in the '15 and the '45, and always on the losing side. The Lodge had never been long without a young widow and a fatherless lad, but family history had no warning for him—in fact, seemed rather to be an inspiration in the old way—for no sooner had he loved and married than he would hear of another rebellion, and ride off some morning to fight for that ill-fated dynasty, whose love was ever another name for death. There was always a Carnegie ready as soon as the white cockade appeared anywhere in Scotland, and each of the house fought like the men before him, save that he brought fewer at his back and less in his pocket. Little was left to the General and our Kate, and then came the great catastrophe that lost them the Lodge, and so the race has now neither name nor house in Scotland, save in the vault in Drumtochty Kirk. It is a question whether one is wise to revisit any place where he has often been in happier times and see it desolate. For me, at least, it was a mistake, and the melancholy is still upon me. The deserted house falling at last to pieces, the over-grown garden, the crumbling paths, the gaping bridges over the little burns, and the loneliness, chilled one's soul. There was no money to spare in the General's time, but it is wonderful what one gardener, who has no hours, and works for love's sake, can do, even in a place that needed half-a-dozen. Then he was assisted unofficially by Donald, who declared that working in the woods was "fery healthy, and good for one or two small cuts I happened to get in India," and Kate gave herself to the garden. The path by the river was kept in repair, and one never knew when Kate might appear round the corner. Once I had come down from the cottage on a fine February day to see the snowdrops in the sheltered nooks, for there were little dells as white as snow at that season in Tochty woods, and Kate hearing I had pass-

ed, came of her kindness to take me back to luncheon. She had on a jacket of sealskin that we greatly admired, and a felt hat with three grouse feathers on the side, and round her neck a red satin scarf. The sun was shining on the bend of the path, and she came into the light singing "Jock o' Hazeldean," walking, as Kate ever did in song, with a swinging step like soldiers on a march. It seemed to me that day that she was born to be the wife either of a noble or a soldier, and I still wish at times within my heart that she were Countess of Kilspindie, for then the Lodge had been a fair sight to-day, and her father had died in his own room. And other times I have imagined myself Kilspindie, who was then Lord Hay, and questioned whether I should have ordered Tochtly to be dismantled and left a waste as it is this day, and would have gone away to the wars, or would not have loved to keep it in order for her sake, and visited it in the spring-time when the primroses are out, and the autumn when the leaves are blood-red. Then I declare that Hay, being of a brave stock, and having acted as a man of honor—for that is known to all now—ought to have put a good face on his disappointment; but all the time I know one man who would have followed Lord Hay's suit, and who regrets that he ever again saw Tochtly Lodge.

"First of all," said the General, as they sallied forth, "we shall go to the Beeches, and see a view for which one might travel many days and pay a ransom."

So they went out into the court with its draw-well, from which they must needs have a draught. Suddenly the General laid down the cup like a man in sudden pain, for he was thinking of Cawnpore, and they passed quickly through the gateway and turned into a path that wound among great trees that had been planted, it was said, by the Carnegie who rode with Montrose. They were walking on a plateau stretching out beyond the

line of the Lodge, and therefore commanding the Glen, if one had eyes to see and the trees were not in the way. Kate laid her hand on the General's arm beneath an ancient beech, and they stood in silence to receive the blessing of the place, for surely never is the soul so open to the voice of nature as by the side of running water and in the heart of a wood. The fretted sunlight made shifting figures of brightness on the ground; above, the innumerable leaves rustled and whispered; a squirrel darted along a branch and watched the intruders with bright, curious eyes; the rooks cawed from the distance; the pigeons cooed in sweet, sad cadence close at hand. They sat down on the bare roots at their feet, and yielded themselves to the genius of the forest—the god who will receive the heart torn and distracted by the fierce haste and unfinished labors and vain ambitions of life, and will lay its fever to rest, and encompass it with the quietness of eternity.

"Father," whispered Kate, after a while, as one wishing to share confidences, for there must be something to tell, "where are you?"

"You wish to know? Well, all day I've been fishing down the stream, and am coming home very tired, very dirty, very happy, and I meet my mother just outside those trees. I am boasting of the fish that I have caught, none of which, I'm sure, can be less than half a pound. She is rating me for my appearance and beseeching me to keep at a distance. Then I go home and down into the vaulted kitchen, where Janet's mother gives me joyous welcome, and produces dainties saved from dinner for my eating. The trouts are now at biggest only a quarter of a pound, for they have to be cooked as a final course, but those that were hooked and escaped are each a pound, except one in the hole below Lynedoch Bridge, which was two pounds to an ounce. Afterwards I make a brave attempt to rehearse the day in the gun-room to Sandie, who

first taught me to cast a line, and fall fast asleep, and being shaken up, sneak off to bed, creeping slowly up the stair, where the light is failing, to the little room above yours, where, as I am falling over, I seem to hear my mother's voice as in this sighing of the wind. Ah me, what a day it was!"

"And you, Kit?"

"Oh, I was back in the convent with my nuns, and Sister Flora was trying to teach me English grammar in good French, and I was correcting her in bad French, and she begins to laugh because it is all so droll. 'I am Scotch, and I teach you English all wrong, and you tell me what I ought to say in French which is all wrong; let us go into the garden,' for she was a perfect love, and always covered my faults. I am sitting in the arbour, and the Sister brings a pear that has fallen. 'I do not think it is wicked,' she says, and I say it is simply a duty to eat up fallen pears, and we laugh again. As we sit, they are singing in the chapel, and I hear 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis.' Then I think of you, and the tears will come to my eyes, and I try to hide my face, but the Sister understands and comforts me. 'Your father is a gallant gentleman, and the good God pities you, and will keep him in the hour of danger,' and I fondle the Sister, and wonder whether any more pears have fallen. How peaceful it is within that high wall, which is rough and forbidding outside, but inside it is hung with greenery, and among the leaves I see pears and peaches. But I missed you, dad," and Kate touched her father, for they had a habit of just touching each other gently when together.

"Do you really think we have been in India, and that you have a dozen medals, and I am . . . an old maid?"



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

THE LODGE GARDENER.

Certainly not, Kate, a mere invention—we are boy and girl, and . . . we'll go on to the view."

Suddenly they came out from the shade into a narrow lane of light, where someone of the former time, with an eye and a soul, had cleared a passage among the trees, so that one standing at the inner end and looking outwards could see the whole Glen, while the outstretched branches of the beeches shaded his eyes. Morning in the summer-time about five o'clock was a favorable hour, because one might see the last mists lift, and the sun light up the face of Ben Urtach, and eventide was better, because the Glen showed wonderfully tender in the soft light, and the Grampians



were covered with glory. But it was best to take your first view towards noon, for then you could trace the Tochtly as it appeared and reappeared, till it was lost in woods at the foot of Glen Urtach, with every spot of interest on either side. Below the kirk it ran broad and shallow, with a bank of brushwood on one side and a meadow on the other, fringed with low bushes from behind which it was possible to drop a fly with some prospects of success, while in quite unprotected situations the Drumtochtly fish laughed at the tempter, and departed with contemptuous whisks of the tail. Above the haughs was a little mill, where flax was once spun, and its lade still remained, running between the Tochtly and the steep banks down which the glen descended to the river. Opposite this mill the Tochtly ran with strength, escaping from the narrows of the bridge, and there it was that Weelum MacLure drove Sir George across in safety, because the bridge was not for use that day. Whether that bridge was really built by Marshal Wade in his great work of pacifying the Highlands is very far from certain, but Drumtochtly did not relish any trifling with its traditions, and had a wonderful pride in its solitary bridge, as well it might, since from the Beeches nothing could well be more picturesque. Its plan came nearly to an inverted V, and the apex was just long enough to allow the horses to rest after the ascent, before they precipitated themselves down the other side. During that time the driver leant on the ledge, and let his eye run down the river, taking in the Parish Kirk above and settling on the Lodge, just able to be seen among the trees where the Tochtly below turned round the bend. What a Drumtochtly man thought on such occasions he never told, but you might have seen even Whinnie nod his head with emphasis. The bridge stood up clear of banks and woods, grey, uncompromising, unconventional, yet not without some grace

of its own in its high arch and abrupt descents. One with good eyes and a favoring sun could see the water running underneath, and any one caught its sheen higher up, before a wood came down to the water's edge and seemed to swallow up the stream. Above the wood it is seen again, with a meal mill on the left nestling in among the trees, and one would call it the veriest burn, but it was there that Posty lost his life to save a little child. And then it dwindles into the thinnest thread of silver, and at last is seen no more from the Beeches. From the Tochtly the eye makes its raids on north and south. The dark, massy pine-woods on the left side of the glen, are broken at intervals by fields as they threaten to come down upon the river, and their shelter lends an air of comfort and warmth to the glen. On the right the sloping land is tilled from the bank above the river up to the edge of the moor that swells in green and purple to the foot of the northern rampart of mountains, but on this side also the glen breaks into belts of fir, which fling their kindly arms round the scattered farm-houses, and break up the monotony of green and gold with squares of dark green foliage and the brown of the tall, bare trunks. Between the meandering stream and the cultivated land and the woods, and the heather and distant hills, it was such a variety as cannot be often gathered into the compass of one landscape.

"And all our own," cried Kate in exultation; "let us congratulate ourselves."

"I only wish it were, lassie. Why, didn't you understand we had only these woods and a few acres of ploughed land now?"

"You stupid old dad; I begin to believe that you have had no education. Of course the Hays have got the land, but we have the view and the joy of it. This is the only place where one can say to a stranger, 'Behold Drumtochtly,' and he will see it at a flash and at its best."

"You're brighter than your father, Kit, and a contented lassie to boot, and for that word I'll take you straight to the Pleasaunce."

"What a charming name; it suggests a fairy world, with all sorts of beautiful things and people."

"Quite right, Kit"—leading the way down to a hollow, surrounded by wood and facing the sun, the General opened a door in an ivy covered wall—"for there is just one Pleasaunce on the earth, and that is a garden."

It had been a risk to rise certain people's expectations and then bring them into Tochty garden, for they can be satisfied with no place that has not a clean-shaven lawn and beds of unvarying circles, pyrethrum, calceolaria, geranium, and brakes of rare roses, and glass-houses with orchids worth fifty pound each, with a garden in high life, full of luxury, extravagance, weariness. As Kate entered, a moss rose which wandered at its will caught her skirt, and the General cut a blossom which she fastened in her breast, and surely there is no flower so winsome and fragrant as this homely rose.

"Like yourself, Miss Carnegie," and the General rallied his simple wit for the occasion, "very sweet and true, with a thorn, too, if one gripped it the wrong way."

Whereat he made believe to run,



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"A path that wound among great trees."

and had the better speed because there were no gravel walks with boxwood borders here, but alleys of old turf that were pleasant both to the touch and the eye. In the centre where all the ways met he capitulated with honors of war, and explained that he had intended to compare Kate to a violet, which was her natural emblem, but had succumbed to the temptation of her eyes, "which make men wicked, Kit, with the gleam that is in them."

"Isn't it a tangle?" Which it was,



and no one could look upon it without keen delight, unless he were a horticultural pedant in whom the appreciation of nature had been killed by parterres. There was some principle of order, and even now, when the Pleasaunce is a wilderness, the traces can be found. A dwarf fruit tree stood at every corner, and between the trees a three-foot border of flowers kept the peas and potatoes in their places. But the borders were unsustained, elaborate, glorified disorder. There were roses of all kinds that have ever gladdened poor gardens and simple hearts—yellow tea roses, moss roses with their firm, shapely buds, monthly roses that bore nearly all the year in a warm spot, the white briar that is dear to north country people, besides standards in their glory, with full round purple blossom. Among the roses, compassing them about and jostling one another, some later, some earlier in bloom, most of them together in the glad summer days, one could find to his hand wall-flowers and primroses, sweet-william and dusty-miller, daisies red and white, forget-me-nots and pansies, pinks and carnations, marigolds and phloxes of many varieties. The confusion of colors was preposterous, and showed an utter want of æsthetic sense. In fact, one may confess that the Lodge garden was only one degree removed from the vulgarity and prodigality of nature. There was no taste, no reserve, no harmony about that garden. Nature simply ran riot and played according to her will like a child of the former days, bursting into apple blossom and laburnum gold and the bloom of peas and the white strawberry flower in early summer, and then later in the year, weaving garlands of blazing red, yellow, white, purple, round beds of stolid roots and brakes of currant bushes. There was a copper beech, where the birds sang, and from which they raided the fruit with the skill of Highland caterans. The Lodge bees lived all day in this

garden, save when they went to reinforce their sweetness from the heather bloom. The big trees stood round the place and covered it from every wind except the south, and the sun was ever blessing it. There was one summer-house, a mass of honeysuckle, and there they sat down as those that had come back to Eden from a wander year.

"Well, Kit?"

"Thank God for our Pleasaunce," and they would have stayed for hours, but there was one other spot that had a fascination for the General neither years nor wars had dulled, and he, who was the most matter of fact and romantic of men, must see and show it to his daughter before they ceased.

"Two miles and more, Kit, but through the woods and by the water all the way."

Sometimes they went down a little ravine made by a small burn fighting and wearing its way for ages to the Tocht, and stood on a bridge of two planks and a handrail thrown over a tiny pool, where the water was resting on a bed of small pebbles. The oak copse covered the sides of the tiny glen and met across the streamlet, and one below could see nothing but greenery and the glint of the waterfall where the burn broke into the bosky den from the bare heights above. Other times, the path, that allowed two to walk abreast if they wished very much and kept close together, would skirt the face of the high river bank, and if you peeped down through the foliage of the clinging trees you could see the Tocht running swiftly, and the overhanging branches dipping in their leaves. Then the river would make a sweep and forsake its bank, leaving a peninsula of alluvial land between, where the geranium and the hyacinth and the iris grew in deep, moist soil. One of these was almost clear of wood and carpeted with thick, soft turf, and the river beside it was broad and shining.

"We shall go down here," said the



General, "and I will show you something that I count the finest monument in Perthshire or maybe in broad Scotland."

In the centre of the sward, with trees just touching it with the tips of their branches, was a little square, with a simple weather-beaten railing. And the General led Kate to the spot, and stood for a while in silence.

"Two young Scottish lassies, Kate, who died two hundred years ago, and were buried here."

Then the General and Kate sat down by the river edge, and he told her the deathless story of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray—how in the plague of 1666 they fled to this district to escape infection; how a lover came to visit one of them and brought death in his kiss; how they sickened and died; how they were laid to rest beside the Tochtly water; and generations have made their pilgrimage to the place, so wonderful and beautiful is love. They loved, and their memory is immortal.

Kate rested her chin on her hand

and gazed at the running water, which continued while men and women live and love and die.

"He ought not to have come; it was a cowardly, selfish act, but I suppose," added the General, "he could not keep away."

"Be sure she thought none the less of him for his coming, and I think a woman will count life itself a small sacrifice for love," and Kate went over to the grave.

A thrush was singing as they turned to go, and nothing was said on the way home till they came near the Lodge.

"Who can that be going in, Kate? He seems a padre."

"I do not know, unless it be our fellow traveller from Muirtown; but he has been redressing himself, and is not improved."

"Father" and Kate stayed the General as they crossed the threshold of their home, "we seen many beautiful things to-day for which I thank you, but the greatest was love."

*(To be continued.)*



# THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

WITHIN the past few years there has come into vigorous, and successful existence close to the northern frontier of the United States and just within Canadian territory a great enterprise, whose origin and aims, and operations have been so persistently misunderstood, and whose development has been so marvellous as to render its history a chapter of more than ordinary interest in the romance of commerce.

In whose brain first stirred the scheme of a railway on Canadian soil from ocean to ocean, is a question so much in dispute that I shall not here attempt any contribution to the controversy. Many have sought to appropriate the whole or a share of the honor, but, however the final verdict may go, this at least must stand unchallenged, that, of the statesmen who at different times had to do with this undertaking of national import the late Premier, Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, may most fitly be called the chief promoter.

At the start the propelling motive of the railway was a political one. No sooner was the work of consolidating the different Provinces of British America into one Dominion well entered upon, than it became apparent that it could never be considered complete until British Columbia had been included. But of what value could Confederation be to the West Coast Province so long as the only way of communication, other than a lengthy, toilsome, and costly journey across the Prairies and over the Mountains, lay through the United States?

British Columbia therefore, properly enough, made the construction of a railroad uniting her to her Eastern Sisters, a basal condition of her join-

ing the Union. The condition was accepted, and the fulfilment of it cost the rest of the Dominion more care and cash than any other public work ever undertaken.

Once the burden broke the back of Sir John Macdonald's government; three different companies were formed in vain to undertake the gigantic task; and twice British Columbia had to consent to an extension of time for the carrying of it to completion. But finally, under the persistent Premier's auspices, a happy combination of European, American and Canadian capitalists was effected, in whose hands the work was pressed to a successful issue with a celerity unparalleled in the history of human undertakings.

This combination, popularly known as the "Syndicate," had ten years allowed them for the completion of their contract. They were done in less than five years. In fifty-four months 1,900 miles of main line were built, and 1,300 miles of branch lines, making a total of 3,200 miles in all or an average of nearly two miles per day winter and summer.

Wonderful at this speed of construction seems, let it not be supposed that it was gained at the expense of solidity and permanence. The syndicate was building the line for its own use, not to sell, and it built with a clear eye to the future, consequently the gradients were kept low, and the curvatures made as easy as possible in order to secure the utmost economy in working. The greatest care was taken throughout, and many novel methods adopted against snow blockades with such success that since 1886, the first year of full operation, not one of the daily transcontinental trains has failed to get through in winter or summer.





From the very inception of their enterprise, the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway had another problem besides that of the construction to face, viz.:—whence would come the traffic to sustain the road on its going into operation?

The condition of things when they ventured to assume the work is worth recalling.

The railway was planned to extend from Montreal, the head of navigation on the east totide-water on the British Columbia coast. Its main line alone could not be built for less than \$100,000,000, while the government subsidy, consisted of only \$25,000,000 in cash, and 25,000,000 acres of land. It was therefore absolutely necessary that, with as little

delay as possible, the receipts of the railroad should at least meet its working expenses and interest account. Now what sources of supply were there to be looked to? Let us go back for a moment to those days.

The populated portion of Canada formed little more than a fringe along the international boundary line as far west as Lake Huron, extending back not further than from fifty to one hundred miles. The country was set-

tled only up to Pembroke in the Ottawa valley, 200 miles north-west of Montreal. Beyond that thriving lumber town stretched 800 miles of wilderness, whose sole inhabitants were a few Indian trappers, until Port Arthur was reached, where the silver mines had attracted a few hundred people. Near by was Fort William, an old Hudson's Bay post with a handful of

whites and half-breeds, and 300 miles further west Rat Portage, another Hudson's Bay post with a small population. Then came Winnipeg, having only a few thousand citizens and no special industries of importance, while beyond there was little save open prairie upon which the wild Indian hunted the buffalo over nearly a thousand miles of the



THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

richest agricultural soil in the world. After the prairie came the mountains, whose only sign of human life was an occasional Indian encampment or miner's hut, and on whose farther side were New Westminster with 1,200 people, and Victoria with perhaps 4,000 more. Surely never had so great and costly an enterprise so slight and unpromising a field to cultivate. Taking it by and large, so to speak, the white population within reach of the railway did

not average more than six persons to the mile of line to be built!

It will thus be seen that, side by side with the engineering and financial difficulties which their task presented, the projectors of the Canadian Pacific had to encounter the even more perplexing problem of creating a traffic whose receipts would not only meet the working expenses, but provide for interest charges as well, and it is no exaggeration to say that a more difficult one never had to be faced by any corporation. How was the feat accomplished?

Long before the engineers had completed the work of locating the main line, the company commenced the construction of branch and lateral lines, designed to act as feeders to the main stem of the system. Encouragement and assistance were given to the opening up of mines and quarries, to the establishment of grain and timber mills and to the building of hotels at important places. Thus in a score of different ways measures were taken to originate and foster a traffic such as the road required.

For the same reason the construction of the western section of the road was begun at Winnipeg, and pushed

rapidly across the prairies so that their fertile acres might be quickly settled, and the harvests of golden grain be ready against the finishing of the enormously expensive section north of Lake Superior. In the meantime splendid steamships were put upon the upper lakes and huge elevators built ready for the traffic of whose coming no doubt was entertained.

Not only so but at strategic points,

town sites were laid out, and handsome buildings placed thereon to serve as the nuclei of new cities. Indeed it would not be easy to recount all that was done by the exhaustless energy and prescience of the managers, who, putting entire faith in the ultimate success of their enterprise, were determined to lay the foundation broad and deep for all time.



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN.

Yet another point commands attention. The company retained in its own hands all those adjuncts of a railway system which have usually been allowed to enrich other corporations or private individuals. It owns and operates the telegraph and express services. It possesses steamboats, elevators and hotels. It runs its own sleeping cars and dining cars. Even the very newspapers and candies sold

on its trains are sold by the company itself. No source of revenue was neglected, and herein lies one great secret of its success, for the profit from these sources, not counting what has been realized from sales of town sites and lands, is already sufficient to pay the interest on its general mortgage bonds.

The results of this energy and foresight have more than realized the most sanguine expectations of the promoters. Indeed it may be questioned if they are not unparalleled in the history of such enterprises, for the company is to-day able to boast that although less than fifteen years old it has just paid its twenty-eighth semi-annual dividend on its ordinary stock,—in other words, from the very start the road has regularly paid all interest and other fixed charges, and excepting on one occasion, dividends on the common stock as well.

Although the Canadian Pacific is scarcely fifteen years old, the commercial energy above described has already borne fruit in the creation of a chain of cities, towns and villages, extending from the head of navigation on the St Lawrence to the tide-water on the Pacific, the smoking chimneys of whose manufacturing industries, and the comfortable appearance of whose residences speak in unmistakable terms of prosperity and progress.

It is a proud and well-founded boast of the company that no legitimate industry, established along the lines, has ever ended in failure, so thorough has been its fostering care.

As the line bit by bit went into operation, the traffic for its cars seemed to spring from the earth by magic. The trains had to be continually increased, and when at length the way was open for through business, such a volume of it poured in that it seemed as if the railway had been in operation for many years, and the brilliant success of the vast enterprise was ensured from the start.

The foregoing furnishes the best

possible refutation of the theory which has been so industriously disseminated by some assailants of the company, that the road was built mainly for political reasons and with the aid of British gold, whereas nothing could be more remote from the facts of the case. The road was built by its present proprietors, first and last as a commercial enterprise, and without the grant of a single sovereign from the Royal exchequer; in fact aside from the original subsidy from the Canadian government, and the usual mail subsidies, which in some instances are smaller than those paid to other railways for similar services, the company has had no other public money, every dollar borrowed from the Canadian Government during the progress of construction and equipment having been repaid with interest long before it was actually due, in fact almost simultaneously with the completion of the line.

Although the inception of this railway may undoubtedly be attributed to political necessity, the time has long past when the enterprise could, with any degree of accuracy, be regarded as a political undertaking. Nay, more, so extraordinary has been its development that it can no longer be fairly considered as a Canadian affair only. It is now of international rather than national importance. It is a continental, not a Canadian, artery of commerce.

This is due to the fact that so soon as the main line from Montreal to Vancouver was in complete running order, extensions east and south were sought, a direct route to the sea-board was built through the State of Maine, whereby connection was had with the railway systems terminating at Halifax and St. John. Another line stretched from Sudbury in Ontario to Sault Ste. Marie at the outlet of Lake Superior, where a fine steel bridge carried the railway across to join its two important American allied branches, one pressing on to St. Paul and Min-



neapolis, and thence continuing across Dakota and forming a second connection with the transcontinental line in the Canadian Northwest: the other passing through the numberless iron mines of the Marquette and Gogebie district to Duluth. Yet a third connecting link, the latest built, continues the company's lines westward from Toronto to Detroit, there joining hands with systems opening up Chicago, St. Louis and all the great Mississippi valley.

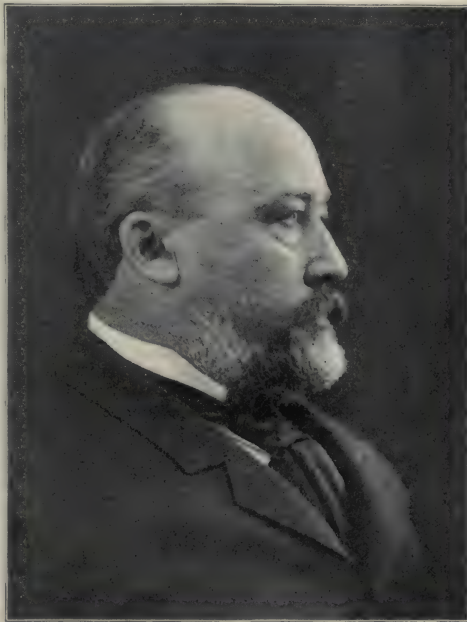
It is these very extensions which have aroused the apprehensions of a certain portion of the United States press, and inspired the inditing of sundry alarmist articles aimed at this young giant, whose mighty fingers seemed spread out to grasp the bulk of the traffic of the great Northwest. The United States Congress has been assailed, adjured, besought, bullied, implored, to cancel the bonding privilege, or to amend the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act so as to shackle the limbs, and limit the activities of the young giant aforesaid, lest the other great transcontinental systems should be driven into inglorious bankruptcy.

But surely this is a case of much cry and little wool. In the first place,

the Canadian Pacific Railway is not being run merely for the amusement of its managers, nor is it in any way an arm of the British Empire, subsidized and maintained for the purpose of preying upon American commerce. As has been already pointed out, it is a simple commercial undertaking, worked chiefly to earn dividends for its stockholders, a great many of whom as it happens, are

citizens of the United States.

In the second place, the absurdity of the statement that the Canadian Pacific Railway lives on United States traffic is sufficiently shown by the fact that more than ninety per cent. of its earnings come from strictly local traffic created in the way described. The Company has never made any special effort to se-



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

ecure United States traffic, what has been carried having been more in the interest of its American connections than in its own.

In the third place, even supposing that the volume of United States traffic carried should become large enough to merit "attention," the resultant benefit would inure quite as much to the Western States as to the Company's coffers. For the last

twenty years the Canadian railways have served as the safety valve of the Western and New England States in the matter of rates to and from the Atlantic seaboard by preventing effective rate combinations, and affording a cheap and certain outlet for traffic; for, although they have carried but a comparatively small proportion of the traffic, their presence and free competition have saved these States hundreds of millions of dollars. That the people of the New England States and Western States fully appreciate the advantages afforded by this free competition is clear from the fact that the efforts made to restrict it have not met with their support or sympathy, but on the contrary with their decided protests.

So much has been already written about the scenic attractions of the Canadian Pacific Railway that any attempt to recount them here seems superfluous. From the time the train pulls out of the splendid Windsor Station at Montreal until it pulls up beside one of the superb white Empress steamships at Vancouver City there is not one mile of this journey of many thousands devoid of interest to the intelligent traveller. Surrounded by every convenience and luxury that it is possible to compress within the limits of a modern palace car, he rolls smoothly onward from day to day, dining and sleeping as though he were at home, reading, smoking, chatting with his fellow passengers, or occupied in sight-seeing according to his humor, while the train sweeps through the Ottawa valley, then breaks away from it across country to Lake Superior, speeds along the northern shore of that mighty inland sea, every mile of the road revealing striking triumphs of engineering, and so on to Winnipeg, the half-way station between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Only a few years ago this place was little more than a frontier trading post, but now it is a city of thirty-eight thousand inhabitants, adorned

with handsome buildings and crowded with business and bustle.

At Winnipeg the prairie portion of the trip begins, and thenceforward for nearly a thousand miles the road runs straight and smooth past fertile farms, thriving towns and wide extended ranches, until it reaches the foothills of the Rockies.

When the explorations of the engineers seeking the best possible location for the line, revealed the fact that the scenic wealth of the mountain section of the railway was marvellous beyond all comparison, the Company at once laid plans for this feature of their enterprise receiving due attention. It was not merely for the benefit of the through travel from ocean to ocean, and thence by the splendid white steamships across to China and Japan, but in order to attract as many as possible to the six hundred continuous miles of matchless mountain scenery that a passenger equipment of the most elaborate description was provided, supplemented by a series of sumptuous hotels, established at the choicest spots, enabling the traveller to enjoy all the comforts of city life in the very heart of the wilderness.

It is impossible by any verbal description to convey an adequate conception of the pictures presented to the eye as from the observation car attached to the train the tourist commands an unfettered view of the wonders about him. The railway runs through one hundred and fifty miles of the Rockies, eighty of the Selkirks, fifty of the Gold Range, and three hundred of the Cascades, and all of these ranges being cut to their very heart by passes and canons, through which the line daringly pierces its way, the peaks tower vastly higher above the beholder, and one is brought into a closer contact with them than is the case with any other mountains in the world.

Nowhere else can mountains like Stephen, Macdonald and others, be

met with, rising, as they do, so abruptly from the observer's feet, and towering to such tremendous heights, a full mile and a half above the railway, that their snowy summits cannot be seen from the car window, and the observation car has to be resorted to.

Each of the ranges just mentioned is composed of a different kind of rock, and they consequently seem to be cut to distinctive patterns, and painted distinctive colors for no other purpose than to add variety to the sublimity of the scene.

Now high up where the trees end, and the perpetual snows begin, and now far down in the deep valleys, filled with an almost tropical undergrowth, touching at times the feet of mighty glaciers of emerald green and opalescent ice, or again being splashed by the spray of raging torrents roaring through shadowy canons, the train presses steadily onward until at last it emerges into the terrific canon of the Fraser River, which cleaves the gigantic Cascade Range almost to tide-level, and thus finds its way down to the ocean side at Vancouver, where one of the Company's magnificent steamships lies in waiting to carry passengers and mails across to Japan and China.

A few words in conclusion as to the men who might be called the makers and managers of this vast enterprise. It has already been said that of the statesmen who had to do with it, the late Sir John Macdonald must undoubtedly receive the largest proportion of renown. Next to the Confederation of the Provinces, the construc-

tion of the Canadian Pacific Railway engrossed his thought and desire, and he it was who sought out Sir George Stephen, of Montreal, then in the full flush of glory and gold attending his magnificent coup in connection with the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Road, and persuaded him to embark in a still greater undertaking. Sir George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, was the financial genius of the new venture, and he was enabled to secure in the second one the co-operation of several of his former associates, including Sir Donald A. Smith and Mr. R. B. Angus, men of special skill and strength in monetary matters.

As to the executive part of this great work, that almost from the very first has been in the hands of Sir Wm. Van Horne, who is now President of the road. Sir William has no liking for publicity outside the sphere of his own activities, and personal details are scanty concerning him. Born in the United States of Dutch parentage, he passed through many stages of railroad work before he attained the position of almost unique responsibility and authority he now occupies. Yet he is still a comparatively young man, possessing capacities of application and endurance that fully match the astonishing range of his abilities. His touch is felt throughout every department of the vast system he controls, and which, under his direction, has reached the state of perfection and prosperity I have sought to outline in the foregoing pages.







By Constance Rudyard Boulton.

## CHAP. I.

FROM TORONTO TO GIBRALTAR.

WITH a queer gone feeling under our capes, Peg and I looked at each other helplessly, as the train moved slowly out of the station, from the platform of which we had taken last looks of those left behind. We had opened the window and stretched out as far as we dare, waving frantically, but even this was now useless. We were started.

Much osculation had taken place, but fortunately a merciful audience grinning with suppressed amusement had turned the tide of our feelings, and much laughter with a tear beneath had made our leave-taking less trying than had been anticipated.

Our departure had all but contained the elements of a tragedy. On reaching the station we made a rush for our most precious possessions, before which our luggage—even a woman's luggage—sank into utter insignificance. Under the fond delusion that we were presenting a calm and dignified exterior to the gaping crowd, we looked about for our bicycles. Of the two, one was not there, and the other on closer examination, was found minus handles. Excitement reigned supreme. Messengers were promptly despatched in

all directions, the telephone attacked, and the drum of the long-suffering central's ear broken,—a worthy martyrdom in so just a cause. After an agonizing interval perspiring messengers were seen reappearing from round distant corners of the station with a bicycle and a pair of bicycle handles. The tension of that last twenty minutes was relieved, and railway matters were allowed to proceed without further delay.

We gazed into the eyes of the custom house official with a brindly, not to say insinuating, expression, whereupon before you could say "Jack Robinson" a mysterious mark with a magic power was scratched across our luggage, and the same tumbled into a van without further ado.

On reaching the Bridge, the borderland between civilization and barbarism, we tried to work the same brindly expression. A cold or leaden eye, bearing a strong resemblance to a brick in a mud wall, greeted our seductive glances. And with a calmness absolutely maddening, we were handed papers to sign releasing that wretched company of all responsibility regarding our beautiful bicycles; asked idiotic questions as to their maker, number, (which of course we did not know), etc.; while every few minutes a wild shriek from an engine, would cause us to jump wildly into the air, and dash for the door; whereupon an official voice with elegant phrasing would call out "Hold on here," and

back we had to scamper, on the verge of nervous prostration, to sign more papers. Our appeals were listened to without the quiver of an eyelid. The momentous facts, that our tickets were paid to Naples; that we must catch that steamer, that we could not possibly go without our bicycles, had no effect whatever. The deadly calm of those eyes was simply paralyzing.

At last they let us go, and we had no difficulty in deciding on which side

material wherewith to defy all possible criticism, hostile or condescendingly friendly. With that end in view I added pounds to my baggage, resulting in a corresponding lightness of my purse, with dissertations of various sorts. Builders of Florence, pedestrians in Rome, and loquacious gentlemen on other parts of Italy—these I laid out as my especial occupation during our thirteen days' sojourn on board ship, together with a



"The other was found—minus handles."

of the border line dwelt barbarians, and which the civilized beings.

It was with a profound sense of the gravity of my position that I undertook the delicate task of presenting to a critical, literary and artistic *dilettanti* an account of nondescript bicycle adventures with which we expected to desecrate the hallowed ground of old world history and romance. Fully imbued with the responsibility, and to make myself more competent to carry out this work, I supplied myself with

mastering of the Italian language, two or three days devoted to Mal-demer, and last, but not least, a mild flirtation with the jovial Captain. In this wise I expected to pass the time profitably and pleasantly.

A student, with whom I am not personally acquainted, on one occasion undertook to read up his bible in one night, with the aid of wet towels, etc., for divinity exams. He proceeded to condense the bible history something after this fashion: And the Pro-

phet spake unto the followers of Jezebel, and commanded that they call upon her; and they called, but she made no answer. Then the Prophet mocked them, and said: "Cry aloud, she is talking, or she sleepeth." And they cried aloud but there was not any answer. Then they waxed furious, and cut themselves with knives. Then Jezebel appeared at the window, and the Prophet said unto them: "Throw her down," and they threw her down. And he said: "Throw her down a second time," and they threw her down a second time. And he said: "Throw her down a third time," and they threw her down until seventy and seven times, and picked up the fragments thereof twelve baskets full.' Of late my sympathies have gone out to that student, for a premonition of casual observations upon the seven hills of Venice, the Grand Canal at Rome, or the astonishing assertion that Horatius Curtius threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius, forces itself upon me with disquieting effect. In case of such an eccentric marshalling of my facts, I must plead the limited power of my brain, and the superabundance of current literature. While to for-

ty questions in one day, he replied, "I do not know."

After some uncomfortable experiences which did not increase my admiration of the United States in general, and New York in particular, with all its boasted mysteries, we arrived at our hotel very tired and very wrathful, and the next morning found us on board one of the North German Lloyd steamers bound for the Mediterranean. A keen winter day with brilliant sunshine smiled upon us, while the wavelets sparkling with a million points of glistening light laughed back at us *bon voyage*. As the ship was loosed from her moorings, the band began to play, and with stately movement we glided down the fine harbor to the inspiring strains of the music.

Our toes went to the merry tune, we laughed and talked, and waved our handkerchiefs in repeated response to those left on the fast receding shore. The big lump in our throats grew bigger, while the music became unbearable mingling in plaintive duo with the rushings of the sad sea waves, as we cut our way past Staten Island and Sandy Hook, down to the sea.

Are there many with one score years well behind them, who have not a good-bye hidden away in the depths of their hearts, which lends to all other good-byes a pitifulness that cannot be told in words? It may be bitter, it may be sweet. It may be laden with cruel reproach, or it may be big with tender hope for that other. But for many, across the heart is written good-bye, branded into the quivering flesh by the hot iron of memory. And

forever more joy is veiled in a mist of sadness.

On the first day out the salon was gorgeous with a profusion of flowers, sent by friends to the Americans, and



"Down to the sea."

tify myself against such a possible catastrophe, I am tempted to follow the example of the great teacher, Malek, who counted it to the glory of God that to thirty-eight out of



their heavy fragrance, while they lasted, killed the horrible odour peculiar to ships. Everything that could be devised to make our sojourn on board comfortable and enjoyable, seemed to have been done, and it was our own faults that certain mental and physical weaknesses laid us by the heels, so that we turned a blind eye and deaf ear to the luxuries about us. Germans everywhere, all polite and attentive, and being for the most part fine looking officers, gave an added gist to our already praiseworthy desire to rub up our rusty German, the sound of which took us back to old days in Dresden.

The dinners were banquets. I can vouch for the first in a court of law; of the succeeding meals in general (for the next few days) I can only speak from hearsay, but rumour has it, they were fine. The weather is a matter also upon which I do not feel competent to speak during the first half of voyage, and I fear I should find myself involved in a controversy of alarming proportions, and possibly be had up by the North German Lloyd Co. for libel, if I gave vent to my true inwardness on the subject. The English language is not equal to my demands, and I am inclined to have recourse to Donder and Blitzen, or Donner Welter as a safe outlet to my troubled feelings.

If I allowed myself full license, others, more fully possessed of their faculties on the voyage than I, would probably, with lofty scorn, set me down as a crank, or a woman of uncertain age, not responsible for what she said, thought or felt, which would be very distressful to my little conceits.

On the fifth day out, the appalling apathy which seemed to have possessed the ship heretofore, showed signs of breaking.

A rumour was afloat that our dull



"Bearing a strong resemblance to a hospital ward."

eyes and weakened frames would be gladdened by a sight of land, and the Azores would shortly appear. The sea ceased its troubling, and we threw our cumbersome wraps to the four corners of the boat, as we felt the balmy, delicious air, and reveled in the warm sunshine. The deck, from being strewn with rows of uncouth and shapeless mummies, and thus bearing a strong resemblance to a hospital ward—only far worse, became gay with animated beings.

Conversation, laughter, repartee—even brains began to make themselves felt, and a world of despair and suicidal mania was transformed into a scene of sweetness and light; we all prink our feathers, look about the small world, and leisurely take in fellow travellers according to our various capacities.

Brother Jonathan was there in great force, especially the female expression of Brother Jonathan. He and I had great times, usually ending in a stand up fight, and I would retire upon my

laurels with my malice, hates and all uncharitableness strongly confirmed, which, being purely prejudice and entirely personal, is of no consequence to anybody. We also made the acquaintance of "Little Billie," or as we were sometimes inclined to call him, the "Marble Fawn," because of his irrepressible spirits and apparently irrepressible nature. But by a word, a look, or that indescribable something we at times call sympathy, a chord was struck, and we discovered depths in his artistic nature, a power to feel and suffer, which destroyed the likeness to Hawthorne's delightful creation, and made us accept him rather as a feeble imitation of lovable "Little Billie." A genial man also helped to while away the time with much solicitous attention. There is generally a genial man on board ship, I have noticed. An interesting girl musician who played exquisitely for us, about made up the sum total of interesting humanity.

The first glimpse of the Azores was caught on the afternoon of the fifth day, and we all hurriedly pounced on our guide books and field-glasses, standing about with only cloaks of a light description to watch eagerly the slowly growing outline. The ship passed within three or four miles of the islands, so that a general idea could be obtained of the rugged fissures caused by volcanic action, and green slopes divided off into squares like a chess-board by low stone walls. Scattered along the shores nestled tiny villages, the ship passing close enough at times for the windows of the white-walled cottages and picturesque red roofs to be discerned through the glass.

The islands are very similar to the western coast of Ireland in its gentler aspect, and the cool greens of the hills rolling up to a considerable height in rounded masses closely rival the Emerald Isle in soft coloring.

Before sunset we passed between Flores and Corvo, the most westerly of

the group. Thereafter, a fortunate hitch in the engines, requiring a lay-to during the night, enabled us to see Fayal and Pico the next morning. Pico Peak, the only great height the Azores can boast of, towered over 7,000 feet in abrupt ascent from the sea line, presenting an imposing sight with its snow-clad crest shrouded in clouds, which ever and anon parted in rifts, showing the summit gleaming in the sunlight, with the black mouth of the extinct crater, like a small excrescence, standing out darkly distinct to the naked eye.

The Azores, about nine in number, are scattered over 400 miles or so of ocean, two days out from Gibraltar, making a pleasant break in the long voyage. The inhabitants are Portuguese, and at one time were under the rule of Portugal, primitive to a degree and very dirty, with the incongruity of clean villages and streets, and excellent roads. Mark Twain gives one of his inimitable accounts of his experiences amongst these people. I could imagine one of these islands, almost tropical in climate and vegetation, an ideal spot, in which to spend a month, for those who find their own society possible, the study of humanity *au naturel*, and nature in her happiest and most varied moods an absorbing study.

The largest island, St. Miguel, was passed in the distance, then St. George near at hand. And once more land faded away in a distant merging of sea and sky, over which the shades of night crept softly.

It is difficult to restrain one's "exuberance of verbosity" over the second half of the voyage, to know what to speak of and what to leave out, in restricted space, when one is filled with the fascination of it all,—gazing out lazily upon the intense blue depths of a summer sea (in January), stretching away in a flood of dazzling light to the distant horizon where the clouds floated in shaded masses, while the dolphins gamboled in their lumbering

fashion under the hot sunshine, which forced us to dispense with all wraps and get out cotton blouses.

Already we northerners experienced something of the *dolce far niente*, the enthralling indolence of the south. The witchery of the nights worked their wicked way with us, when the sun was gone, and the cool, balmy air tripped across the sea with invisible feet. The moon, a delicate crescent of soft silvery light, hung suspended against a background of deepest blue-black, that had a dark brilliance of its own. Then the stars, studding the sky with a million clear-cut points, looking down upon the "All'ist wohl" below, while the sea swept past with its long, soft soughing sound against the sides of the vessel, lit up by the weird phosphorus, then fading away into mysterious nothingness that our eyes vainly tried to pierce.

Of a sudden, our inane chatter, or soulful nothings, would be checked midway, to our eternal redemption, by a musical mingling of tuneful voices. The Italians in the steerage were singing, and that this was a forerunner of what we might expect continually for the next few months filled us with exceeding joy. Their voices and expression, the dramatic sense and pure pronunciation cutting through the clear night air, the twanging of a guitar their only accompaniment, and the fitful moonlight faintly outlining their forms and faces, mingling with the hushed murmur of the sea, while under all the great throbs of the laboring vessel, beating with monotonous rhythm, caused a variety of sensations not easily forgotten.

One morning, after leaving the Azores, I was awakened by a terrific bang and a loud, gruff voice. "Mary, Mary, get up; get up at once." A pause, then another bang. "Mary, get up, your mistress wants to see the sunrise." I wondered sleepily if Mary's soul rose to the occasion. Mine didn't. I tried to go to sleep, but a supersensitive conscience banished sleep utterly.

It behooved me to see this especial effort of nature. I put my head out of the port hole (the sun rising obligingly on that side), and it didn't come back for some time—my head, I mean.

Never can I forget the scene that met my eyes. God Himself in all His majesty seemed present at the awakening of another day. Deep silence brooded tenderly o'er the still waters. Close along the horizon line stretched a band of exquisite, vivid, but pale pea green, with trimmings of delicate gold, which, spreading upwards, deepened and paled from gold to silver. Then a band of turquoise again shaded by the wondrous golden light; above, climbing up the great dome of heaven, a mottled mass of filmy clouds were bathed in deepest rose, while creeping along the horizon, and spreading upwards, pale mauve-grey clouds, with a depth of soft shadow here and there, ever mingling and varying with feathery lightness, blending the glorious color scheme in one harmonious whole, utterly beyond the power of brush or pen, or even of imagination. For a little space this thrilling scene hung with a curious, breathless waiting in the sky. Then my eyes became concentrated upon the centre, where close to the horizon an arc of gold was growing deeper and brighter. Suddenly the tiniest clouds that lay upon the waters became jagged tongues of fire. For a few moments, almost slowly, the forked tongues of blood and flame shot up across the pale gold, green and blue. Hovering over all, the fleecy purple clouds, touched with crimson, became dazzlingly transparent with the wealth of golden light behind; then fading and deepening away into nondescript shades of browns and dark greys, with yet a lingering touch of rose, till on the further side of the great circle they were lost in the lowering clouds of night that rolled moodily away, leaving the vast lone stretch of sea and sky bathed in a bewilderment of color. A moment more, and the silent, waiting



world was flooded with the full light of the day King—and the glory was complete.

A couple of nights later on I stood at the stern filled with melancholy. That the sun should elect to have a sunrise was quite proper. But that I should be awake and up for the sunrise, and, forgetting all about such trifles as sunsets, make a mighty effort to perpetuate it for the delectation of others, was a decided error of judgment. But who could be expected to know that his august majesty, with inconceivable want of consideration, would undertake, two days after, to surpass himself in the way of a sunset. The sunset came and went before I had recovered the sunrise, and I could not possibly manage both in one week. His majesty tumbled off the end of the earth in grand style with all his paraphernalia of fire and water and clouds and sky, while a silver-toned Yankee behind me, with admirable terseness, expressed the whole with "Ain't it handsome."

A day or two more, and then a stir of expectation filled the air. Private divinings with the recesses of slug-

gish brains with the help of the inevitable guide book, and sly pumpings of the other fellows' brains carried on with infinite tact, were resorted to in preparation for the historic ground we were fast approaching.

Eager groups engaged themselves on the fore part and sides of the vessel to get a first view of the "Pillars of Hercules," the keys of the old world, full of breathless interest to all, dear to Canadians because every spot bears the footprints of the Mother Country, interesting to Americans of the broad-minded type, who recognize bravery and pluck everywhere, while from the sneering and envious grudging admiration is meted out plentifully interlarded with bitter sarcasm.

But the unique charms peculiar to Gibraltar, and the fascinating mysticism and ancient customs of Algiers, preserved even in the present day amid the nodding plumes of Parisian millinery, call for a separate chapter to themselves, and on a future occasion I shall approach the subject with all due reverence.

*(To be continued.)*



## LAKE SIMCOE LORE.\*

BY REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

WHILST as set forth in the article on Surveyor-General Holland, the primary intention of Governor Simcoe in changing the name of Lake Toronto was, to do honor to the memory of his father, the Captain of H.M.S. *Pembroke*, he desired at the same time to utilize as it were separate portions of the Lake with the Islands contained therein, and streams entering it from several quarters as memorials of other persons likewise :

Francis Island, in the north-west portion of the Lake, preserved the name of his eldest son Francis.

Darling's Island was so named after General Darling, a friend; Cook's Bay was intended to commemorate the great navigator, Capt. Cook, who was so largely spoken of in Surveyor-General Holland's letter; Kempenfelt Bay was meant to recall Admiral Kempenfelt who so sadly went down in the *Royal George* off Spithead, August 29th, 1782; Cowper's words will be remembered :

" His sword was in its sheath,  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men."

Talbot's River entering the Lake from the north-east bore the name of a young aide-de-camp of the General's, afterwards so well-known in Canada as Col. Talbot, founder of the Talbot settlement. Gray's River bore the name of another officer on the General's staff. Graves Island, alluded to Admiral Graves, a relative.† The

three Townships of Gwillimbury, on the edge of this lake embalmed the family name of the Governor's wife (Gwillim), and last, but not least, there is the Holland River entering the Lake from the south-west, preserving to this day the name of Major Holland‡ Yonge street itself leading northwards from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe is another instance of the Governor's commemorating a friend. Sir George Yonge, from whom the street or military way derived its name, was a friend and neighbor of Governor Simcoe in Devonshire. That these names were imposed by General Simcoe himself is manifest from the fact that they all appear on the pages of Surveyor-General D. W. Smith's *Gazetteer* compiled under the eye of the Governor.

Georgina Township, close by, was a reminiscence of the name which the Governor originally intended to give the capital of his new Province as a compliment to George the Third, when it was proposed that the spot now occupied by the Canadian City of London should be its site.

Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, not very far off, was another reminder of the old King. Gloucester Bay and Prince William's Island, in the same are likewise allusions to certain members of the King's family.

As to the name borne by the whole Lake before it acquired the name of Lake Simcoe, David William Smith's *Gazetteer* informs us that it had once been known as Lake Toronto, and other names of a more recent date

† It is to be regretted that these names have not in every case been retained. Francis Island for example is now known as Grape Island and Darling's Island is Strawberry Island. Graves Island is known as Georgina Island, but is occasionally spoken of under the former name. Gray's River is now Beaver River. Canise Island, so named from an Indian Chief of the Simcoe period, is now perhaps better known as Thorah Island.

‡ It is to be added that "Holland House," Toronto, did not in any way refer to the Surveyor-General. It was so named by its builder, the Hon. B. J. Boulton, in allusion to the famous "Holland House" situated in the Kensington suburb of London.

are given such as Lac aux Caies (Hurdle Lake), corrupted sometimes into Lac la Clie, and Sheniong (Silver Lake). That Lake Toronto was an ancient appellation of this Lake we have abundant evidence. Thus we have in "Pierre Margriy's Memoires and Documents," Vol. II., p. 115, the following extract from a letter written by the famous La Salle, dated August 22nd, in the year 1680 :

"To take up again the course of my journey I set off last year from Teiaiaagon on the 22nd of August, and reached the shores of Lake Toronto on the 23rd, where I arrested two of my deserters."

From this we see that on August 22nd he was at Teiaiaagon—that is to say the locality known afterwards as Toronto, and the day following he arrived on the banks of Lake Toronto, as he very distinctly speaks—that is to say on the banks of Lake Simcoe, as we should speak, where he arrested two men who had been plundering his goods. We thus see that "Teiaiaagon" and the shores of Lake Toronto are two different localities, distant a day's journey one from the other.

This same Teiaiaagon is again referred to by La Salle in his remarks on the proceedings of Count Frontenac, forwarded by him to the authorities in Paris in the year 1684 (*See* "Documentary History of the State of New York, Vol. IX., p. 218).

He there speaks of Teiaiaagon as a place to which Indians from the North, to whom he gives the general name of Outaouacs, came down to traffic with people from the other side of the Lake, that is with New Englanders; and he stated it as an advantage accruing from the existence of Fort Frontenac, that this trade was thereby stopped and drawn to Fort Frontenac.

What is here stated (by La Salle) corresponds with the testimony of Lahontan, a French officer in charge of Fort St. Joseph, on the western side of the southern entrance to Lake Huron (afterwards Fort Gratiot) as

given in his book, and in the large map which accompanies it.

Referring to his map on page 12, vol. 2, Lahontan says: One sees at the south-east of the river (French River) the Bay of Toronto." (This is evidently a portion of the Georgian Bay, including Gloucester and Matchedash Bays, certainly not drawn with the precision of a modern hydrographic survey.) "A river empties itself there," he continues, "which proceeds from a little Lake of the same name *i.e.*, Toronto, forming some impracticable cataracts, both in going up and descending," this is evidently the Severn. "The man's head," Lahontan adds, "that you see on the map on the edge of this river designates a large settlement of Hurons, which the Iroquois have laid waste," consistently with all this, Delisle's map published at Paris in 1703, places Teiaiaagon where Toronto now stands, at the same time giving Lake Toronto in the Huron region to the north.

[Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Toronto, furnishes me with the curious information that in the Grand Salon of the Ducal Palace at Venice, when visited by him in 1872, there was a large terrestrial globe, some four feet in diameter, constructed in 1690 by Antonio Patrizio of Venice, on which, where the American Lakes are presented, the small Lake situate to the north of Lake Ontario here called Lake Frontenac, between it and Lake Huron is styled Lake Taronto, and the track there called Portage is distinctly marked from the lesser Lake to the larger one on the south, where its terminus is marked by the word Toiouegon. All this corresponds very well with the record on a number of old maps in my possession, the spelling in several instances varying a little. Taronto is, of course, our Toronto with a slight Italian variation of "a" for "o." (Sometimes it is Tarento, from slight resemblance in sound to the name of a famous ancient city in the south of Italy. The oldest French maps, how-



ever, give "Toronto" precisely as we have it now, so La Salle gave it in 1680, and the maps used by Lahontan.) As to Toiouegon—the name appears with several literal variations in the old maps, and in D. W. Smith's *Gazetteer* it designated the spot now occupied by the City of Toronto. It signified, as I have elsewhere shown, the Landing place to *i.e.* for parties about to proceed up the Trail to Lake Toronto. That this Trail should have been so clearly marked with the word Portage on the Globe in the Ducal Palace at Venice is very interesting.]

The Holland Landing is to this day a well-known locality; it is the spot where Yonge street reaches one of the branches of the Holland River, and

here canoes and bateaux coming down from the north used to receive trading and travelling parties coming up from the south, from a landing place on Lake Ontario, *via* the trail running along the valley of the Humber to the Oak Ridges, and thence along the valley of the Holland River to Lake Toronto, that is Lake Simcoe. A long branch from the westward enters the Holland River not far from the "Landing," and steamboats plying on Lake Simcoe used to navigate these branches; and former travellers in this region will recall the sinuosities of the route, as the huge hulk of the vessel made its way amidst reeds, rushes and shallows, through the marsh which extends back from the true mouth of the Holland River, many miles into the interior.

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MY FRIEND.

I have a friend—if you should ask  
 Why 'tis I love her well,  
 Indeed 'twould be a weighty task  
 These reasons all to tell.

First, she is good enough to see—  
 A pretty face and kind,  
 That somehow fairer is to me  
 Than others I can find.

She has two lips with laughter filled  
 That hold not scorn or sneer,  
 She's just a little bit self-willed,  
 Gangs her ain gait I fear.

She has two strong and supple hands,  
 Two bright and tender eyes,  
 She has a heart that understands,  
 She has a judgment wise.

Her voice—at least to me, is fine  
 I like to lie and rest,  
 And hear her reading, line by line,  
 The poet I love best.

No jealousy or trace of spite  
Is in her nature strong,  
She is so loyal to the right,  
So gentle with the wrong.

Now these are just a few, you know,  
Of reasons I could name ;  
Her faults are few, if 'twere not so—  
I'd love her just the same.

JEAN BLEWETT.

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AVE !

Cloud of the midnight skies,  
Lowering as life-light dies,  
Lie gently on mine eyes,  
With weight of sleep.  
Outbar the dreams of day ;  
Screen the long hours away ;  
No more to work or pray,  
To laugh or weep.

Out from my wearied heart  
Let the long dreams depart,  
The vain pursuit of art,  
Vain love and song.  
Cast in the place of these  
Thy magic of surcease,  
Silence in darkling ease,  
Long ages long.

I know not what the light  
May bring to cheer my sight ;  
Enough for me the night,  
No more to know.  
Failure and grief and dread  
Desert the lifeless head,  
As light seeks not the bed  
Where wild flowers grow.

Cloud of the midnight sky,  
Soft on my eyelids lie ;  
Yet with such weight that I  
No more may wake ;  
That sleep may not be stirred  
By any earthly word,  
Nor dawn nor song of bird  
My rest may break.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

# THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND ITS PRESIDENTS.

BY PROFESSOR W. H. FRASER.

ONE hundred years ago a young Scotchman, the son of an overseer in the granite quarries near Aberdeen, was in the second year of his undergraduate course in the university of that city. This young man was John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto and the first President of the University of King's College, which institution, with modifications made from time to time in its organization and equipment, has become the University of Toronto of the present day. The name of Dr. Strachan, as he is usually referred to in the records, is intimately associated with the early history of the University, and indeed with a great part of the educational history of the Province of Upper Canada. Hence it is proper that, at the very beginning of this sketch, a fitting tribute should be paid to the indomitable energy and perseverance with which he strove for the establishment of a university, until after forty years and more of effort and disappointment he saw his hopes realized.

In these later days universities spring up like mushrooms. In its origin and growth the University of Toronto was rather of the type of the oak. A hundred years ago it was an idea, not much more than a vague hope in the minds of a very few enlightened statesmen and scholars. As far as can be known the first man to formulate the idea of a university was General Simcoe, who came here as Governor in 1792. With the true instinct of a statesman he regarded education as indispensable to loyalty, morality and national feeling. This sentiment he often expressed, and his proposition was to establish grammar schools in every district and a university at the capital,

the university being regarded as the more important. His last official reference to the question is contained in a letter of 1796, the year in which he left the province, in which he says:—"I have no idea that a university will be established, though I am daily confirmed in its necessity."

The struggling colony was evidently in great need of educational facilities. Governor Simcoe reported that on one of his exploring expeditions he was told by the inhabitants that the rising generation was rapidly returning to barbarism, that the Sabbath was literally unknown to their children, and more of a like tenor. The feeling of the people as to the necessity of education found expression in the petition of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of 1797, in which they prayed His Majesty to set apart "waste" lands for the providing of "respectable grammar schools in each district and a college or university." By the year 1799 500,000 acres were already surveyed and set apart, and the report of those entrusted to devise ways and means was presented, recommending among other things York as the seat of the university..

The promoters of the project appear to have been more enthusiastic than was warranted by the circumstances of an infant colony with a total revenue of about £2,000 sterling per annum, with choice lands selling at nine pence an acre. In this enthusiasm General Simcoe evidently shared, for on leaving Canada, in spite of his opinion quoted above, he made arrangements to bring out a scholar from Great Britain to take charge of the University, as yet in the clouds. After the refusal of Thomas Chalmers, John



Strachan was selected, and he arrived at Kingston on the last day of 1799 to meet with very cruel disappointment. Instead of presiding over a University he was forced to turn his attention to the keeping of a private school, first at Kingston and afterwards at Cornwall.

In 1806 the House of Assembly had gone so far as to resolve that, "seminaries of education are highly necessary in this province," and in 1807, largely by the influence of Mr. Strachan, who by this time had taken holy orders in the Church of England, a bill passed both houses for the establishment of grammar schools. From this time onward the influence of Mr. Strachan, who came to York as rector in 1812, became very great in educational affairs. He must henceforth be referred to as Dr. Strachan, having obtained the degree of doctor of divinity from his university in 1812. This influence was further increased when in 1817 he became a member of the Provincial Legislative Council.

The history of education from 1807 to 1820 may be given in a few words. It was dismal in the extreme. Into the causes it is unnecessary to go, but the whole period was an alternation of quarrels and dead-lock between the Assembly and the Council. In 1819, twenty-one years after the making of the original grant, the university project again became a living issue in a report of the Legislative Council favorable to the scheme, and in 1820 an act was passed providing that the University, when established, should be represented by a member in the Assembly. In 1823 Dr. Strachan became president of the general board of education, then organized with extensive powers. He did not lose sight of his university scheme, and it was probably on his recommendation that Governor Maitland arranged for the exchange of what was left of the land grant, after providing for the grammar schools, for other government lands in more saleable localities, an exchange effected in 1827.

And now the long-cherished project at last assumed definite and practical form. In 1826 a detailed scheme, with elaborate reasons and arguments, was submitted by Dr. Strachan to the Governor, in which the sum of £2,050 was mentioned as a minimum income to begin upon. The report was favorably received, and he was forthwith sent to England to solicit a royal charter for the institution. In 1827 the charter was granted, and the despatch which informed the colony of the fact, also provided for the exchange of lands. Everything seemed prosperous, and the reader will perhaps be surprised to learn that the date of this charter marks the beginning of a period of strife and bitterness unparalleled in the educational history of the Province. It would be impossible here to go into detail. Suffice it to say that the strife arose from two causes, namely, the nature of the charter and the manner of its advocacy in England by Dr. Strachan.

In 1828, when the Governor announced to the House of Assembly the granting of the charter, he received the very significant reply: "We shall be highly gratified to find that His Majesty has very graciously provided for the establishment and endowment of an University in the Province, if the principles upon which it has been founded shall, upon enquiry, prove to be conducive to the advancement of true learning and piety, and friendly to the civil and religious liberty of the people." When, in due time, it became known that the members of the University Council were required to be in holy orders in the Church of England, and to subscribe to the thirty-nine Articles, that a like obligation was laid on students of divinity, and that the arch-deacon of York was to be *ex officio* president, Dr. Strachan being the first president, a tremendous storm of indignation and protest from the Assembly, the religious denominations, and the citizens broke loose. Part of this storm centred about the

so-called "ecclesiastical chart," which Dr. Strachan had circulated in England, showing that relatively the Church of England was strong in the Province, and the other denominations excessively weak. Enquiry by the House of Assembly showed that the reverse was the true state of affairs. An account of the agitation would fill a volume. The home Government was informed in every possible way—by resolution, remonstrance, petition, report—that the charter was distasteful to the colony, and in 1831 the Colonial Secretary asked, but in vain, for its surrender by the Council of King's College.

Some important results followed. In 1830 the Methodist Conference, apparently hopeless of the situation, resolved to found Upper Canada Academy (afterwards Victoria University) at Cobourg. The Presbyterians discussed a similar project, but did nothing definite till later. In 1829 Upper Canada College was begun, mainly by Sir John Colborne's unconstitutional efforts, as a sort of compromise scheme, for this sturdy soldier governor declared to the King's College Council that "not one stone should be put upon another until certain alterations had been made in the charter." The organization of Upper Canada College as a "Minor College" to King's College, and the grant of some 66,000 acres of the endowment lands to it, together with the advance of large sums for its support, are important matters which can only be mentioned here. Meanwhile, the endowment of King's College was rapidly increasing in value, and in 1829 the Council, nothing daunted by all the hubbub of the "turbulent spirits," as the opponents of the charter were called, began buying a site of 150 acres of land in Toronto, undoubtedly an excellent investment, for the whole price was but £14,000. Another expenditure of the Council, somewhat later and hardly so discreet, was that of £430 for a wooden model of the buildings to be erected, made in London.

After ten years of agitation the "turbulent spirits" had carried the day, and in 1837 the original charter was modified in so far that no religious test, other than a belief in the divine authenticity of the Old and New Testament, and the doctrine of the Trinity, was required. The building contracts were ready to be signed when the rebellion broke out, and everything was at a standstill. Nothing further was done till after the financial



BISHOP STRACHAN.

investigation of 1839 by the House of Assembly, in which it was discovered that of £82,000 cash received, £54,925 had been expended, largely in support of Upper Canada College. Sir George Arthur, governor of the province, expressed himself as very much surprised at the outlay, and under the circumstances it was thought advisable to shorten sail, so that building operations were suspended. Finally, after so many delays and disappoint-

ments, on the 18th April, 1842, amid great ceremonies and rejoicings, the corner-stone of a building was laid by the Governor-General of the time, in that part of the Queen's Park where stand the present legislative buildings. In the next year, with similar rejoicings, the first matriculation of students was held, and the work of teaching begun, the classes finding temporary accommodation in the old parliament buildings on Front street.

The titular president of the institution was still Dr. Strachan, who had become Bishop of Toronto in 1839; the real head of the teaching faculty was John McCaul, LL.D., who held at first the office of Vice-President, and afterwards that of President till 1880. Dr. McCaul was born at Dublin, in 1807, and graduated with highest classical honours at Trinity College in that city. The fact that the date of his birth coincides with the foundation of secondary education in this province, and that at thirty-six years of age he became the first head of the University, is an interesting illustration of the difficulties and delays under which a system of university education was developed. To his attainments and reputation as a classical scholar and to his many valuable contributions to classical learning I hardly need refer, so well known are they. Even at the comparatively early date of 1838, his fame as a scholar was so well established that he was selected by the Archbishop of Canterbury as Principal of Upper Canada College, on the duties of which position he entered in 1839. His transference to the chair of classics in King's College followed most naturally. The striking personality of Dr. McCaul still lives in the memory of ten academic generations of graduates of the University. His keen sense of humor, his classic eloquence and urbanity of manner are equally remembered with the extraordinary breadth and accuracy of his classical knowledge. As a classical scholar he believed most thor-

oughly in the advantages of classical learning, and yet his breadth of view and his comprehension of the necessities of the Province were such that he was among the advocates of a broadening of the course of study in the direction of science and the modern languages, while his knowledge of men and things and unfailing tact and courtesy fitted him to guide the University wisely through the somewhat troublous times which were still in store for it.

The difficulties of the institution at that time, were largely financial. In fact, the financial stringency of the present time is mainly the result of what happened before Dr. McCaul became President. It may be well, at the risk of slightly distorting the chronology, to complete in a few words the financial part of the sketch. In 1848, the University Council, under Dr. McCaul's guidance, appointed a commission of inquiry, "inasmuch as a belief in the existence of an unsatisfactory state of the financial affairs has gained ground with the public." This commission issued a "final report" in 1852. Referring in general terms to the endowment, the commissioners say truly: "Never, perhaps, in any age or country, was so princely a domain dedicated to the great purpose of education, and, had the most ardent friends of collegiate institutions in this young country been granted the privilege of selecting from the public lands the most valuable and accessible which the entire province offered, they could not have made a better choice." Their dismal conclusion as to the fate of this princely endowment is "that out of a total capital of £336,930 there have been alienated in current expenditure and losses £166,319," almost one half.

How did this enormous shrinkage take place? The description of the process has a certain grim humor about it, of which I think even the commissioners were sensible. They found no account books worth mentioning, and



had to construct a set as best they could, with infinite effort. After five months of such labor they ascertained that "certain pocket books, five in number, had been found, thought to contain original entries." In these books, "made of such a size as to be easily carried about in a breast pocket," the bursar had, from 1828 to 1839, kept record of the princely endowment.

"Rents were received when offered, lands were sold when sought for, purchase money was taken when brought in, interest was accepted when tendered." Lands were allowed to lapse after the payment by the purchaser of a ten per cent. deposit, until they became his by right of possession. The confusion was indescribable. For example, various accounts were opened for

the same person. Mr. Shewfelt appeared also as Skewfelt, Zufelt and Chewfelt in four different accounts, and this is but one example typical of thousands. "In short," say the commissioners, "had the great effort of the Council been to annihilate the endowment, it is doubtful if a more efficient plan could have been followed." Enough has been said to show that since 1843 the main financial efforts of the

authorities have been devoted to the conservation and wise employment of a remnant of the "princely endowment."

In 1843 a bill came before the Legislature to separate the collegiate and university functions, and to incorporate other colleges (Victoria and Queen's and Regiopolis), a scheme not unlike federation. Bishop Strachan

protested in a strong memorial, which is worth quoting in part as showing his point of view. He said, "The leading object of the bill is to place all forms of error upon an equality with truth... Such a fatal departure from all that is good is without parallel in the history of the world; unless, indeed, some resemblance can be found in Pagan Rome, which, to please the



DR. MCCAUL.—PRESIDENT UNTIL 1881.

nations she had conquered, condescended to associate their impure idolatries with her own." Needless to state that the bill failed to become law.

In 1849, by the so-called Baldwin Act, drawn up, it is said, by Chancellor Blake, father of the present Chancellor, King's College was fully secularized, and became the "University of Toronto." Teaching of theology of every kind was abolished, no clergy-

man could have a seat on the Senate, and no religious test or observance was required. Provision was also made for the affiliation of other colleges. The act came into force on 1st January, 1850. In connection with this change Bishop Strachan took an admirable stand in what he considered a matter of vital principle. He appealed to every churchman "to assist, as far as he is able, in supplying the want which the church now feels in the destruction of her University"—a sentiment, as to the ownership of the institution, which, by the way, sheds a flood of light on its previous unhappy history. At the age of seventy-two he threw himself vigorously into the scheme of erecting a university, and Trinity College was the result of his effort.

By 1853 it became evident that the other colleges of the Province were not likely to affiliate, and a further Act was passed (the Hincks Act), by which the "University of Toronto" became an examining body, and "University College" a teaching body, an arrangement which has since been modified by giving the University of Toronto a teaching faculty, as well as by the federation scheme, of which Victoria University and various colleges have availed themselves.

The immediate results of the 1853 Act were the broadening of the curriculum and the extension of the professoriate. Among the new professors was one who was destined to do much valiant service in the cause of secular higher education in Canada, and to add greatly to the prestige of the University both here and elsewhere. This was Dr. Daniel Wilson, a man of splendid talents, tremendous energy, and most versatile genius. Born in 1816, in Edinburgh, he received his early education in the High School and University of his native city. At twenty-one, he went to London to live by literature, returning after a few years to Edinburgh, where he made himself a name in archæology, and became secretary of the Scottish Society

of Antiquaries. Then, in 1853, on the recommendation of Hallam, the historian, and Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, he became Professor of English Literature and History in University College. Space will not allow more than the mere mention of such works as "Memorials of Edinburgh," "The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," "Prehistoric Man," "Caliban," and "Chatterton," by which he established himself as an authority in archæology and an able writer in other departments.

Among the many gifts of Dr. Wilson none was more prominent than his powerful and ready eloquence, and, passing over much that might be said and should be said, did space permit, I shall merely relate, in a few words, the circumstances under which he placed this peculiar gift at the service of the University at a most critical time in its history, an occasion on which, in the opinion of many, he was along with the then Vice-Chancellor, Mr. John Langton, the means of saving the endowment of the institution.

Dating from 1853, the progress of University College was sure and rapid. In 1859 the cope-stone of what is still the main building was laid by the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, and early in 1860 the building was formally opened, though used previously for academic purposes. In the very same year petitions were presented to Parliament at Quebec looking to the division of the endowment among other collegiate institutions, notably Victoria University, Queen's and Trinity, in common with University College. A Committee of Parliament was named, and evidence was taken. The demand for a share in the endowment was based on what was more or less definitely prescribed in the abortive bill of 1843 and what was held to be implied though not specifically mentioned in the Act of 1853. The attack was a formidable one, the object being to show that the income was more than could properly

be spent by University College. Hardly any point was left unassailed—extravagant expenditure on luxurious buildings, on the library and museum, on an excessive professorial staff, on examiners, on scholarships—such were some of the items of accusation. The standard too was attacked, especially the options, for thus early in its history they were a prominent feature of the curriculum. On all these points, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Langton

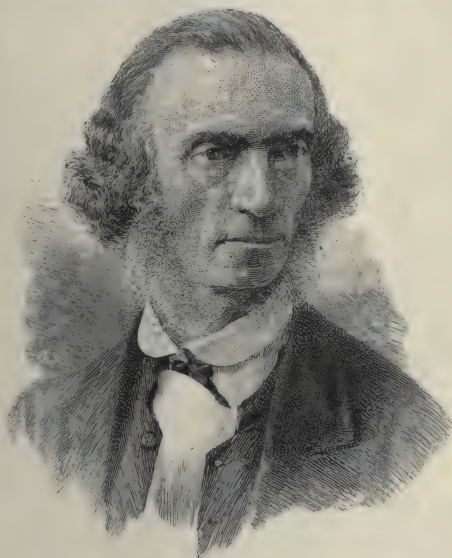
mostabdy defended the University, as well as on what was after all the main question, the frittering away of the endowment. I have frequently heard Dr. Wilson refer with legitimate pride to his services on that occasion, and it is, I know, the opinion of many who have followed the course of university events, that, without at all belittling his other distinguished services, this was the most distinguished and meritorious of all.

In 1881, on the retirement of Dr. McCaul, Dr. Wilson became President of University College and, on the consummation of federation, also President of the University of Toronto. In the long and delicate negotiations relative to federation he took a prominent part. In 1888 the honor of knighthood was conferred on him by Her Majesty, an honor which he

was loth to accept, until it was urged upon him that by refusing he might give offence. In 1890 came the great disaster of the fire, which served to bring into strong relief the indomitable nature of the man. Notwithstanding his advanced age, no one was more active or unwearied in the work of restoration. Two years later, full of years and honors, Sir Daniel passed away from the scene of his labors amid universal regret, not however

until he had lived to see the University restored to more than its previous efficiency.

Upon the death of Sir Daniel Wilson, Professor James Loudon was appointed his successor. Born in 1841, in Toronto, his life coincides almost exactly in time with that of the University. His academic career was brilliant, — head boy of Upper Can-



SIR DANIEL WILSON.—PRESIDENT FROM 1881 TO 1892.

ada College, an honor student throughout his university course in classics and mathematics, and gold medallist in mathematics, Master of Arts in 1864, and LL.D. in 1893. He became a member of the faculty as mathematical tutor in 1863, and held this office till his appointment as professor of mathematics in 1875. In the interval he was Dean of Residence for eleven years, and also, for a time, Classical Tutor and College Registrar, and was besides, for many years, a



graduate representative on the Senate.

Just as in the case of Sir Daniel Wilson, many of the services which President Loudon has rendered to the University were antecedent in date to his appointment to the presidency. Some of these services were so important in themselves and in their results as to deserve mention here. It seems

difficult to realize that no longer ago than 1874 the introduction of practical teaching in the sciences was a debatable question in University policy, and that a minority report drawn up by Dr. Loudon at that time, at first opposed and afterwards adopted, contained the remarkable clause, "That in the Department of Natural Science a practical acquaintance

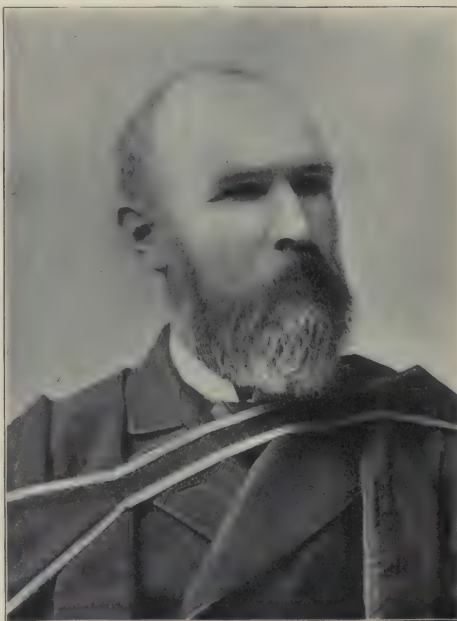
with the subjects shall be required and form part of the examination." From this report dates the enormous development of the science departments, which is one of the proudest distinctions of the University. This report was remarkable in every way. Besides the above clause, it recommended a course of four years instead of three, it pronounced against the degrees of B. Lit. and B. Sc., suggested in the majority

report, it advised a new honor department in physics, and also suggested the Modern Language option for Greek. The wisdom of all these recommendations has been amply proved in the sequel. In the same year the organization of the School of Practical Science was under discussion. One plan proposed was the separation into a distinct faculty of the University

College science professors, and attendance of Arts students at the School of Science for their practical work. This Dr. Loudon vigorously opposed, and drew up a report to the Government, the main features of which were adopted, and the schools established as a College of Engineering, as at present.

In the discussion and settlement of at least two other wide questions of

University policy, Dr. Loudon took a prominent part. In the long and intricate conferences preceding federation in 1884, he stood for the maintenance of University College, and proposed safeguards to secure its proper continuation and equipment, which, unfortunately, were not fully incorporated in the Act of 1887. And again in 1890, when projects were under discussion calculated



DR. JAMES LOUDON.  
*Present President of University of Toronto.*

to deprive the University of its proper measure of control in the Matriculation Examinations, his efforts in averting this danger resulted in the establishment of the Joint Board.

to the University. In 1878, shortly after his appointment to the chair of mathematics and physics, he succeeded in establishing the physical laboratory, the first of its kind in Canada. In

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.—MAIN BUILDING AND CAMPU.



Besides these far-reaching questions of policy, it is just that mention should be made of some of the matters of material equipment in which his practical wisdom has been of advantage

the work of restoration, after the fire, he was the most active and influential advocate of a separate library building, and of the enlargement and remodelling of the main building, as

against the maintaining of the main building as it was, with the library in it, and the erection of an expensive convocation hall. The Gymnasium and Student's Union building and the new Campus are largely due to his efforts, as well as the completion of the Museum and the erection of the Chemical Laboratory.

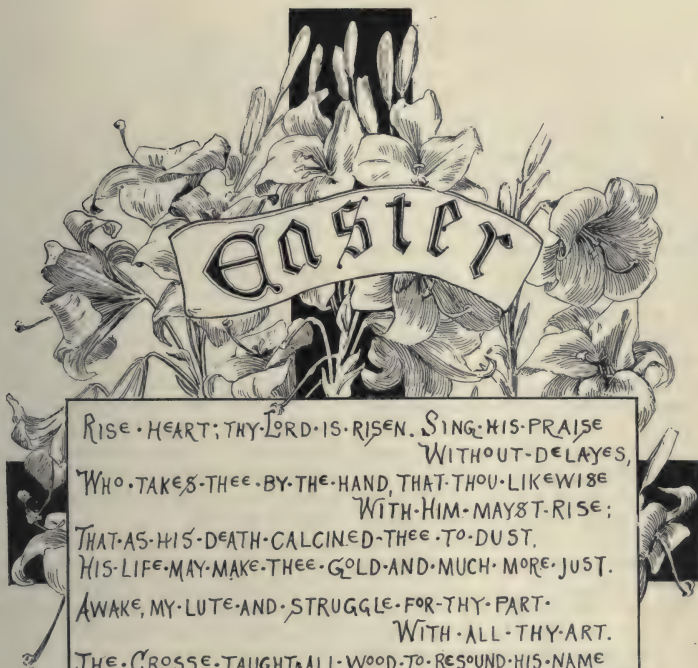
I may fittingly close with a few facts giving some idea of the present development of the University and of the important work which it performs in the educational system of Ontario. Even as late as 1857, the University had hardly a local habitation which it could call its own. Its classes were first held in the old parliamentary buildings, then in the building at the east of the park, long since gone, from which it was driven later to the small and shabby hut known as Moss Hall, on the site of the present biological building, and so back and forth till it found permanent accommodation in 1858 in the magnificent main edifice, erected at a cost of \$355,907, to which have been added since the other splendid buildings which surround the lawn, costing in the aggregate almost \$350,000. At least half as much more has been spent on library and apparatus. With it are connected no less than twelve federated or affiliated institutions, covering in their work almost the whole range of knowledge. Including the

federated University of Victoria, but exclusive of other connected institutions, about one hundred and fifty persons are employed in the work of instruction or in the management of its affairs. In arts, medicine and applied sciences nearly 1,300 students are now receiving instruction, and the roll of graduates includes almost 6,000 names. The splendid facilities for intellectual development, which the University affords even the humblest, and the distinguished record of its graduates in Canada and elsewhere afford occasion for legitimate pride to every inhabitant of the Province.

Such then in barest outline is the story of the institution from its humble and stormy beginnings to the development and prosperity of the present day, and of the presidents who have had so large a share in its direction and advancement. I have felt in writing this sketch that the topic is worthy of more extended treatment than the limited space of a magazine article permits, but I would fain hope that even what little has been related here will prove true the forecast contained in the inaugural address of the first president in 1843, when he said, "The time will come when every, the smallest particular respecting the origin of this institution—the delays it had to suffer, and the obstacles it had to surmount—will become matter of the deepest interest to its many sons."

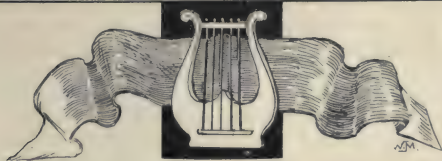






RISE · HEART; THY LORD IS RISEN. SING HIS PRAISE  
 WITHOUT DELAYES,  
 WHO TAKES THEE BY THE HAND, THAT THOU LIKEWISE  
 WITH HIM MAYST RISE;  
 THAT AS HIS DEATH CALCINED THEE TO DUST,  
 HIS LIFE MAY MAKE THEE GOLD AND MUCH MORE JUST.  
 AWAKE, MY LUTE AND STRUGGLE FOR THY PART  
 WITH ALL THY ART.  
 THE CROSSE TAUGHT ALL WOOD TO RESOUND HIS NAME  
 WHO BORE THE SAME.  
 HIS STRETCHED SINEWS TAUGHT ALL STRINGS WHAT KEY  
 IS BEST TO CELEBRATE THIS MOST HIGH DAY.  
 CONSORT BOTH HEART AND LUTE AND TWIST A SONG  
 PLEASANT AND LONG;  
 OR SINCE ALL MUSICK IS BUT THREE PARTS VIED,  
 AND MULTIPLIED;  
 O LET THY BLESSED SPIRIT BEAR A PART,  
 AND MAKE UP OUR DEFECTS WITH HIS SWEET ART.

GEORGE HERBERT



## NURSE EDITH'S EASTER.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

NURSE EDITH had just come in from a long case. The latter weeks had been easy ones and full of the kindnesses of a grateful patient, so she was not worn down to the verge of illness with watching. On the contrary, she was unusually well, and stepped briskly about her tiny sitting room, putting it to rights, dusting her photographs, shaking out her bits of drapery, and humming a tune while she did it all, for her purse was strangely heavy and her heart was strangely light.

"There's a man down stairs—says he's yer uncle. Fetch him up?"

This came from a voice at the door.

"Yes," said Edith, and a minute later her hand was held in a hard, rough one, and shaken vigorously up and down.

"How air you, Edie? I'm that glad to see you at last. I've been here, askin' and askin' fer ye, but ye wuz allis off tendin' to some sick party."

"Sit down, Uncle John," and she pushed him gently backward to a seat, saying, "Why didn't you come and find me? I left the address."

The farmer smiled a half amused, half abashed smile, and looked down at his coarse clothes and heavy boots. "Oh, it mightn't do ye any good with yer customers ef they should see the stock ye came from," was his honest excuse.

Edith dissented with the strength of a truthful contradiction, which is different from the vehement protest which carries a lie wrapped up in its layers of words.

"Ye're pretty comfortable here," the farmer went on, looking around the room.

"Yes, it's cosy," Edith said, pulling one of the curtains straight, "and it's

better than boarding—cheaper. I get two rooms for less than the price of one with board, and then I don't lose anything when I'm away."

"Git yer own meals, do ye?"

"Yes, breakfast and tea, and I go out to dinner when I'm rich; when I'm poor I get something for myself."

"Umph," commented John Bailey. The exclamation had a ring of dissent in it. He firmly believed his niece was not getting sufficient food.

"Where's yer cookin' stove?" he went on, with the air of triumph which comes from getting the best of people.

"Here," said Edith, moving a screen and indicating with her finger a gas ring on the floor.

The uncle rose to look at it.

"How does it go?" he asked.

"Like this," and Edith turned on the gas and put a match to it, "and I'm going to make you a cup of tea."

"Now don't put yerself about," he protested, but the girl filled her little kettle and put it on, and set out some cups and saucers and put her black teapot down by the burning gas to warm it. There she stood beside the tall farmer, and he turned from gazing curiously at the flame to say, "It's jest like playin' tea-party, ain't it?"

Then he laughed aloud, showing his strong, white teeth and a bundle of crows' feet at the angles of his eyes.

He took his cup awkwardly, and balanced his biscuit on one leg, holding the foot on the toe to take the slant out of the improvised plate.

Edith poured herself a tiny cup of tea, and glancing up, her uncle caught sight of it.

"Is that one o' the cups you used to play doll's house with?" he asked merrily, looking with evident satisfac-

tion at the larger one in his own hand.

"We heerd yer wuz through with learnin' the nursin'," he said, "an' that you was goin' to take up private work; so then, when yer letter came, sayin' you wuz settled here in Toronto, I jest said to yer Aunt Maria, I wuz goin' to seek ye out."

"I'm so glad," Edith replied simply, and then, "let me give you some more tea, Uncle John."

"No, thanks—it's good tea that, though—'taint green is it?"

"No, some blend the grocer recommended."

"I thought it wasn't green. Yer Aunt Maria, she likes green. I tell her it's so's she kin drink it strong an' yet not git scared to death when she looks inter the cup."

"How is aunt Maria?" Edith asked, and the man's face fell.

"She's well an' she ain't well. There's nothin' the matter of her, so fer's I know, but she can't seem to hold on ter herself or git her grip on things since Henry died."

"Poor auntie!" Edith's voice was low as she spoke,—“and he was her baby, too,” she added.

"Yes, it's hard—harder fer her than fer me or the rest, but 'taint 'sif she hadn't six boys left."

A silence followed—a sympathetic one on Edith's part, one of irresolution on her uncle's.

"Say Edie," he blurted out at last, "do ye ever go out nursin' well folks?"

Edith started.

"I mean them that's sick at heart, like yer aunt Maria. Seems to me yer so bright an' chipper, that mebbe ye could git her outer the way o' frettin'—git her used to little Henry bein' dead an' tend to the rest of 'em. Tain't no good cuddlin' trouble to ye—it's got claws. I'll pay ye whatever yer time's worth," he went on bluntly, yet hesitatingly, "but so be it ye got another call, an' anybody needs ye worse—life an' death, ye know, I'd be willin' fer ye to leave an' go to 'em. But come fer three or four weeks any-

how. That 'll be over Easter. Ye see Henry died at Easter, an' it's a sad time fer yer aunt Maria."

"I'll go, uncle John, but we'll see about pay again," and she shook her head.

"Could ye come out to-night? Train goes at five o'clock. Jacob, thet's my hired man, he can take the waggon home. But p'raps ye can't git ready so soon."

The girl laughed. "Do you see that valise, uncle John? well that's ready to go at a half-hour's notice, and I'll only have to change my dress."

John Bailey's face brightened. "I'm so glad yer goin'," he said "it'll do yer aunt Maria a world o' good an' ye 'll have to tell her all about yer cute little housekeepin' ways."

Edith's heart was very light as they flew over the country. It was delightful for the orphaned girl to think of being among her own people again. Her happiness had misted her eyes with rose-color, and the whole world took on the hue. Easter was early this year. Spring had not had time to altogether establish itself. Grimy scalloped patches of snow lay in the fence corners, and under the tangled branches of the little thickets. But the life had come back. The sap had colored the tree branches, and the buds were full to bursting. The sky was softly shaded, the wind blew the scents of the bared earth about and stirred the pools of water on the roadside into ripples. There was bird song too, the sweet wild cry of the song-sparrow, thrilling out it's little heart, in welcome to the spring. Edith listened for it at the stations. "Hear it, hear it," she cried, and her uncle smiled, "I guess it is good to hear 'em after yer squeakin' city sparrows, but what's the matter, Edie? cryin'? Ain't ye glad to go out home?"

"Oh, yes, I am, uncle John—it's just the bird—I didn't know how homesick I was for the country. I don't feel as if I could ever breathe enough of that air."



Night came gently, and it was still half light when the uncle and niece reached the farm house.

The first few days were full of the excitement which a guest brings in country houses. There is much that is new to see, so much to talk about. Edith coaxed her aunt to go to the barns. She wanted to see the cows at milking time. They stood at one end hearing the shouts of "so! there! stand over!" and the storming of the torrents of milk against the tin. The eyes of the cattle were gentle after the milking, full of impatience when they were awaiting their turns. The chains clanked each time the root-house door opened, for the turnips came from there, the turnips that were fed directly after each milking, that they might not taint the butter. The sheep, the chickens, and ducks and turkeys, even the pigs came in for a share of Edith's fondness, and the horses were careful to remember her after she had carried them bits of bread and sugar a few times.

The stables were in the basement. Above was the great barn with its stores of hay and straw and chaff and its well-cured clover for special feeding. There were great bins of oats and peas and corn, of bran and shorts and the "sweepings" were for the fowls. There was wheat in the granery too—spring wheat, large-grained and light-colored, and the fall wheat that was left over from the selling and the seeding—dark yellow grains, smaller and hard to crush with the teeth, but deliciously sweet and yielding a gum at last, unparalleled by any money-in-the-slot machine that was ever made.

"I want to climb up on the hay," said Edith one day and Maria laughed and entered into the sport. They tumbled and slid over the sweet-smelling piles, waded in the loose drifts, rolled over the edge on the straw below, crushed the yellow lengths beneath their feet, and, shaking with laughter, sat down on the barn floor,

each wondering if she had as many hay wisps clinging to her head and shoulders as the other had.

"It's fine to see the animals fed and to tumble around in the hay," Maria said one night, "but I guess the boys would be surprised to see their old ma at sech foolishness. I feel like 'sif I hadn't ought to done it—me what's had such sorrer."

"It was the first time she had spoken of her grief. Edith had avoided it but she was biding her time. She felt that her coming and the exertions which her aunt was making, were good in their way. When the reaction came she was prepared for it.

"What fine boys you're got, aunt Maria," she began, "such strong sturdy fellows. I'm making up my mind to have a good time with them at Easter—the whole six of them. They haven't much time for frolicing when they're going to school."

"It was at Easter, Henry died," her aunt said solemnly.

"Yes, I know, and it makes the poor little fellows sad. I wonder what we can do to keep it out of their minds. What do you usually do?"

"Oh, jest have aigs."

"Do you ever color them?"

"No, mother used to do it fer 'em 'fore she died."

"I wonder how she did it," said Edith with an air of seeking information, and her aunt fell into the trap.

"Wall, fer yaller ones, she used to boil 'em in onion water, an' some she'd tie up in red and lilac printed calico an' they'd come out lovely reds and pinks with all the sprigs on 'em plain as could be."

"Let's do some for the boys," cried Edith—"something out of the way will brighten them up."

"It's mostly me that feels bad—they've 'bout forgot their brother, an' John's jest as bad—he's that easy goin'," said Maria sullenly.

"Well it's better that way isn't it? you can bear your trouble easier if your heart's not aching for their's."

"I don't know as I kin. I'm the sufferer. You don't know how I've felt all year. It's such a struggle to have them so happy an' me feelin' so bad. Why they'd laugh an' kick up same's ever, ef I don't stop 'em—fore pore Henry was cold in his grave hardly."

Edith said nothing.

"It ain't fer you to feel fer me, I know," the woman sniffed, "you're a nurse an' nurses git hard hearted. They're like the doctors. You both see so much of death an' weepin' an' grievin' that it ain't no effect on you an'—"

"I was just thinking of Easter," Edith interrupted, and what it meant. In the city most people talk of bonnets and Easter in the same breath; in the country Easter and eggs go together and I don't believe that any of us get down deep enough to the real meaning of it. It's peace on earth, and you can't have peace without being unselfish."

"You wouldn't have a mother forget her own child!"

"No, but you can't do any more than remember him—you can't do any more for him with your hands."

"No, of course."

"And you can for the ones who are left."

"Yes."

"Well, you wouldn't hug your sorrow to your heart when it comes time to lay it down."

"No."

"Then, suppose we give the boys a good Easter—eggs all colored for breakfast Easter morning, and on Easter Monday, a big romp in the barn and taffy at night."

Maria looked startled, but she had truth at the bottom of her heart-well. She saw the selfishness of brooding over trouble until it shadowed happy lives by its reflection.

"You're right, Edie. I'm a selfish old thing. I orter be ashamed. Do you know, the minister talked to me like that, but it was too soon—too

soon after, and I couldn't sense it." Half brokenly the woman spoke and there were tears in her eyes, brave tears though, and she grasped her niece's hand. "I'm goin' to try an' swallow down an' let the boys have a good time."

"We're going to play hide and seek in the barn on Easter Monday" said Edith to young John, the night before Good Friday, when she and Maria were fussing together over the "setting" of the hot cross buns for breakfast the next day.

Young John was the eldest of the six, called after his father and patterned after him limb for limb and laughing eyes and wrinkles.

"In the hay mow—that's good," replied the big lurching boy.

"I'd like to see cousin Edie in the hay," piped Harold, who was the baby now.

"Would you, toddlekins, well you shall, but it won't be the first time. We were out there one day when you were asleep."

"In the hay mow?" queried young John, and a telegraphic communication of surprise ran from eye to eye among all the boys but Harold. He was too young to be in secrets.

"I aint gettin' scarcely any aigs," grumbled Maria, as she broke some into a pudding dish, for there was to be baked custard for tea. "You'll have to be feedin' the hens some red pepper an' a warm bran mash, John. That'll make 'em lay. We won't have enough fer Easter if they don't do better than they hev lately." The boys scattered in different directions and Maria smiled."

"What's the joke?" asked Edith.

"It'll keep," Maria answered.

Easter morning came. The colored eggs were boiling in separate saucepans. Harold's interest was great—his amusement infectious and Maria and Edith laughed to see him.

Presently the door opened and young John called Harold out. There was a sound of scuffling and giggling and

tramping and then Harold marched grandly in carrying an old Scotch cap filled with eggs. After him in a procession came the other six, and all had eggs in their soft black hats.

"That's where my aigs were, you young scamps," called the mother, and everybody laughed at the little Easter joke, which boys the land over play on the housewives. They go on the assumption that the women can't sell, or salt or use the eggs they don't get, so they hide them in the barns.

"They were up in the mow," volunteered young John, "and when you said you'd been up there, you worried us. We were scared you'd either found 'em out or tramped on 'em."

"I mistrusted some," said Maria, "fer young John is generally up to some foolishness, leadin' the young ones on. He's like his pa fer capers."

The yellow eggs were golden beauties, and an odor of onion filled the kitchen and went with the yellow eggs into the dining-room. The calico eggs were spotted and sprinkled in splendid perfection, and besides,

Edith had brushed some over with burnt umber and made some chocolate ones—satiny-brown without, French-creamy within. They were placed in little wisps of hay curled around on a soup plate—one of each color, a white one and a chocolate one for each person.

On Monday morning a telegram came. There was another case of typhoid fever in the family in which Edith had lately nursed a patient. They wanted her—would she come?

"What shall I say, uncle John?"

"I guess you orter go," he answered, gravely.

"When does the next train go?"

"Twelve, an' it's eleven now."

"What will you do this afternoon, if I go, Aunt Maria?"

"Play hide and seek with us just the same," suggested Harold, and his mother nodded.

"And we'll make taffy to-night," young John added. "I'll help."

"Bless yer heart, Edie," Maria said, when the good-bye time came, "you've helped me over a hard place."





## ONE HAIR WHITE OR BLACK.

BY EDITH STRICKLAND MOODIE.\*

[T was an exceptionally lovely night even for Jamaica, the glory of whose star-lit heavens once seen can never be forgotten.

It was long past eleven, but I sat by the window watching the flickering moonbeams, and listening to the night wind sighing through the bamboo trees below. All around me was the shining, silvery moonlight; above, myriads of stars; below, a dark and silent pond, almost hidden by the thorny cashaw trees and the feathery bamboo. Only when the moon is high do a few stray beams find their way to its surface. There is only one opening in that thicket to the sky, but the great Southren Cross shines right over it, and as I watched its four stars reflected in the quiet water, I thought of the tragedy they had witnessed thirty years ago.

The estate was owned by a rich and beautiful girl, whose sole personal defect consisted in the curly black hair, that told its own tale of mingled blood. When scarcely eighteen she had become engaged to a young Englishman, who had lived in Jamaica since infancy, and was therefore unaware of the European prejudice against the faintest trace of negro blood.

Many a scene of love have the quiet stars looked down upon as the two wandered by the miniature lake, talking of the days when he should be a clergyman, and she should be his wife. For Cyril Morgan was going to England that year to prepare for the ministry, and his ordination was to be followed by his marriage.

The night before he sailed many an oath of untiring devotion and undying affection had he poured forth to the girl who stood at his side drinking in every word, with no foreboding of his love diminishing towards her. Hers was a devotion that would last through time and eternity, and she deemed him of higher clay than herself, capable of nobler feeling.

During the first few months of his absence his letters were most ardent and lover-like. But gradually the loving heart across the ocean felt them growing colder, and a dread of something—she knew not what—settled upon her heart. The truth was that Cyril was learning that people did not regard negroes with his eyes, and that the slightest trace of descent from these dusky individuals excluded the owner from society.

Things came to a crisis about three months after his arrival, when he was suddenly brought face to face with the truth. He had been staying for a few days with an aunt of his, and one evening, after hearing Marie's charms extolled to the skies, she asked if he had a portrait of his divinity.

"Yes, aunty," he said, "and I am sure that you will agree with me that she is a beauty."

At the first glance the old lady started, and exclaimed, "Why, my boy, she is a negress."

"No, indeed, she is as fair as you are," he replied, angrily.

"But my dear, her hair—it is like that of a negro."

"Well, what of that? She is beautiful in every other respect."

\* The above article is the maiden effort of Miss Edith S. Moodie, youngest child of the late Donald Moodie, and grand-daughter of Sussanna Moodie, who was for many years before the public as being the authoress of "Roughing It in the Bush," and one of the "Six Strickland Sisters," of whom Mrs. Traill, of Lakefield, now in her 95th year, is the sole survivor. Hitherto Miss M. Agnes FitzGibbon has been the only one of the third generation who has kept up the family reputation, but Miss Moodie, before the public, and although she is at present an art student in Boston, prefers that her first literary venture should appear in the land of the Maple Leaf.

"Cyril, if she were a perfect Venus, and had that hair, no one would receive her. Take my advice, and break off that engagement as soon as possible."

"Never; why Aunt, I love her better than my life."

"Well, you will have an excellent chance of proving your devotion by spending the rest of your life in Jamaica, for no one here would look at you or her. But stop, could you not induce her to wear a wig? And in the meantime, do not show this picture to anyone."

"I would not insult her by hinting at such a thing—my proud, sensitive darling. As for the photo, it shall remain where it has always been, in my desk with her letters."

"Very well," said his aunt rising, "follow your own way, only remember that I warned you," and she left the room in her most dignified manner.

Poor Cyril was very far from feeling the composure he assumed. A fierce struggle, betwixt pride and honor, took place that night in the boy's heart. Honor conquered, but, fearful of his constancy, he wrote asking Marie to change the day of their wedding to the following summer. The sooner he was married the better if he was to keep his word.

Poor Marie, forgetting her former doubts, began with delight to prepare her trousseau. But soon again she felt a return of the former coolness in her lover's letters. Whenever the appointed day drew near he would invariably write asking that the wedding might be postponed, for some reason or other.

At length the climax was reached. The wedding had been set for the 27th day of August. On the second, Marie received two letters by the English mail; one was from Cyril, the other in an unknown hand. She opened her lover's letter first. It consisted of a few lines only, stating that he would arrive on the 27th, and asking that

everything might be in readiness as he must return to England by the same packet. The letter was not such as a man within a month of his marriage usually sends to his future wife. Marie turned from it with a stifled sigh, and languidly took up the other letter. The envelope was of creamy, violet scented paper, and with a dreamy curiosity she broke the crested seal. Hardly had she glanced at the first few lines, however, when with blazing eyes and flaming cheeks she sat erect, and read it rapidly to the end. It was from Mrs. Morgan. In it she stated with cruel plainness that her nephew's life would be ruined at its outset by this misalliance.

"He is bringing out a wig which he intends to insist upon your wearing; still such skeletons are apt, sooner or later, to leave their closets. If you love him, as he thinks you do, surely you will release him from an engagement to which only his honor binds him, for I am positive that all affection for you has long since died."

Marie read it twice through, then crushed it in her hand, flung it on the floor, and put her foot upon it. "So, that is the reason of his coolness, and he is going to *insist* on my wearing a wig. You will never have the chance, my Cyril," and she laughed a defiant laugh as she ground with her foot the insolent letter that had changed her life's light into utter darkness.

For a minute she stood still with that scornful smile curling the corners of her mouth. Then she opened her desk and wrote two letters in a firm hand. The first was to Cyril, breaking off the engagement. The other ran as follows:—

BERNARD PARK,  
Aug. 2nd, 18—.

DEAR MRS. MORGAN,—

Many thanks for your letter, which I received by this morning's mail. Immediately upon its receipt, I wrote releasing Mr. Morgan from his engage-

ment, and when this reaches you he will be a free man once more.

Although it was very far from your intention, you have done me the greatest favor I ever received in my life. You have prevented me from wasting a wife's affection on an object totally unworthy of it.

The virtuous sense of having saved two fellow creatures from a living death will doubtless henceforth console you through many painful hours.

Yours truly,  
MARIE HILL."

She sealed, directed and sent off the two letters. Then went over to the piano, lit one of the wax candles, and held the notes she had received, one at a time in the blaze till nothing but ashes remained in her hand, which was blistered by the flame, though she was hardly conscious of the pain. She then went into the pantry, lifted down the beautiful, glittering wedding cake from its shelf, and threw it on the floor. There it lay crushed, with pieces of the frosting whitening the floor in every direction.

"Broken like my heart," she said slowly, then turned away, and went wearily upstairs. No one saw her again that night. In the morning when she came down her raven hair was streaked with grey.

Two weeks later a letter came from Cyril, which she put unopened into the fire. The romance of her life was dead like its ashes.

Four years had come and gone leaving Marie lovelier than ever, but with a pensive, ethereal beauty. Her dusky locks had become perfectly white, aside from this there was no outward change. She was an angel of goodness to the poor and suffering negroes on the estate. The unanimous opinion of these grateful creatures was that "It was a marcy Mass. Morgan did not get her, for she too good for him, and what we should do without her the Lawd in His marcy only knows."

Cyril had been ordained, bought a splendid living, and was rapidly making himself a name for brilliant preaching and fine reading. But his sermons were like gems dazzling in their lustre, yet utterly devoid of warmth and enthusiasm. Although only twenty-seven, he looked a man whose life's boat had been wrecked on the breakers when hardly out of port. He had sold his love to his pride, and it had turned like the Dead Sea apple to ashes in his mouth.

At length his longing to see Marie became so great that he decided its only cure would be sight. He told himself that he was mourning over an ideal, and that the enchantment would fade if brought face to face with the original. So he took a vacation, sailed for Jamaica, and unknown to any one landed on its sunny shores.

The night of his arrival was a lovely one; the moon was full, and the air laden with the scent of orange blossoms.

"Too lovely to stay indoors," he thought, and went out for a stroll. As he sauntered along his steps turned toward Bernard Park, and he determined to trespass in order to take a look at the pond on whose banks he had bid farewell to his bride elect. All was silent about the place. The negroes were telling ghost stories around a bonfire in the distance, and the house was shrouded in darkness. He walked unmolested to the pond, and slowly parted the bamboo branches.

There in the weird moonlight, her snowy hair gleaming like silver against the dark cashaw trunks behind her, clothed in white from head to foot, stood what he believed to be the spirit of the woman he loved.

"Marie, O, Marie," he cried, and stepped wildly forward. Suddenly the ground gave way beneath his feet, and down, down he sank into the stagnant water, thick with vines that twined their cold slimy tendrils around him like water snakes, and fettered



his limbs so that he was powerless to rise. The morass covered his face like a mask, the ooze from it rushed up his nostrils and stifled him. A vision of Marie as she had looked on the night of their betrothal rose before his closed eyes, then faded into horrible darkness, and he knew that he was dying.

But his cry had roused Marie. She knew that voice only too well. Running to the spot where he had sunk, she seized a cashaw branch with one hand, and leaning forward caught his curly hair with the other; then with an almost superhuman effort she broke the vines that bound him down, and lifted him on the bank beside her. At that moment the overstrained branch snapped, and without a cry she sank into the water.

A negro who was then returning home heard the cry, followed by two splashes, and came running to the water. A glance at the unconscious man, and the eddying water told its own tale, and with a piercing cry for help, that rang out on the silent air, he plunged into the pond.

In a moment there were a dozen blacks on the spot. The women took care of Cyril, while the men plunged into the water and attacked the vines with their cutlasses.

Just as the clocks were tolling the hour of midnight, in the centre of the pond, between the points of the Southern Cross, rose a white figure. One hand was twined in her curly hair, as if even in death she had remembered that it was the cause of all her sorrow. The other drifted by her side pierced through the palm with a great thorn from the branch she had balanced herself with; the wound was crimson

with her blood, and when Cyril saw it he fainted away again.

Two days after they laid her to rest beneath the sighing bamboos on the edge of the pond. She was dressed in the robe that should have been her bridal one. Cyril took the thorn tenderly out of her palm and laid it in his Bible. All that night the faithful, sorrowing blacks held a wake over her grave, while Cyril knelt at her desk with the thorn pressed to his lips, and vowed to devote his life to the salvation of the creatures who had loved her so tenderly. And he nobly kept his promise. For ten years he labored amongst them till the dread cholera found him at his post of duty and laid its fatal hand upon him. His dying request was to be laid at her feet. And there he now sleeps. On her headstone is inscribed:—"Marie, aged twenty-two years.

"I gave my life for thee.  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be  
And quickened from the dead."

While I mused on this story, the clock struck twelve, and the moon broke from out a fleecy cloud, and threw a great thorn-shaped beam on the dark water between the arms of the Great Southern Cross, and me thought that in that beam of light there floated a figure clothed in dazzling white, with one hand in her silvery hair, the other hanging by her side with the soft palm dyed crimson. And as I looked, borne on the dying night wind came a solemn sound as of a negro wake, and the air was that of the time honored hymn: "I gave my life for thee." A cold shiver passed through me, I closed the window and went to bed.



# REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT AND FEDERALISM.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

THE Government of a nation is essentially a Political Corporation, possessing limited or unlimited powers. It may have originated in violence, conquest or usurpation,—it may have been created by a voluntary compact or agreement, or it may have grown and developed spontaneously, out of patriarchal and tribal conditions; yet when once established, it becomes a living organism within the State, but distinct from it—in short a *Political Corporation*.

Under the British Parliamentary System, the whole sovereignty of the nation is vested in Parliament,—nothing is reserved,—Parliament is supreme and its powers are *unlimited*. It represents the nation. It creates and controls the executive, and by its statutory laws it constitutes and governs the judiciary. It is not a body possessing merely delegated powers. It is in reality, a *representative body*.

Under the Republican System of the United States of America, the powers of Congress are *limited* and defined—whatever is not granted to it, is reserved to the state legislatures, or remains with the people. It is not a sovereign body except in a limited sense. The ultimate sovereignty remains with the people. It exercises delegated rather than representative powers, and the members of Congress are *delegates* rather than *representatives*.

It is constructed on the theory that Government should consist of three departments, each independent of the others. The Executive is independent of Congress; the legislative department cannot remove the Executive, nor can the Executive dissolve the Legislature. Both remain there immovable for definite periods. The debates and votes

in Congress do not effect the Executive. The prize of power is not in the gift of the Legislature. It cannot turn out the Government, nor can the Government appeal to the electorate. Everything is rigid, come what may, you can quicken nothing, you can retard nothing. You have bespoken your Government in advance, and whether it works well or ill, and whether it is what is wanted or not, you must keep it. Volumes have been written to prove the correctness of this theory of government. In its support we have the profuse and tiresome reasonings of Blackstone, the minute theoretical expositions of the Federalist, the wearying elaborations and elucidations of Story, and the philosophical disquisitions of Montesquieu and Paley. Even Mr. Bavard, the American Minister to England, in his address delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in November last, reiterates the doctrine and calls up the same old authorities in its support, claiming that the creation and maintenance of such a system, is essential to the preservation of "individual liberty." But after all, the political experience of free nations and the practical test of time, have shown that the labored reasonings of these theorists, at all events, in so far as they inculcate the doctrine that a combination of the Legislative and Executive functions of government in the same body, is subversive of *liberty* and productive of *despotism*, are mere groundless spectres of the *doctrinaire* imagination.

This plan of government is not the necessary, nor even the natural consequence of the Republican system, nor does it naturally arise out of the Federal system. It is, however, the

logical result of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and is maintained on that principle by popular jealousy. The people declining to commit the whole sovereign power of the nation to any one institution. The inconveniences, the conflicts and the paralysis occasioned by this system in the United States has been pointed out, and yet the tremendous difficulty of changing the Constitution has so far caused it, though condemned by experience, to remain.

The American Constitution might have entrusted to Congress the whole sovereignty of the nation, just as the unwritten Constitution of Great Britain entrusts Parliament with the entire sovereign power. It might have empowered Congress to alter, amend and improve the Constitution at all events, in its Federal principles and provisions, just as Parliament may amend, alter and improve the British Constitution. The nation might thus have been saved from much uncertainty and bewilderment on many a question which all have felt should be under the control of Congress. It might have made the Executive Cabinet elective by Congress, and subject to its dismissal, just as the Ministry is selected by Parliament and may be removed by it. And thus, administrations antagonistic to the policy of a majority of the nation's representatives, might have been removed at the most opportune time, in a constitutional manner. It might have made Congress, the one supreme department of government, just as Parliament is the one supreme department. The Constitution might have been thus framed, and still have retained all the proper and essential principles of freedom and Republicanism. And it might now be so amended, without danger to national liberty.

Representative bodies never transform themselves into despotisms. The danger, (if any), lies in an independent Executive. The subversion of

free institutions, and the establishment of despotism, has always come—as in ancient Rome and modern France—from an Executive independently constituted by popular assent. But I am not condemning all restrictions in written constitutions—provided they are of the proper kind, such as those in favor of the preservation of individual freedom, and the protection both of individuals and minorities from the social, political and mental tyranny and injustice of the majority—they may at times prove extremely beneficial.

Neither do I wish to condemn written constitutions in general, nor the Constitution of the United States of America in particular. The American Constitution was, at the time of its creation—as Mr. Gladstone, in effect, has said—probably the most perfect written instrument of government struck off and adopted by any people for their own self-government at one stroke as a single legislative Act. I am only pointing out some of its admitted defects as a practical working machine, designed for the enactment and administration of the laws of the nation.

Diversities in race, language, customs or religion, and differences in the occupations and industrial pursuits of the people, where such diversities or differences are grouped in separate geographical divisions—as in Switzerland—may give rise to a demand for local governments to deal with local wants and desires of the inhabitants of each of the divisions. Even where the conditions and circumstances are practically the same throughout, the responsibilities and duties of modern governments in extensive countries—such as the United States—are so numerous and varied that a division of their labors and cares has been found more satisfactory than centralization.

*Federalism*, in its more perfect form—that is, a number of states, each possessing a government of its own, with a general government, whose au-



thority extends over all alike—is the latest and highest development of government. I say “latest development,” for, notwithstanding what historians tell us of Federal Leagues and Confederacies in ancient and modern times, on examination these are found to have been little more than treaty associations for mutual protection.

While the granting of Parliamentary Constitutions, with powers of local self-government by Great Britain to her colonies, constitutes a species of Federalism within the British Empire—yet true Federalism, consisting of the union of several states or provinces, each conceding part of its legislative and governmental sovereignty to form a general government over all, began with the Constitution of the United States of America, and its latest development is the Confederacy of British Provinces into the Dominion of Canada.

Writers speak of Federalism as a “division of the field” of government, but the simile is not appropriate. The powers assigned to the general government cover the whole area of the field, and the limited powers possessed by each of the local governments cover only each of the particular divisions. The field is not divided: they both operate over the same surface, but in parallel planes.

The main difficulty in creating a Federal system consists in making a division of the sphere of authority between the Federal and local governments. A clear and definite division is impossible. Every attempt to create such a division has proved a failure, and yet this is one of the main objects of a written Constitution in a Federal system.

It is easy to say that matters which concern the whole nation should be vested in the Federal authority, and those of a local and private nature in the local authority, but it is difficult to define what are general and what local matters. Herein, all Federal Constitutional plans and enactments

have failed. Hence, Courts for the determination of such questions and conflicts are absolutely necessary under a Federal system; without the aid of a judicial department a Federal system would be unworkable.

The Canadian Confederation Act (called the British North America Act) is the written Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. It is the first attempt ever made to apply the *parliamentary system* of government to the *Federal system* of government. Its object is stated to be, to create a Federal Union of the British Provinces in North America, with a Constitution similar in principle to the British Constitution.

A comparison of some of its general features with those of the Constitution of the United States of America may therefore be interesting. (1) The first important distinction to be noted is that the intention of the American Constitution seems to be to define and limit the Federal authority, and to leave the residue of legislative and executive power with the states, or with the people; while under the Canadian Constitution the intention seems to be to define and limit the provincial powers, both legislative and executive, and to commit the residue to the Dominion Parliament and government.

The Canadian Constitution was framed just at the close of the war occasioned by the Southern Secession. The doctrine of “state sovereignty,” was regarded as the main pretext for that rebellion. It had been observed too, that the limitations and restrictions placed upon the powers of Congress and of the Federal Executive by the Constitution, had in many ways and at many times, seriously hampered and embarrassed these departments of the Federal authority, in the exercise of the necessary functions and operations of legislation and government. These facts had their influence on the framers of the Canadian Constitution, and caused the adoption

of the opposite system, viz., the restriction and limitation of provincial powers.

2. The American system of government, as expounded by constitutional writers, appears to be based on the fundamental principle that the *people are sovereign*, and that all the institutions of government are merely instruments or agents of the *sovereign people*.

Under the Canadian Parliamentary system it is different. *Sovereignty is vested in the Dominion Parliament and in the Legislatures of the Provinces*, composed of representatives chosen by the people to perform the work of legislation and government. The Parliamentary system is based on the assumption that legislation is a science requiring skill and experience, and the representatives chosen, are supposed to possess the requisite skill and experience to perform the work of legislation, and to choose from among themselves, persons qualified to perform the duties of government. Plebiscitary legislation has no place in, and is, in fact, repugnant to, the representative parliamentary system.

3. Under the American system, three independent divisions or departments of government are created, viz., the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial. The method of constituting, and the sphere of action of each being defined and limited.

The Canadian system constitutes, in reality only two independent departments, viz.: the Legislative and the Judicial. The Executive being merely a committee of, and dependent upon, the legislative department.

4. Under the American Constitution, the Executive may or may not be in harmony with, and may or may not have the confidence of the majority of the people's representatives *in Congress*; it is entirely independent of them. While, under the Canadian system, the Executive must always be in harmony with, and must always possess the confidence of the majority

of the people's representatives *in Parliament*. When it loses this confidence, it must give place to an Executive chosen by the majority. The Executive is therefore not an independent department, and has no independent power, except at a crisis.

When defeated on any question of policy, it may dissolve the elective branch of Parliament and appeal to the people for a new election of representatives. If sustained by a majority of the newly elected representatives, it will remain in office,—if not sustained—it must resign.

5. The provision in the American Constitution, requiring the concurrence of three-fourths of the states in the ratification of any proposed amendment, has, in the opinion of most critics, unnecessarily retarded the natural growth and proper development of that instrument. In its Federal provisions, at least, as they concern the whole nation, and do not affect the separate states or state rights, I think it is generally conceded that it would be an advantage to the nation, if Congress possessed the power to amend, without reference to the states or to the people.

Those parts of the Canadian Constitution, which do not affect provincial rights, can at any time be amended by Act of the Dominion Parliament, ratified where ratification may be necessary, by the Imperial Parliament.

6. In preference to the plebiscitary method of framing and amending state constitutions, or of requiring that such amendments shall be sanctioned and ratified by popular vote, the Canadian system provides that the Constitutions of the provinces may be amended by the provincial legislatures themselves, with certain exceptions, and of course within the limits of the Constituting Act.

7. The provision or principle that the laws passed by Congress under any of the expressed or implied powers conferred upon it by the Constitution,

—are the supreme laws of the land, and that state laws in conflict with any of these or repugnant to them, are invalid, and the wide meaning given to this provision by judicial interpretation,—is a very important feature in which the American system differs from the Canadian system.

In Canada, it does not follow that a Federal law, even where apparently within one of the Federal powers, must necessarily override a provincial law which is apparently within one of the provincial powers; the courts have held that the provincial powers must have a full and fair interpretation, having regard to the meaning and intention of the whole Act, and to the scheme of division of authority intended to be thereby created. This principle of the American Constitution tends, therefore, more towards creating a supremacy of the Federal government over the state governments, than any centralizing principle or provincial restriction to be found in the Canadian system.

8. There is, however, in the Canadian Act, the power of disallowance by the Dominion Government of provincial legislation which encroaches upon or interferes with Federal powers. This provision gives a supremacy to the Dominion authority over provincial legislatures, somewhat similar in effect to the supremacy of the Federal legislation over state legislation, just described.

9. The double judicial system existing in the United States, consisting of Federal courts possessing a very expansive jurisdiction, and state courts having only a local and somewhat inferior status, also exercises an absorbing influence in favor of the Federal authority, which does not exist under the single judicial system operating in Canada. The judiciary in all the provinces and the judges of the Supreme Court being appointed and maintained by the Dominion government.

10. Experience has shown that such subjects as "Banking," "The Incorporation and Regulation of Banks,"

and "Savings Banks,"—institutions under the control of capitalists, and in the management of which it is of the utmost importance that the public should have the staunchest security; and the issue of "paper money" and "legal tender,"—so indispensable in the conduct of all business transactions—are all matters which should be under the control of the highest authority in the nation, not merely for the sake of uniformity, (which in itself is an important consideration), but in order that the public may have the best security, and that the financially powerful and grasping may be controlled by the strongest power.

The framers of the Canadian Constitution profited by the experience of the United States and other countries, in dealing with these matters, and placed them under the control of the Dominion Parliament.

11. The complications liable to arise from leaving such subjects as "interest," "Promissory Notes" and "Bills of Exchange," under the control of numerous legislatures, were also avoided by placing these subjects along with "the regulation of trade and commerce,"—embracing nearly the whole body of mercantile law—exclusively under the Federal authority.

12. The numerous and dissimilar divorce laws of the States, and the entanglements and difficulties which have resulted, was a lesson to Canadian statesmen, which they did not fail to profit by, consequently, the subject of "Marriage and Divorce," is placed by the Canadian Constitution, under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament.

13. The whole of the criminal law, and the procedure in criminal matters, subjects upon which it is in the interest of society that there should be no diversity or uncertainty, and which ought pre-eminently to be the same throughout the whole extent of any nation, are also wisely vested in the Dominion Parliament.



In these respects, the Canadian system of government and the Canadian system of Federalism, differ widely from the system of government and Federalism in operation in the United States of America. But in many respects and particulars, the two systems are very similar, the Canadian being, to a certain extent, a copy of the American, or probably it would be more accurate to say that both systems are modifications of the Quasi-Federal system, under which the colonies and provinces of the British Empire are united with the Mother Country.

1. In both countries, such subjects as "the army and navy, militia, navigation and shipping, marine and fisheries, customs and excise, currency and coinage, naturalization, postal service, patents of invention, copyrights, trade-marks, weights and measures, bankruptcy and insolvency, commerce, legal tender, and Indian affairs," are made Federal matters.

2. In both countries the powers of legislation and government, both Federal and local, are limited and restricted by a written Constitution.

3. In both the judiciary are the interpreters of the Constitution, and of each of its provisions.

4. In both the courts must decide on the constitutionality of all Acts—both Federal and local—when their validity is questioned in actions, or a case is submitted.

5. In both countries the tendency of legislation and judicial interpretation does not seem to be so much in the direction of creating a sharp line of division between the Federal and local authorities as it does in the direction of making the state and provincial laws subordinate to the Federal Laws.

6. State sovereignty and state autonomy have in many respects become a thing of the past, and the subordination of the state governments to the Federal government is in many aspects and particulars as real as the

subordination of the provincial governments to the Federal government in Canada, and in some respects much more so.

Written constitutions are only general temporary guides at best. They can only be useful and lasting to the extent to which their framers could foresee and provide for future wants and future exigencies. When any of their provisions have become cramping or chafing they have been expanded and modified by some vital power in the nation—omnipotent and irresistible—which like a swollen torrent, refusing to be confined, and disdaining to follow the sinuosities of the old channel, cuts out for itself a new course more direct and natural.

National growth and political change are continually going on, especially in a new and changing society, and constitutions must grow and change as the nation grows and changes. Unchangeable constitutions are obstructive of political progress. Just as the man does not mould himself into the shape of the coat he wears, but the coat into the form of the wearer; just as the guard must give way to the growth and expansion of the tree it encloses, so it is with written constitutions. Structures erected at enormous expense, intended by their builders to last for all time, grow old and become ruins—mere interesting monuments of man's earnest efforts or short-sighted folly. The most carefully devised human institutions, in the hands of time, are but as the play-houses of children exposed to the winds. And constitutions are no exception to this universal law of change and decay. A constitution ought to be changeable at any time, at the will of the sovereign power, and the sovereign power ought to be placed in some body capable of exercising it constitutionally but promptly when changes are required. An unchangeable constitution is a short-sighted, and at times, a mischievous thing, and a nation without some governing

institution, capable at any time of exercising complete sovereign power over the nation and over its constitution, is imperfectly organized, and its defective equipment cannot last. The strongest power will assert itself, and the thing that obstructs will eventually be torn to tatters.

Self-government on the principle of Plebiscitary sovereignty. What does it mean? Experience has taught that it does not mean the government of each by himself, but the government of each by the majority—or those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority. And all history proves that the tyranny of the majority must be included among the evils against which society ought to be on its guard, and ought to protect itself.

Self-government on the principle of *Representative Sovereignty*, means, at least, that this tyranny will be softened by the broader views and the sense of responsibility acquired by representatives when they meet together in a national Assembly.

As has been pointed out by writers and thinkers, from Plato to the present day, no government, either in the political acts, or in the opinions, qualities or tone of mind which it fosters,—ever did,—or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign *many* have let themselves be guided by the counsels and influence of the more highly gifted and instructed *few*. And that the initiation of all wise and noble things, comes and must always come from individuals.

The best government is attained, not by constitutional restrictions and written directions but by the selection of wise and experienced Legislators, and by placing the national sovereignty unlimited, in the hands of those best qualified to exercise and guard it.

*Socialism*, from the time of the pre-Christian Essenes, to the communities of Robert Owen,—and as taught by all teachers from the founders of

Christianity to Karl Marks,—in so far as it has attempted to suppress individualism and establish communism,—in so far as it has sought to appropriate the products and accumulations of the industry, thrift or genius of each person to the whole community, and to substitute *Communal* ownership for *individual* ownership,—has worked against the fundamental motives and incentives to individual action, and against the principles which produce human progress and national civilization. Hence, it has always failed, and must always fail, while human nature remains as it is.

*Federalism*, the highest and grandest development in government,—destined to bring unity and harmony in place of war and violence, and eventually to lead up to the time,—

“ When the battle flags are furled,  
In the Parliament of man,—  
The Federation of the world.”

was withered in its first attempt, when the highest political and social civilization of the ancient world, passed under the dominion of the all-absorbing Roman Commonwealth. It revived in a later age, when the Roman Empire had been crushed into fragments, only to be again blighted by the savage Feudalism of the Northern Barbarians. Again, when Feudalism began to decline, it established itself amid the mountain fastness of Switzerland, and finally under more favorable auspices, it has taken deep root in the virgin soil of the New World.

We can now look back across the intervening centuries, with admiration and gratitude to the Grecian statesmen who originated and put into practice the Federal idea.

And may we not, with a confident hope, look forward to the time when not only the Anglo-Saxon race of both continents, but all the nations of Europe from whom the inhabitants of America have come,—learning the lesson taught by American Federalism,—will in a *Federal Union*, find the

surest method of preserving and promoting the civilization to which they have, with so much contention and

bloodshed, and after so many centuries of commotion and effort, finally attained?

## KIRBY'S CANADIAN IDYLLS.

BY S. A. CURZON.

TO talk of the poems of William Kirby is Greek to a large portion, perhaps we might say to a majority, of Canadian readers, even of those who pride themselves on an acquaintance with our Canadian literature. Yet there is a saving minority, at the head of which stands no less a personage than our gracious and beloved Queen, who both know and love Kirby; who delight themselves in his genius, his learning, his taste, and his delicate and sympathetic dealing with the greatness and the strength, the beauty and the tenderness, of humanity, in his love of nature; and above and beyond all in his unfaltering worship of God as Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

That so pure and true a poet as William Kirby could have lived and sung among us for the half of a century and yet remain so hidden from the general gaze is, perhaps, as much due to the native modesty of the man and his high sense of true dignity, as to the difficulties which clog and beset literary work now, as well as in the past, in this country. Taken as a whole Canadians are not great readers as yet; no doubt the time will come when by means of the opportunities offered by a public library in every centre of our population, large and small, our people will awake to the fact that mental food is as necessary to their proper development as is physical. When that time comes Kirby will be read and appreciated, and the wonder will arise how it was that he was so little known among his contemporaries.

The dawn of that happy time is, we think, already in the gray east; and in this belief we venture to devote a chapter to a volume only lately put on the market, and, we are sorry to say, in only a small edition. We refer to *Canadian Idylls*,\* by William Kirby, F.R.S.C. Second edition. Published by the author himself.

Most of these Idylls appeared from time to time in the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Methodist Magazine*, and other Canadian periodicals; in the volume now before us are also included several shorter poems, some translations of wonderful beauty, and a few sonnets.

Of these latter, "A Lady's Portrait," is a striking example of the poet's delicacy of appreciation and touch.

"A Lady's Portraiture! A gift of love  
I may not call it, but of friendship rare,  
Such as the noblest women b'ameless bear  
For worthiness in men. Pure as the dove  
That emblem is of sanctity—above  
All power of thanks for grace beyond compare,  
It and myself alone this moment share,  
Without a witness save all-seeing Jove.  
I ask those lips what is th' unspoken word  
That hovers on them—what the thought  
that lies  
In the blue depths of those averted eyes?  
Those fair hands clapped in such divine accord,  
Will they not sunder, and to me extend  
The double greeting of a welcome friend?"

Equally beautiful and gracious is the sonnet "On a Photograph," concluding—

"To one of beauty, form, and grace like this,  
Perfect of all perfections, Paris gave

\* To be had of A. P. Watts, College-street, Toronto.



The golden apple and received the kiss  
Of immortality which all men crave  
None win without a woman's love to bear  
Half of their griefs, and all their pleasures  
share."

In a different key are the translations of which there are but four, one from the German, two from the French and one from the Swedish, but all are indicative of the sensitive chord in the poet's breast which the originals struck powerfully, giving us an heroic note as in *The Gullunt Schill* :

"Marched from Berlin a Captain stout,  
Juch he !  
He led six hundred horsemen out,  
Juch he !  
Six hundred troopers stanch and good,  
All thirsting for the Frenchmen's blood,  
O Schill ! thy sabre strikes sore !

And with his horsemen marching keen,  
Juch he !  
A thousand riflemen in green,  
Juch he !  
God bless them ! Every shot we trust  
Will make a Frenchman bite the dust,  
O Schill, thy sabre strikes sore !

So marched away the gallant Schill,  
Juch he !  
Upon the French to work his will,  
Juch he !  
Nor King nor Kaiser gave command,  
But freedom for his Fatherland,  
O Schill, thy sabre strikes sore !"

Among the numerous national songs for Canada produced during the last quarter century Kirby's *Canadians Forever*, stands in the front rank, as a stanza or two will show:—

"It is the land we love the best,  
The land our loyal fathers gave ;  
In battle fires it stood the test.  
And valiant heroes died to save—  
In summer's glow  
In winter's snow—  
A people steadfast, true and brave.  
Canadians forever !  
No foe shall dis sever  
Our glorious Dominion—  
God bless it forever !

A land of peace for friends we love,  
A land of war if foes assail :  
We place our trust in God above  
And British hearts, that never fail.  
In feast or fight

And cause of right  
Our word and deed shall aye prevail.  
Canadians forever !  
No power shall dis sever  
Our glorious Dominion—  
God bless it forever !"

Coming to the Idylls themselves one cannot but be struck with the poet's rich and bold imagery, delicacy of perception, and acute insight. Nor can the artistic quality of his construction be left unnoticed. In this, perhaps, *Spina Christi* has the pre-eminence, and cannot but captivate the student of form as well as of colour. Take the second stanza from part I.:—The Regiment of Roussillon is "ordered to the war" and

"The great Church portals open wide, the crowd goes surging in,  
The soldiers tramp with measured tread—the services begin.  
A blessing is invoked upon the King's Canadian war—  
Beyond the seas there is no ease  
And all things are ajar—  
The English in America do boldly break and mar  
The peace they made ; but we will keep the treaties as they are !  
And now the Royal Roussillon take up the route with j y,  
And march away, while bugles play,  
Mid shouts of "Vive le Roy."

The lovely stanza in the same poem beginning :

"O fair it is in summer time Niagara's plain to see,"

is familiar to most of our readers ; not so familiar is the following, which for breadth, and completeness of relation would be hard to match:—

"Far, far away in Avignon, beneath the holy thorn,  
The Cha elaine of Bois le Grand knelt down at eve and morn,  
And prayed for him in hope and trust, long witless of his fate ;  
But never knew he was untrue,  
And had repented late.  
As caught between two seas, his bark was in a rocky strait,  
And with his life went down the lives of those two women. Fate  
Bedrugged the love, betrayed them both—

and one by Laura's shrine  
Took her last rest—the other best—  
Drank death with him like wine."

None but a poet of the first rank could have conceived so true and tender an epitome of one of the great problems of life, and have drawn it to so gentle a conclusion as Kirby has in this wonderful *Idyle of Spina Christi*, the last four lines of which must carry every true heart to the same piquety and humble conclusion.

With that loving loyalty to the throne of England which distinguished him, the poet has strung his splendid pearls upon a golden string:—the *Queen's Birthdays*—these he makes occasions of the relation by the "ancient men" of the audiences—themselves charming personalities, sons and daughters of those U. E. Loyalists who could not lose their blood and birth, though they had been robbed of their fortunes—of the incidents thus embalmed in amber by the poet, and given as "Interludes" in the day's sports. Every *Idyll* turns on a point in our history, and as such must always have an intrinsic value, but the richness of the setting transforms each into a jewel. From "The Bells of Kirby Wiske," a piece of wonderful painting, we take a stanza:

"The equinoctial gales had ceased among  
The balsams, pines and hemlocks, bough  
to bough,  
Locked in a phalanx with a forest grip  
That linked the hills together in a chain.  
The calm of Indian Summer had set in—  
Mornings of hoar frost—smoky, sleepy  
noons—  
Beheld the sun shorn of his beams. His  
face  
Ruddy with festal joys, as of new wine;  
For all things ripened now: the wild grapes  
hung  
In purple clusters; acorns uncupped fell,  
With mast of beech upon the leafy ground,  
While far as eye could see the maples  
blazed  
Like distant camp-fires in the piney woods,  
Breaking the solemn gloom of evergreen  
With touch of light and warmth. The  
glassy lake  
Dotted with rocky islets overgrown  
With mimic forests—each a fairy land

And empire of itself for Fancy's dreams—  
Held in its bays the vast migrating flocks  
Of wild geese, swans and mallards, with a  
clash  
Of wings and trumpetings."

Mr. Kirby is particularly happy in his opening lines, and rises to a majesty of imagery therein. As, for instance, the first half-dozen verses of his *Prelude to The Queen's Birthday*:

"A calm of days had rested on the broad,  
Unruffled waters of Ontario,  
Which in their bosom all night held the  
stars,  
Now vanishing before the morning beams,  
Forerunners of the day, like Uhlan spears,  
Chasing the night's dark shadows far away."

Or in *Interlude First of the same Idyll*:

"Unhasting and unresting from his height  
The sun slid down the slope of afternoon,  
An avalanche of glory for an hour."

Again, from *The Lord's Supper in the Wilderness*, a poem the like of which Canada, nor even this continent has not yet:

"The Sabbath morning broke with noiseless  
calm  
Of light suffusing all the empyrean.  
When unobstructed move the wheels of  
God,  
Amid the smoothness of all harmonies."

Or again from Part II. of *Dead Sea Roses*—

"Niagara's stately river wide and deep,  
Swept into Lake Ontario's inland sea;  
That lay upon the earth one summer day  
Broad in the sunshine, like the shield of  
God."

This grand simile must strike straight to the heart of any poetic soul who has ever gazed upon the broad and brilliant expanse of our beautiful lake.

We have already alluded to Mr. Kirby's classicism, and we wind up what we are conscious is a most inadequate paper, in respect of the full claims these *Idylls* might make upon our notice, with a piece of art of which the Greeks would have been proud. It is taken from the *idyll "Pontiac,"* which tells the story of the frustrated

game of lacrosse, by which the Indians under their great warrior, hoped to circumvent Gladwyn, in command of Detroit, 1763.

"Upon a scaffolding of poles and boughs  
Of dainty spruce, whose floor was thickly  
strewn

With furs of price, and robes imperial,  
Ermine and sable, glossy, soft, and rich  
With savage splendour, sat the Indian girl  
In nature's loveliness, half bare, half clad,  
Flashing unstudied beauties all around.

Her eyes looked scornful ; only when the  
thought  
And sight of Gladwyn in the numerous  
throng,  
Drew out glad glances, then she proudly  
smiled ;  
Else like a statue sat she, beautiful  
From nature's hand, whose art conceals the  
art  
By which she works ideals of the gods ;  
As when in bronze of Corinth, Phidias  
Moulded the image of the Paphian Queen,  
For the world's admiration and despair."

## A REVIEW OF ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S POEMS.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

POETRY is but prose set to music ; and to the lover of rising and falling notes, of rhythm, measure, and sweetness of sound, it is to prose exactly what singing is to speaking. And alway the lover of it will listen, and prefer it to any other mode of expression. The historian takes up a subject and gives an exhaustive and authentic account ; the descriptive writer dips his pen in ink, and puts upon the blank whiteness of the sheet a fair and accurate picture of a place or a person. Both have done well. But the poet, the *real* poet, mark you, the one to whom mother nature reveals her secrets out of love, because he lay closer and nursed longer at her brown bosom, makes something different out of it. It is the same picture, only that the trees are real trees with sap quickening in them, the ground is gravel with sun heat on it and through it, the grass is green, and damp and growing, the birds are full-throated and swift-winged,

"Sending their songs to the gates of gold,  
Sweeter than anything ever told."

the water is stirring restlessly, the people are alive—it is not the inanimate photograph of something, but a bit of real nature, and real life. How

many historians have written of our own great lakes and woods, and to-day the history of them best known and loved is embodied in the songs of Wilfred Campbell and Duncan Scott.

It is a quaint and good old expression made use of by a writer in Chaucer's time, "Poet by the grace of God." The new man is saying what the old has said :

No higher hope I hold than this,  
That one may say when I am dead,  
"He reckons not of death's cold kiss ;  
His song shall answer in his stead."

\* \* \* \* \*  
May be in some man's heart at last,  
What other songs have been to me.

These lines we quote from the last volume of Ernest McGaffey's verse. If it brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, and like most New York things, is very English in its make-up. The leaves are thick and rough-edged, the pages hold their numbers at the bottom, and the daintily green-tinted cover is all of the sea ; water lilies, reeds and dripping, long-haired sea maidens. It is very pretty. The poems of Mr. McGaffey are already well-known. Our cousins across the way are proud of him, and when our cousins across the way possess



something to be proud of, they generally let the fact be known without reserve. It is not the first time that a successful lawyer has blossomed into a successful poet though the two professions do lie so far apart. There is very little that is morbid or gloomy in this volume, perhaps Mr. McGaffey has outgrown the melancholy stage. An eminent critic once told me that the younger the poet, the more heart-rending the poem. "The youth of nineteen," said he, "will pile the heart-break of a round century into one sonnet."

There is just a hint of sadness in some of his productions. Perhaps *Songs Unsung* will reveal what I mean :—

"Sweet the song of the thrush at dawning,  
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew ;  
Sweet the sounds of the brook's low whisper  
'Mid reeds and rushes wandering through.  
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur,  
That croons in the branches all day long ;  
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music,  
And the dreams that die are the soul of  
song.

What we hear is the fleeting echo,  
A song dies out but a dream lives on ;  
The rose-red tints of the rarest morning  
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

"Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,  
And far away in the life to be ;  
Passing sweet is a song of gladness—  
The spirit chant of a soul set free.  
Chords untouched are the ones we wait for,  
That never rise from the harp unstrung ;  
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,  
And listen still for the songs unsung."

And again in *Væ Victis* :

"I sing the woe of the conquered, a winding  
sheet for the slain—  
Oblivion's gulf for those who fell, who strug-  
gled and strove in vain."

"For the prow of the ship rides high and  
free that baffles the savage gales,  
And the wind and rain is a requiem for the  
wreck of the ship that fails."

His prairie pictures, in *Sunset  
Lands*, are among the finest specimens  
of his work. He says of a prairie  
fire :

"Into the air it darts and flashes  
Sending upward a blood-red glow,  
And driving ahead the white hot ashes  
As thick as drifting snow ;  
Far in its wake lie embers gleaming,  
Sparkling up as the night winds blow,  
And miles away is a red flood streaming  
With naught to mark its flow,  
Save a scarlet fringe of light  
On the curtains of the night."

And there is so much vividness in  
his description of the lonely mountain  
trail that we seem to see the ghostly  
moon :

"Above a mass of jagged rock  
That stamped a shadow on the sky,  
A hemlock, smote by lightning shock,  
Dead, blanched and grim, rose far on high ;  
When suddenly across the spell  
Where Midnight in this vastness dreamed,  
Like some dead echo out of hell  
Deep in the woods a panther screamed."

And Mr. McGaffey has written of  
love and loyalty, and goodness and  
truth. He says :

"I'd have a woman true ; and for the rest  
I'd have her true whatever else she was,  
Not aspen-like to waver in the wind.  
But like to her who in the olden days  
Said, wondering, 'What is it to be false ?'"

"I'd have the man the same—there is no love  
Which from the man a lesser meed demands  
Than what is asked of woman ; each to each  
For their great trust should be responsible."

We note this reverence for woman  
in all his work. What daughter of  
Eve is not human enough to appreci-  
ate the tender compliment in *My Lady  
of Lillies* ?

"She with her serious moods, and her moods  
fantastic,  
Whimsical, various, sad and glad, a woman,  
in just a word ;  
Now with a tender tone and again with a  
tone sarcastic,  
By passion and impulse swayed as the deep  
sea depths are stirred.  
But I love her, and under her touch my soul  
grows plastic,  
And just to think of her stills my heart and  
my eyes are blurred.  
For God's best work after all at the best  
was woman.  
Judge her and test her and note her faults,  
no doubt you can.  
But, indeed, as the world's page reads she is  
yet more human,

Loving and faithful and more forgiving than  
 lesser man,  
 And ever since Adam the natures of men  
 were common,  
 Mere quartz, where as veined and virgin gold  
 her finer nature ran."

There are some half dozen sonnets  
 in the book. We give The Lost Souls :

"In vast mid-space, upon a cloudy steep  
 The lost souls gathered, as apart from all,  
 Where looking downward they could see the  
 pall

Of floating smoke o'er Satan's donjon deep,  
 And gazing upward through an azure deep  
 They marked the outlines of the jasper wall  
 That circled Eden, and the towers tall  
 Where golden chimes sank fitfully to sleep.  
 These were the souls who, living, loved and  
 lost,  
 But after life had sought and found their own,  
 And fled with them in starry realms to dwell,  
 And side by side along the heights they  
 crossed  
 'Mid the white lilies of the moon outblown,  
 Not needing Heaven and not fearing Hell."

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ODE TO INSPIRATION.

Let thy bright wings, Celestial Muse, enfold me round  
 And bear me from the plain, and common ground  
 Of every mundane lot ;  
 That I may rise exulting in thy smiles  
 And upward soar through lofty aisles  
 Of fancy and of thought.

Do thou control the crystal currents of the mind,  
 And bid them flow with volume of the wind  
 O'erwhelming worldly strife ;  
 And let my suppliant ear be bent to hear  
 The flute-notes of thy voice of cheer  
 And pulse-beat of thy life.

When the first rays of morn illumine the orient sky,  
 Up from the heath the lark ascends on high  
 Nor pausing in his flight :  
 On outspread wing he sings his matin lay  
 Of welcome to the orb of day  
 Which bathes the world in light.

At sunbeam's kiss the opening petals of the rose  
 Their velvet texture and their form disclose,  
 And bloom of radiant hue,  
 Till o'er the beauty that is doomed to fade  
 The evening sheds, in darkening shade,  
 The tear-drops of the dew.

The harp which oft resounds with melody sublime  
Reveals the thought unknown to prose or rhyme  
Voiced by those strings alone,  
When swayed by master hand and mind they roll  
Through all the chambers of the soul  
Their deep, triumphant tone.

So shall thy touch evoke the lark-like song of praise,  
Unfold the calyx of the heart, and raise  
Emotion's drooping head ;  
Sweep all the chords of feeling and desire  
And kindle the Promethean fire  
That wakes to life the dead.

Thy breath shall stir the smouldering embers of the brain  
And make them glow like night's resplendent train,  
Or Phoebus' fiery spear ;  
And dower with ken to view the distant star,  
The present, past, and future far—  
The eyesight of the seer.

From that fair temple where Imagination dwells  
Comes floating down the chime of golden bells  
And music of her voice ;  
I hear the call to worship at the shrine  
Where issues from those lips divine  
The message of her choice.

The summons I obey, and swift with glad surprise  
Ascend the shining pathway to the skies  
On Inspiration's wings,  
To learn the secrets of the prescient Mind,  
And search revolving worlds to find  
The fount and life of things.

WELLINGTON JEFFERS DOWLER.

Victoria, B. C.

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**Canadian Type No. 3.  
ARTILLERY BUGLER.**

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. H. HEMMING

Bugler of a Field Battery of the Militia, mounted, in heavy marching order. There are 17 batteries of Militia artillery, each armed with four muzzle-loading 9-pounders. These corps are drilled in camps of instruction for twelve days each year, and are in an excellent condition of efficiency, considering their opportunities. It is expected they will shortly be armed with breech-loading ordnance of the best description.



## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN.

### BRITAIN FILLS THE BREACH.

A NEW danger from a new quarter completely changes the face of European politics. The open quarrel between Britain and Germany threatened war a week or two ago, and men had already begun to speculate upon the collapse of the Driebund, and to map out new alliances among the powers of Europe. An Italian defeat in Africa upsets all calculations, cements the understanding between Great Britain and the Triple Alliance, and forces the British Empire once more into the tented field. The twofold justification for the advance of the British-Egyptian army into the Soudan lies in the necessity of rendering Egypt itself secure, and the duty of averting further disaster from what Mr. Curzon termed in Parliament "our staunch allies" the Italians. The consequences of this bold step in British foreign policy are not easily foreseen. That the British hold upon Egypt is made firmer is clear. That the relations of our own Empire with France will be strained seems possible. That the hostility between Britain and Germany may gradually subside is at least arguable. One thing above all is manifest—the resources and vigor of British policy. Last month saw England preparing for the possibility of war at sea; to-day she is advancing her forces for a campaign on land, where her fleets are of no direct service. But the self-reliance and capa-

city of the nation, the quickness with which danger is scented and provided against, are exhibited to all the world. If the persons whose professional occupation it is to twist the lion's tail are open to the lessons of impressive facts, the present situation supplies them with ample material. English opinion, if we are to rely upon the cables, is languidly acquiescent to the new movement, nothing more. There is, we are told, no enthusiasm over the war. On the other hand, the ascendancy of Lord Salisbury's Ministry is sufficiently complete to render opposition futile. Alone of English Statesmen, Mr. Morley objects to prolonging the control in Egypt, and he can thus logically criticise the Soudanese expedition. But Mr. Morley's views on that subject, like Mr. Balfour's bimetallic propaganda, are the relaxation of the statesman at leisure. They cut no figure when he sits to the right of Mr. Speaker, and are, therefore, harmless. We in the Colonies will watch the progress of events with intense interest, for we are part and parcel of Imperial policy, and no man can tell what a day may bring forth.

### THE ALLIANCES OF THE FUTURE.

A time like the present is fruitful of discussion and speculation upon the future diplomatic position of Britain. Remarkable among recent contributions to current thought is the article in the *National Review* by St. Loe

Strachey, entitled "The Key-Note of Our Foreign Policy." The writer outlines a comprehensive and ambitious policy which would entirely alter the relations of England to every leading power in Europe. The views are sufficiently startling to warrant a brief summary. In his opinion:

"There are two courses open. We can still either regularly enter the Triple Alliance, or else we can completely give up all idea of supporting it from outside as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe, and from the position of entire freedom thus gained, adjust our relations with Russia and France in such a way that, though the Triple Alliance may receive a blow, we shall no longer be the lightning-conductor for the restlessness of those powers—a restlessness produced in the one case by exclusion from Constantinople, and in the other by the loss of the provinces (of Alsace-Lorraine)."

The writer rejects the former as inadmissible, and supports the second proposition with vigor. Russia, he believes, should be allowed to take Constantinople, and he argues against the prevalent ideas that it would (1) make Russia too powerful, (2) relatively diminish British sea strength, (3) injure British trade. The reasons given are, briefly, that Russian military force would gain nothing by these southern possessions while her presence at Constantinople would make her more vulnerable to invasion; that in the facilities for building and manning a fleet lies England's real maritime supremacy; that Russia is more of a customer and less of a competitor to British commerce than other European nations. France, under this new programme, might be left secure in Tunis, allowed to acquire Syria, and presented with Morocco, except the Province of Tangier, which might be handed over to Spain with the stipulation that Tangier should not be fortified as a set-off to Gibraltar opposite. Italy might be induced to withdraw from the Triple Alliance. Britain arranging a new understanding with France and Russia. Austria might be pacified with Macedonia and Salonica, and Russian control of Asia Minor would solve the Armenian problem. The article must, in fairness, be studied in detail so as to be thoroughly appreciated, and without attempting a com-

ment, one way or the other, we may conclude by paraphrasing the Italian proverb, that if the scheme is not practicable it has at least the merit of being well invented.

#### AN ENGLISH OPINION.

When a Canadian production is appreciated beyond the national bounds, by competent critics, one naturally feels gratified. The Canadian reader will doubtless be as pleased as the Editor of this magazine over the following kindly words from *The London Spectator*:—

"A cordial welcome is due to the *Canadian Magazine*, which is published in Toronto by the Ontario Publishing Company. It is not only worthy, but appears to be eminently characteristic of our great American Colony, being a very pleasing blend of the solid and the 'light.' Thus in the March number, there is a paper on 'Socialism: its Truths and Errors,' by the Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, and a most elaborate essay on 'The New Monroe Doctrine of Messrs. Cleveland and Olney,' by Hon. David Mills, Professor of International Law, Toronto University, the general character and tendency of which may be gathered from the following:—'The Monroe Doctrine, as explained by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, never had a practical existence, and never can have. Neither the House of Representatives, nor the President, nor his Secretary, can change the public law of the world. The schemes to stay the progress of mankind by declarations of public policy at variance with the Law of Nations are as vain as Mrs. Partington's attempt to check the flow of the tide with her mop.' But in addition to the heavy articles in this magazine, there are many delightful—and delightfully simple—short stories, such as 'The Cornflower' and 'Two Beauties of the Backwoods.' The February number of the *Canadian Magazine* also contains the first chapters of 'Kate Carnegie,' a new story by that popular Scotch writer who styles himself Ian Maclaren. 'Kate Carnegie' is also running in the new English magazine, *The Woman at Home*. Altogether, the *Canadian Magazine*—the illustrations in which, by the way, are very good—deserves, and will doubtless attain, a great success."

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Twelve years ago the British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Canada. The gathering brought many notable men to these shores. Next year Toronto is to be the meeting-place of the Association, and the Canadian Committee charged with the necessary arrangements, has already assumed its duties. Mr. Griffiths, the Permanent Secretary of the Association, will be in Toronto next month, so that a thorough understanding on all material points may be arrived at. It is, of course, important to Canada from the standpoint of mere self-interest to have a large number of leading British scientists visit



this country. The natural resources of the Dominion will necessarily come in for much personal inspection, and we have nothing to fear from the closest examination by men of light and leading in the old world. But there is a higher benefit to be derived from the meeting. The intellectual stimulus involved is of infinite value. The ten sections into which the Association is divided cover the whole field of scientific inquiry—mathematics and physics, chemistry, geology, biology, geography, economic science and statistics, mechanics, anthropology, physiology, botany. The papers to be read by eminent scientists in these various sections will be of marked importance. The privilege of hearing the notable men in British science is a rare one. The local membership ought to be large, for the date of meeting in August is a time of leisure amongst teachers and educational authorities generally, and the membership fee is nominal. It is to be hoped for the credit of Canada that our own people will contribute to the success of the gathering by a large attendance. Many years must pass before the Association meets again on this side of the Atlantic.

#### THE ATTACK ON MR. BAYARD.

The recent incident in United States politics that will strike foreigners with some surprise, is the passage by the House of a resolution censuring Mr. Bayard. Possibly the excitement of a presidential campaign intensifies party feeling in Congress past all moderate limits. That one of the most distinguished men in the service of the republic, and one filling a place the most important of all in the ranks of representatives abroad, should be treated with such marked discourtesy is unfortunate. Mr. Bayard is the best type of statesman in the republic.

He possesses all those qualities which should secure the highest honors and the most absolute confidence of any democracy desiring to be well served by its public men. The censure of the House upon his speeches in England against the policy of protection, is no encouragement to politicians to devote all their time and talents to the business of the State. The grounds for condemning the Ambassador to Great Britain were thus expressed by Mr. Hitt during the course of the debate:—

It was hoped, that an examination would reveal some mitigating features of the case, that they had merely an academic importance. But investigation had shown that Mr. Bayard had spoken with deliberation and bitterness, maligning more than half of his countrymen. We were all wounded by the utterances, and yet when Mr. Bayard was called up to explain, and his reply had been sent to the House, in response to its request, it was found that he justified them, claiming that no rule of the department had been violated by him. Mr. Lowell, a predecessor of Mr. Bayard, a gentleman of some distinction, upon this same topic said: "It is a rule with us not to discuss family affairs before strangers." He delivered, while holding the post filled by Mr. Bayard, an address on "Democracy," but he did not descend to any partisan position in regard thereto, but discussed it as a national affair. The offence of Mr. Bayard lay in the slander he spoke against his own people, not in the sincerity of the views he entertained. The press of his own country had unanimously denounced Mr. Bayard, while the English press felt compelled to excuse if not apologize for him. The *London Times* said that such a speech as that at Edinburgh would not have been delivered by a European diplomat and even in the case of Mr. Bayard it was surprising. No man would be found on the floor of the House or anywhere else in the country, to put such a slander upon the American people as that uttered by Mr. Bayard when he said in substance that the result of the election in 1894 had put jobbers and chaffers in the place of statesmen.

Before condemning Congress for its burst of feeling, it seems fair to remember that the Americans are sensitive as to the national reputation abroad. They rightly feel that if the nation is to be harshly judged in a foreign country, it should not be by one of its trusted official diplomats. Looked at from all points, the incident is regrettable. There were faults on both sides. Congress might well have taken the larger view, while the distinguished Ambassador to the Court of St. James could, with advantage, have maintained that judicious reserve and freedom from party bias which we, in the British Empire, unconsciously associate with diplomatic life.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The activity of Canadian pens strikes one as specially noticeable at the present time. In verse fiction, history—in fact in all the departments of literary work Canadian writers are foremost, and if the critic sits down to review a set of the latest books he is inclined to be surprised if one at least of them is not by a Canadian. In the realm of science we are not so well represented, but while Sir William Dawson\* devotes the autumn of his life to scientific writings the national literature is not without a distinguished figure in this field. He has long been noted for efforts to reconcile the discoveries of science with the truths of revealed religion, and his latest book is along this line. It is a plea for bolder ground in meeting the Higher Criticism, and an assertion of the superior equipment of a student of nature in correct judgment of the records of Scripture. This field of investigation, he tells us, is promising. "There is a reason to believe," says Sir William, "that if occupied by an enlightened nature, science and an intelligent reverent study of the Bible, it may not only be held against the aggressive forces of agnostic philosophy and destructive criticism, but may be made to yield much new evidence of the beautiful congruity of the Old and New Testaments, and of both with nature and human history." It requires a scientist of authority and attainment to make good a proposition like this. With what wealth of illustration and perspicuity of style the task is followed out need scarcely be mentioned.

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The new edition of John Galt's novels now appearing is no doubt in response to the current taste for Scotch fiction. There is, in Canada, the additional personal tie which intensifies the welcome given to the works of this noted writer. That Galt is the father of what the London critic, with characteristic audacity, terms this "whimpering school" of Scotch novelists is readily admitted. Mr. Crockett, who writes an introduction to the latest of these reprints,† alludes with happy modesty to certain modern books "which are to John Galt as blue skimmed milk is to the intact blonde expanse which spreads from side to side of the milk byne after a night on the cool dairy floor." What tributes to the

humor, charm and style of this book need be given when we quote this singular incident:

"The bride looked blushing and expectant; but Walter, instead of saluting her in the customary manner, held her by the hand at arm's length, and said to the doctor, 'Be served.' 'Ye should kiss her, bridegroom,' said the minister. 'I ken that,' replied Watty, 'but no till my betters be served. Help yoursel', doctor.' Upon which the doctor, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, enjoyed himself as he was requested. 'It's the last buss,' added Walter, 'its the last buss, Betty Bodle ye'll e'er gie to mortal man while I'm your gudeman.'"

\*\*

If the nineteenth century has done nothing else for literature than to produce its hosts of wholesome books for children, it could claim eternal gratitude. A simple, pretty story for young folks,\* by the author of the noted "Beautiful Joe," is one of the most charming of recent contributions in this line.

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Few modern English poets have been the subject of critical works so interesting from the standpoint of popular taste as Tennyson. Mr. Luce, in elaborating his "New Studies in Tennyson" into a comprehensive volume,† has produced as attractive a book from the biographical and historical aspect as one that will be indispensable to students and admirers of the poet. In the main the accepted conclusions of the best critics are embodied along with the author's own careful, exhaustive, but not exhausting analysis of Tennyson's chief poems. It might be thought that so important a poem as "In Memoriam" would have afforded scope for even a more ample examination than is given. But the rather uninviting title of "Handbook" is excuse enough. This limitation appears here and there throughout the volume, only, however, to whet the appetite for the text itself, which should be an aim with all critical writers. By avoiding too much of the technical, and imbuing his criticism with much of the genius and spirit of the poetry, Mr. Luce has produced a systematic and readable outline of the Laureate's literary work which will be prized by the general reader, as well as those whose mournful duty it is to "get up" the poet for a stiff examination paper. A capital chronological table and a good index will ensure the reader's heartfelt gratitude.

\*Eden Lost and Won. By Sir William Dawson. LL.D., F.R.S. Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto.

†The Entail, or the Lords of Grippy. By John Galt; two volumes; illustrations. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

\*Charles and His Lamb. By Marshall Saunders. Chas. H. Banes, Philadelphia.

†Handbook to Tennyson's Works. By Morton Luce. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The successful work being accomplished by the Astronomical and Physical Society is well set forth in the annual volume.\* The value of independent research and reflection by earnest students of science like the members of this body, is clearly manifest, when we know that a great deal of fallacy finds its way, under the name of science, into the daily press, which has undertaken not only to record current events, but has also set up as a competent court of authority on all matters, terrestrial and celestial. "The Transactions for 1895" embody some readable papers by Mr. Lumsden, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Elvins, Mr. Stupart, and others.

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In the Canadian poetry of to-day, Miss Wetherald† has made a place for herself by brightness of fancy and sweetness of rhythm. The short poems that seem to express most fittingly the charms of her poetic muse happily combine true love of nature and the gentler moods of the mind. In recent years, the little volumes that have come from our native poets are striking evidence that in artistic taste, beauty of expression, real poetic power, Canadian singers do not lag behind. The contributions of Miss Wetherald, some of them already popular by appearing in current periodicals, and some now in print for the first time, will be warmly welcomed as the latest addition to national poetry. The softer aspects of nature are pictured with a tender grace which is very captivating, as witness these lines :

A drowsy rain is stealing  
In slowness without stop ;  
The sun-dried earth is feeling  
Its coolness, drop by drop.

The clouds are slowly wasting  
Their too long garnered store,  
Each thirsty cloud is tasting  
One drop—and then one more.

Oh, ravishing as slumber  
To wearied limbs and eyes,  
And countless as the number  
Of stars in wintry skies,

And sweet as the caresses  
By baby fingers made,  
These delicate rain kisses  
On leaf and flower and blade.

Anything more perfect than the get-up of the book, due to the taste of that useful dignitary the publisher, would be hard to imagine. At another time we may hope to render a fuller justice to the charming volume which Miss Wetherald has bestowed upon us than the present occasion renders practicable.

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The admirers of Mr Hardy find in his novels, a reality and power which, they aver,

\* Transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, 1895. Rowse & Hutchison, Toronto.

† The House of the Trees and other Poems. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. William Briggs, Toronto.

place him among the first of living modern English writers of fiction. Without stopping to wrangle over the matter, or to enquire into the truth of the judgment, it may be said that "The Woodlanders," a paper covered edition of which, in pleasant-reading type is now presented to the reader, is marked by the strong characteristics which prevail in his other works. In descriptions of rustic life and of persons whose moral ideas are, to put it mildly, unconventional, Mr. Hardy may justly claim pre-eminence. "A Gray Eye or So," has attractions of its own, too, in being well written, vividly interesting, and with a denouement, which is only appreciated by reading to the very end.

Fortunately the new novel, which is so much sought after, has not destroyed the public taste for wholesome agreeable fiction. This ensures to Miss Tytler's books,\* the steady allegiance of those who believe that a good story can be founded on such elements as the worthy members of an English country family, a rightful heir who turns up unexpectedly, and a couple of marriages that bring quiet happiness to all concerned. There is no dark mystery, no heavy villain, and no startling incidents, but one reads with pleasure, and concludes with a feeling that a story which whiles away an hour, and looks at life from its simplest, best side, has its uses after all.

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It is said by those who ought to know that "Cleg Kelly"† is enjoying a remarkable degree of popularity, remarkable even for one of Mr. Crockett's books. One can well believe it. From the time when Cleg scandalizes the Sunday School orthodoxy of Hunker Court with his doubts of the Deity until he is taught the conventional method of courting pretty Vara by sheer force of example, every episode in his stirring career adds to the finish of a character which is nothing short of a creation by genius. Miss Cecilia Tennant and young Mr. Donald Iverachare mere lay figures compared to Cleg, Vara, and the other vivid actors in scenes of squalor and misery, but they form admirable foils to the more striking elements in the drama. It is astonishing what Scottish humor and redeeming vices of originality the author works into his picture of low life in the Edinburgh slums, and what a glamor he is able to throw about what, in less skilled hands, would be repulsive and displeasing. Indeed, so staunch is Mr. Crockett's patriotism that when he wants an unconscionable villain of the lowest type he conveniently borrows an Irishman.

\* The Woodlanders. By Thomas Hardy. A Grey Eye or So. By F. Frankfort Moore. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

† "A Bubble Fortune." By Sarah Tytler. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City. By S. B. Crockett. William Briggs, Toronto.



Cleg is, in every sense, the hero of the book. His antics are a never-ending source of wonderment and amusement, and the development of his nature through boyish oddity and recklessness to youthful strength and purpose is sketched by a master hand. The best evidences of true art rest upon the scenes in which he is the chief actor, and when he cart-wheels into the portly waist of a policeman after successfully practicing his wiles upon Donald Iverach, or fights Kit Kennedy for being found in friendly converse with Vara, he is the irrepressible, kind-hearted, cunning city arab. Anything more amusing than this fight and Cleg's subsequent aquatic performance to work off his jealous vanity and strike compunction to Vara's heart is not easily sought. To have awarded less than fortune and happiness to such a quaint combination of pluck, impudence, and sagacity would have been to cheat the plainest decrees of fate, and Mr. Crockett commits no such grievous error.

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Among forthcoming books which readers will anticipate with rather more than mild interest, might be mentioned Conan Doyle's "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," which have been appearing in serial form the past year. A new book on the north, entitled "Greenland Icefields, and Life in the North Atlantic," by G. F. Wright and Warren Upham, promises to be a complete story of those regions, elaborately illustrated and "mapped." The Cassels are getting out a new edition of the "Pocket Guide to Europe," planned and edited by Edmund C. Stedmund. Adeline Sergeant's latest novel, "Margery Moore," is announced. A new novel by Grant Allen, "A Bride from the Desert," is on its way, as well as one by I. Zangwill, "The Big Bow Mystery." Mary Anderson's "Few Memories," giving her stage reminiscences will shortly appear.

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Lord Dufferin is writing an introduction to W. Fraser Rae's "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," who, as the traditional school-boy knows, is the great-grandfather of our brilliant Ambassador to the French Republic.

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A biographical work just announced which will be read in Canada, is Morse's "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes." Mr. Morse was the editor of the American Statesmen series.

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Secretary Seward is to be the subject of the next book in the American Statesmen series. Thornton K. Lothrop, of Boston, is the author.

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Some one says that you cannot tell whether Henry Charles Lea's new "History of the

Inquisition of Spain," a work based largely on original documents, is written by a Catholic, a Protestant or a Free Thinker, so dispassionately is the subject treated. If Mr. Lea escapes being deadly dull it will be a marvel.

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The recently issued "History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation," with over fifty illustrations of ships and ship owners, is, we believe, by a Canadian, Mr. Henry Fry, of Quebec.

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An edition, limited to three hundred copies, is being re-printed of Samuel White's History of the War of 1812. It gives an account of the expedition across Lake Erie to Long Point, and of the campaign on the Niagara frontier. This scarce book was originally published at Baltimore in 1830 by the author, who was a captain in the American service during the war. It is being issued by G. P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y.

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Mr. Edouard Deville, chief of the Topographical Surveys branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, has issued an excellent work on "Photographic Surveying, including the elements of descriptive geometry and perspective." Mr. Deville deals fully with the art of photographic surveying, on which he is naturally an authority, and contends that the cost of the camera method is only one-third that of the plane table.

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A posthumous volume of Mr. Froude will be the "Council of Trent," a series of lectures delivered at Oxford by that brilliant writer and historian.

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The 1895 volume of the Canadian Archives contains some highly interesting historical data relating to the foundation and early settlement of our Atlantic Provinces. There are also some very readable materials regarding Sab'e Island and the Hudson Bay Company. Not the least valuable portion of these annual reports on the Archives is the prefatory article each year written by the Archivist himself, Dr. Douglas Brynmner, whose accuracy, dispassionate judgment, and clear literary style are brought to bear upon the new materials. These, in large number, by his own unflagging zeal, are being added to the depository of historical memorials at Ottawa. Dr. Brynmner's work must have the cordial appreciation of all students of our history. In a lecture delivered last month before the Buffalo Historical Society by a Canadian, Mr. Ed. Cruikshanks, the value of our Archives as throwing new light on the War of 1812 was pointed out.

Through Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, there has been made public a letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, concerning Mrs. J. D. Edgar's valuable book, "Ten Years of Upper Canada." Mr. Gladstone wrote: "This is far and away the most interesting book I ever read about it (i.e., Upper Canada.) It has interesting English details, and gives a noble account of the conduct of the then U. C. population during the war of 1812, the close of which was darkened by the deplorable and almost incredible failure of Sir George Prevost at Lake Champlain."

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In the newly published autobiography of the late George Augustus Sala, the well-known journalist and author, there is a story of him worth reading. Called at ten minutes' notice by his editor to make a journey to Ultima Thule, in five minutes afterwards Sala reported to his chief as quite ready. All the correspondent had was a small parcel under his arm. Asked what he had there, his reply was: "A Roget's Thesaurus and a tooth-brush, and with these two I am quite prepared to journey round the world."

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General Sir Evelyn Wood has lately written a book on "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign," and the *London Times*, in reviewing

it, says: "British writers on cavalry are few." That is true, and Canadians remember with satisfaction that the best modern book on cavalry has been written by one of themselves, Colonel George Taylor Denison, of Toronto, whose "History of Cavalry" secured the prize offered by the Russian Government, in competition with the world, and is, to-day, in use as an authority in the cavalry schools of foreign countries, having been translated into the Russian, German and other languages.

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The late Eugene Field's "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" contains, in his own inimitably humorous vein, a number of good stories of famous authors. Here is one: "Wordsworth and Dickens disliked each other cordially. Having been asked his opinion of the young novelist, Wordsworth answered:— 'Why, I'm not much given to turn critic on people I meet, but, as you ask me, I will cordially avow that I thought him a very talkative young person; but I dare say, he may be very clever. Mind I don't want to say a word against him, for I have never read a line he has written.'

"The same inquirer subsequently asked Dickens how he liked Wordsworth.

" 'Like him!' roared Dickens, 'not at all. He is a dreadful old ass!'"





DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

BISHOP—You must have very ritualistic tendencies Miss Ethel.

MISS ETHEL—Why, My Lord?

BISHOP—Because you are such a *High Church* woman.





## IDLE MOMENTS.

**A TRUE LOVER.**—"I am not myself this evening," she said.

He started—for the door.

"Why do you leave me thus?" she inquired.

"Because you say you are not yourself and I will not spend the evening with any other woman!"

She recovered herself.

**TWO OF A KIND.**—"What's your name?" asked St. Peter sternly.

"Russell Sage."

St Peter waved his keys joyfully and embraced the shade with fervor.

"So glad to meet you," he said. "We are elective affinities, because we never let people into a good thing if we can help it. You'll find the nearest road down on your left."

"Prisoner," said the judge to the convicted bigamist, "stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"I throw myself upon the indulgence of the court," exclaimed the prisoner nervously. "Is a life sentence possible? Both ladies have mothers."

He (grumblingly)—What on earth do you want a bicycle for? Do you know what they cost?

She—I cannot help what they cost. I must have one. I picked up a pair of bloomers at a bargain sale the other day, and I must find a use for them.

May—Do you believe with Pythagoras that we shall return to earth in some animal form hereafter.

George—Yes

May—What animal would you like most to be?

George—Well, from all I can see, I think a British nobleman on a visit here to bag an heiress has about the softest snap next to a blooded French poodle.

Miss Dora Antique—I think I heard a burglar downstairs.

Miss Susie Antique—Run for a minister.

## LENTEN COUPLETS.

The solemn season now is on,  
Balls, banquets and receptions gone,  
And to fast nights, Fast Days succeed,  
While all on eggs and fishes feed!  
Te Deum at the church relieves  
The tedium that Fashion grieves,  
Nor will the Devil be to pay  
Until the blessed Easter Day.

**AN ARREST ON THE LEVEL.**—City Magistrate—Who is your prisoner officer?

Officer O'Hoolihan—He's a carpenter, your honor!

City Magistrate—What's the charge against him?

Officer O'Hoolihan—Shure an' I caught him carrying a spirit-level on Sunday!

City Magistrate—Fined \$10, or ten days.

**APPLIED SCIENCE.**—Weary William—Wraggles, we are undone by science. The five-days-without-food yarn don't go any more.

Wraggles—What's happened, Weary?

Weary William—When I tried the old gag on a lady up the street she turned the X rays on my stomach and discovered the four pounds of angel cake that the woman in Hackensack gave me last Friday.

**NOT NEEDED.**—Medium—The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you.

Widow—What does he say?

Medium—He says you needn't send him any winter clothing.

## A MODERN PENITENT.

Her earthly garb is laid aside,  
A sackcloth suit she wears;  
And daily at the break of dawn,  
She sallies forth to prayers.

And in her softly-cushioned pew,

Her dear head slowly bent,  
She schemes to serve the wicked one,  
While still observing Lent.

Husband.—I think I'll double your money for household expenses.

Wife—Oh, George!

Husband—I want you to dress better than ever.



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